TRUE WEST

June, 1967 35¢

NON-FICTION

MY WINTER WITH DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

LYIN' FRANK
By WALT COBURN

THE SCALPING KNIFE

A $40,000 DINNER

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT

TWENTY YEARS AMONG OUR HOSTILE INDIANS

SUBMARINE of the ROCKIES

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Ford-Bronco Gun Rack

No. B-1—1 gun $6.20 prepaid

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Ford-Bronco Carrier Center Mount

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Mounts on wall Mounts inside gun case
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No. W-4—4 guns $6.20 prepaid
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No portable game caller can be found as good as this one at nearly so low a price. This is truly the game caller for those who have said in the past that they would like to own a portable caller but could not afford it. This caller will last a lifetime with practically no upkeep. Most machines of this kind sell for up to $129.95. But Walter Craig scoops the field and can offer you this quality game caller for only **$89.95**
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METAL DETECTOR FACTS

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED–"BUT EXPENSIVE"!

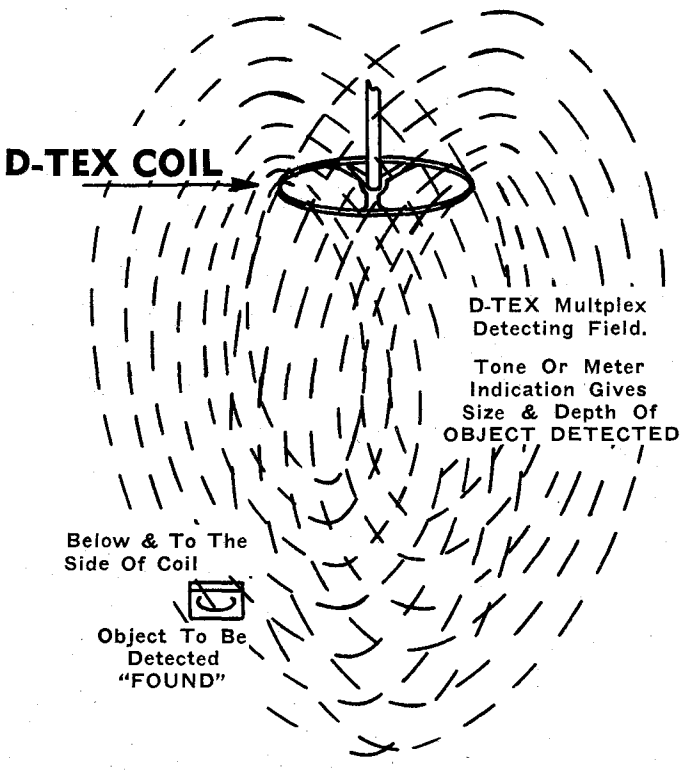
The Following Is A Basic Lesson In The Fundamentals Of Electronics–

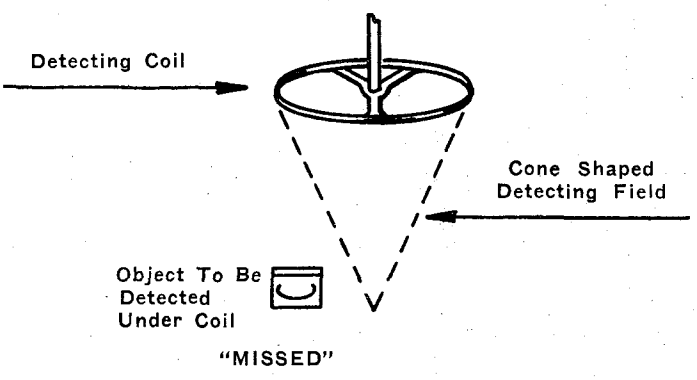
Taken From The "BURGESS MANUAL OF ELECTRICITY" Vol-2

1–ELECTRICAL INDUCTANCE:

When two or more coils of wire are used, each of a different diameter and with the smaller coils placed within the larger coils, when electrical current is introduced into either of the coils and a suitable indicating meter attached to the other coil or coils, an electrical current is indicated. This electrical current is called induced current – or mutual inductance. And draws its power FROM the current of the other, or energized coil. Thus causing the energized coil to lose power.

We at D-TEX are publishing the above electrical facts in reply to the many letters of inquiries as to the feasibility of multiple coil detecting heads for detecting devices. The above basic lessons in the flow of electrical currents is one of the first lessons that a student or beginner must learn. Good electronic engineers are extremely careful in critical circuitry design to be sure no two coils are near to one another. The D-Tex detecting heads contain ONLY ONE COIL in order to maintain our high degree of sensitivity and greater penetration depth. Neither do our coils have the cone shaped detecting field as illustrated below.





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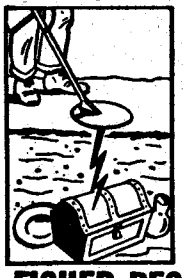

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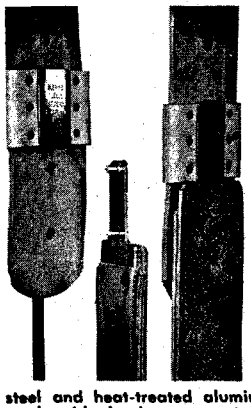

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Estes Park, Colorado

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

May-June, 1967

Volume 14, No. 5

Whole No. 81

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

PAT WAGNER
Editor

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Art Director

JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Publisher

ROBERT SMALL
Advertising

MARILYN WHITE
Circulation

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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"Ripe for a Flip!"

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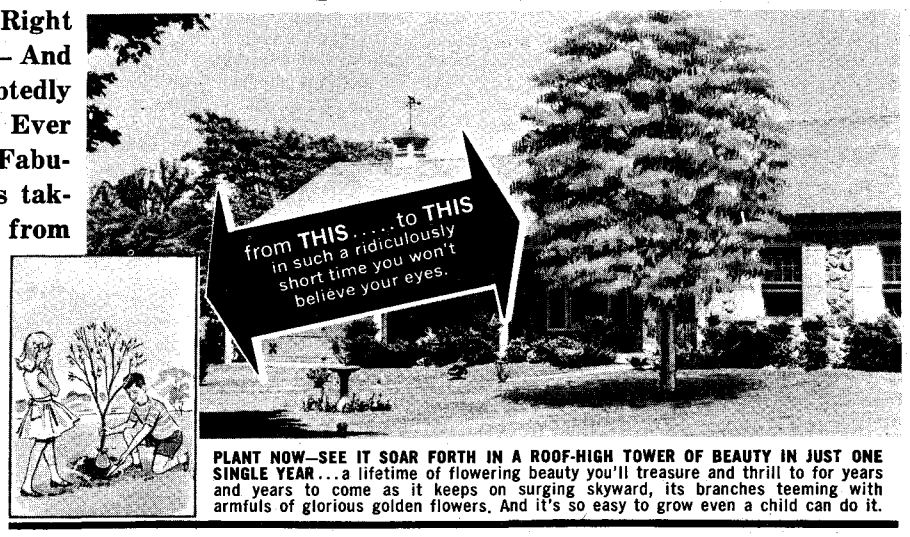
IMAGINE! A Flowering Shade Tree That Grows Roof-High In Just One Single Season!

Cast Your Eyes Four Inches to the Right – Look At the Picture Carefully – And See For Yourself What Is Undoubtedly One Of The Most Fantastic Trees Ever Discovered – The Silver Acer – the Fabulous FLOWERING MAPLE that's taking the garden world by storm from Coast to Coast!



PLANT NOW—SEE IT SOAR FORTH IN A ROOF-HIGH TOWER OF BEAUTY IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR...a lifetime of flowering beauty you'll treasure and thrill to for years and years to come as it keeps on surging skyward, its branches teeming with armfuls of glorious golden flowers. And it's so easy to grow even a child can do it.

Sensational super-growing shade-tree grows higher than even a full-grown Red Dogwood IN JUST ONE SINGLE SEASON – grows higher than even a full-grown Star Magnolia IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR.

In fact, it grows so fast, so quick, you can literally measure the difference in height from week to week!

Yes, it's true! THE MOST SPECTACULAR SHADE TREE EVER SEEN ON THIS PLANET—one that can actually reach up and touch the roof of a house IN JUST ONE SINGLE YEAR...and what's more, keep on soaring skyward year after year, its branches decked out in lavish clusters of glorious flowers.

Just think! You take any spot in your garden, on your front lawn, near your patio or your driveway...and in virtually no time at all see that barren, sunbeaten patch cast in the cool shadows of this super-growing, super-flowering shade tree that surges skyward with such fantastic speed that you can actually take a ruler and measure the difference in height from week to week.

And remember...this magnificent tower-tall variety is not just a mere ordinary shade-tree... but a flowering skyscraper that at this very moment is adding indescribable beauty to state parks, botanical gardens, million dollar estates ...why even planted by the English Government in the Queen's own Royal Botanical Gardens!

GROWS MORE IN ONE WEEK THAN MOST TREES GROW IN AN ENTIRE YEAR! DEFIES DISEASE...LAUGHS AT INSECTS...AND GROWS IN ANY SOIL!

That's right! Because nature has blessed this super-hardy variety with such incredible growing power...because nature has given this towering shade tree the astonishing ability to thrive and grow in virtually any soil...why even sand or gravel...and because this miracle-tree is practically immune to all insects and disease, it means that now you can grow a towering roof-high showpiece IN VIRTUALLY NO TIME AT ALL...and without spraying, without dusting, without pruning or cutting...without even giving it more than a few moments of care. Just think what this means:

A STRIKING MASTERPIECE OF BEAUTY ALL 4 SEASONS OF THE YEAR!

It means that if you plant just one of these flowering beauties today, in practically no time at all you look out of your window and see a majestic-looking tree standing in the middle of your lawn, beautifying your garden and increasing the value of your entire home. Or, plant one alongside the bedroom wing of your home ...by the end of next year you'll actually be able to reach out and touch the branches from your bedroom window. Better still, plant one on each side of your driveway you'll see these twin towering masterpieces form the most graceful natural archway you've ever laid eyes on. Or plant one next to your patio for summertime shade...or for a truly startling effect, set a pair of these super-hardy beauties side by side and for years and years to come you'll actually be able to swing a hammock between them, that's how fast they grow!

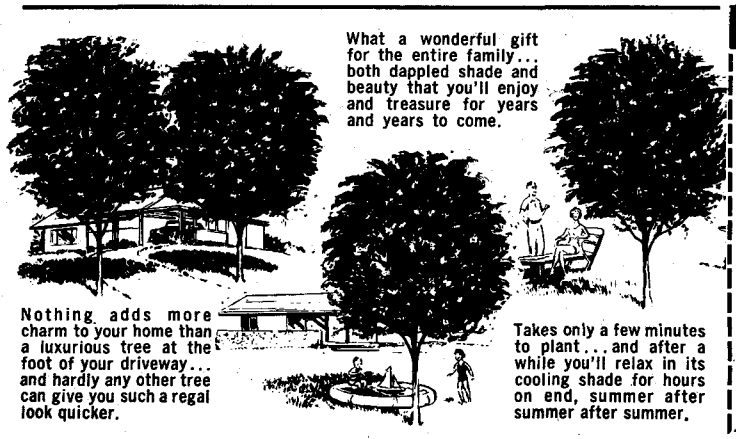
GROWS IN VIRTUALLY ANY SOIL...OR ANY CLIMATE...IT'S GUARANTEED TO BEAUTIFY AND INCREASE THE VALUE OF YOUR HOME IN JUST A FEW SHORT MONTHS!

Every home-owner knows that trees increase the value of your property. The more trees you have the more valuable your property. That's why growing a tree is like growing money. Only there's one trouble!

As you know, it takes at least 5 to 10 years for most shade trees to grow to a respectable size...and during these 5 or 10 years you have to nurse and baby these other varieties along. But now instead of having to play nursemaid to a tree...you are actually going to grow a beautiful tree, incredible, as it may seem, in just one year!

ONLY A LIMITED SUPPLY AVAILABLE THIS YEAR—FULL SUPPLY WON'T BE READY UNTIL 1968—ACT NOW!

Now, the price of these super-growing shade trees on this special no-risk trial offer is not $15 or $20...but a mere $3.98! Think of it! Just $3.98 for this magnificent flowering beauty that will reward you in just one single year with a roof-high tower of beauty. However, supplies are limited...we cannot offer these trees again this year...and since now is the time to plant you must **ACT NOW!**



SORRY, THIS OFFER CANNOT BE MADE AGAIN THIS YEAR — ORDER NOW!

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Please rush me the number of trees checked below. I understand that if on arrival I am not fully delighted on every way, I may return my trees for full purchase price refund or as a second guarantee get a free replacement anytime for up to one full year.

- ☐ 1 Silver Acer ..... only $3.98
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- ☐ 4 Silver Acers ..... only $10.00 (a savings of $4.00)
- ☐ 10 Silver Acers ..... only $20.00 (a savings of $8.00)

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Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip ....

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$1.00 deposit required on all C.O.D. Orders.

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Truly Western

Correction

To the Editor:

I have read every TRUE WEST since the first issue and have enjoyed each number. I can't see how I could get along without it. I am wondering if an error of fact in the February, 1967 issue was a typographical error. On page 36, Peggy Joyce Florida writes in the article, "The Swan Song of Wootan Wells," that "Governor Hogg and his daughters . . . came to register at the spa." Gov. Hogg had only one daughter, Miss Ima Hogg, the Houston philanthropist who is still living. There was folklore and still is that he had a daughter named "Ura," but no such person ever existed. I myself believed for years that he had two daughters named Ima and Ura because I heard it when a child—Archer Fullingim, Box 159, Kountze, Texas.

Archer, we wish we could blame the mistake on the typesetter, the proof reader, the guy up in the next block—or somebody—but the truth is, the error just got by us. The old joke has gone the rounds so many years that it gradually became "truth." Governor Hogg, as you say, had only one daughter.

The December Cover

Dear Hosstail:

Look what your December issue of TRUE WEST did to me! Since moving up here from Texas some four or five years ago, "Ghost Towns" have intrigued me and that cover painting by Gene Shortridge prompted me to construct a little miniature model, picture of which is enclosed. It enabled me to pass away some time while waiting for the next issue of one of your magazines. I've been picking 'em up at the newsstands ever since you started printing 'em back in the early '50s, and I've enjoyed every issue.

The buildings in the model are about twice the size of the picture and are made of wood. About the only things added to Gene's town are a couple of snakes, one comin' 'round the corner, the other coiled up in mid-foreground (which showed up after the snow melted) and the "double John" out back.

There's a noose in the "hangin' tree" at the back, with which the last inhabitant hanged his fool self. If you reproduce copies of Gene's painting, sans printing, as you've done with so many of your swell covers, please send me a copy and I'll remit sometime. I still owe you 35c for that copy of TRUE WEST you sent to me four or five years ago. Will remit when they pass the World War I pension bill.—H. H. Hartman, 612 N. Cedar Street, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Our Color Prints Go Abroad

Gentlemen:

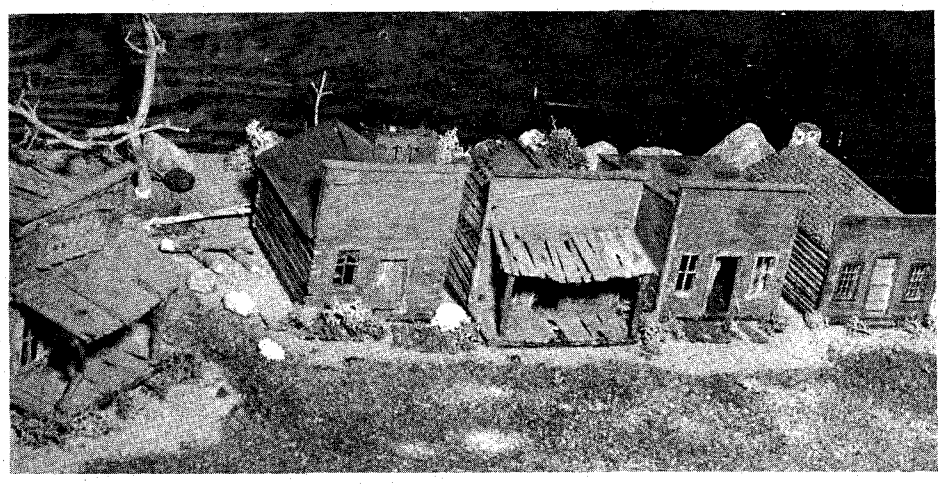
A group of high school students who are members of the South Congregational Church of Hartford, will spend this summer on an Odyssey—a flight to Japan, Taiwan, Thailand, India, Greece, Turkey, etc., and will be traveling with our minister, Dr. H. D. Gray.

He is at present in the process of making plans and arranging appointments with leaders and dignitaries in these lands for our young people to meet for discussions and interviews.

Our students will be guests of missions, churches, colleges and private homes and naturally will have to give some gifts along their way. In reading your magazines, it occurred to me that your colorful western prints tell a great and powerful story of a part of our country and heritage, and would make ideal remembrances. Please quote us your lowest price.—Mrs. Richard T. Moore, 1191 Farmington Avenue, West Hartford, Connecticut.

Mrs. Moore, our lowest price has always been zero—and your prints are on the way. We sort of like the thought of that pretty Indian girl on the Appaloosa "watching the sun come up like thunder out of China, 'cross the bay."

H. H. Hartman's answer to urban renewal!



ANNOUNCEMENT

This is the shortest "editorial" I have written in over thirty years of publishing. Well, I'm hoping that the old cliche of valuable things coming in small packages still holds.

It's about RELICS—our new magazine. Seems like you relic buffs are really on the prowl these days, so we're bringing on a sounding board for you. It will be heavy on Old West items, but will cover the field of collecting as a whole on a national scale. And we are not forgetting wimmin—antiques, hobbies, the things grandma and grandpa (and their mommas and papas) used in their hard daily life—oh dangit, it covers the whole field. I don't have enough space to tell you about it here, so turn to page 51 and find out about the whole shebang. This page will also tell you that a buck and your address will make you a charter subscriber if you twist our arms a little. Our new magazine won't be on the newsstands so wrap a germy dollar bill in an old towsack and throw it at us!

One thing for sure, we have the best man to edit RELICS that you could find in forty dozen relic yards! Les Beitz, who wrote *Frontier Relics* is the gent and if you read that book, I believe you'll agree.

Oh, why should I keep bellering on about how great our new rag is going to be when it will be so easy for you to find out yourownself. Hope you send in your comments, suggestions, or pix of the stuff you have or know about, if you have a mind. To send it in, that is.—Hosstail.

Old Western Mags Remembered

Dear Joe:

How well I remember the old western "paper-back" or "pulp" magazines of forty years ago, as I think I "rode every trail" and "shot most of the outlaws" during the times I was hoein' corn or 'taters, cuttin' hay, silo fillin', threshin', diggin' spuds, cleanin' the barn, milkin', spreadin' the bull (or cow) on the field, helpin' make home brew, or swimmin' with the neighbor boys. Trading Westerns after you'd read them was a very active business those days, and anyone who had a new one had a lot of waitin' customers. And it wasn't just us youngsters who read them, either.

We never thought at the time that these mags would ever become collector's items, but I spent many happy hours readin' 'em by lamplight while a northwest blizzard piled snow "head high to a tall Injun" outside our old log house. —Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Dear Sir:

Your article, "Heyday of the Pulp Westerns", in the February issue of TRUE WEST, I liked very much. In my book television has a lot to answer for that is not good or commendable.

Ray Nafziger spent a lot of time at my ranch in the Jemez Mountains when he was just getting started in writing. a Government line rider named Roberts,

(Continued on page 72)

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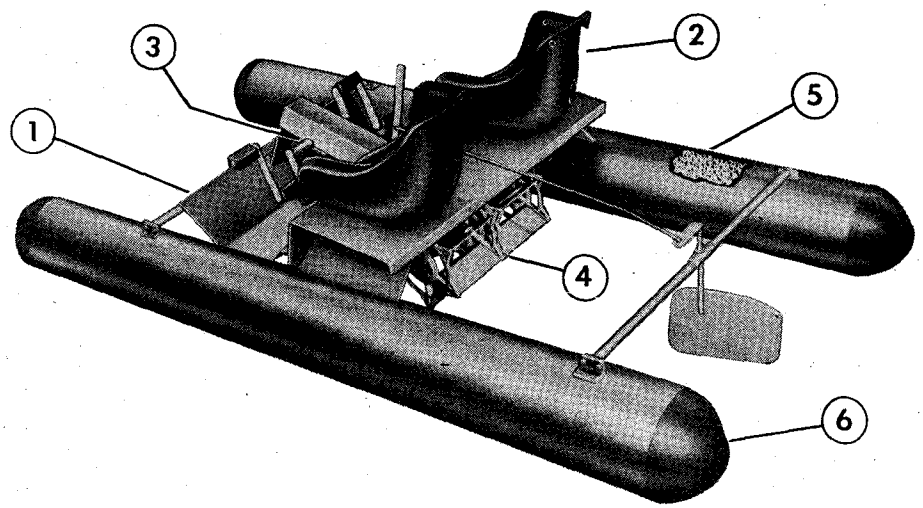
THE PEDAL WHEELER

BY BONDO



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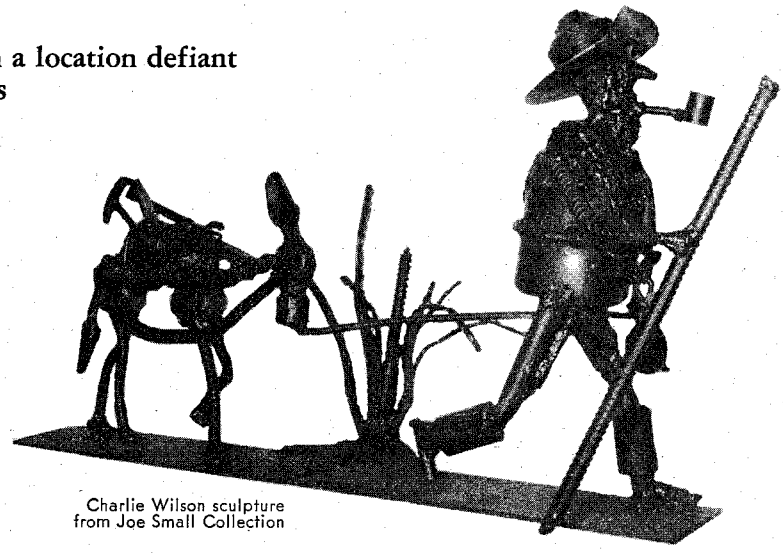
Improbable people in a fantastic house in a location defiant of description—that was

MY WINTER with DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY



Charlie Wilson sculpture from Joe Small Collection

By WILLIAM A. ROOPE

ON MY second Sunday at Death Valley Ranch—Scotty's Castle—I was fooling around the blacksmith shop at the stables, trying to drum up the energy and nerve to shoe a big mule. He had run barefoot so long that he was down to the quick, and his sore hoofs were making his ordinarily bad disposition worse than usual. It was a clear, hot morning in September, 1937, and I was twenty-eight years old, and as happy as if I'd had good sense.

After I had started a fire in the forge, I went outside for a smoke and saw a brown Dodge panel truck churning up the gravel road from the Castle. Just as I was about to duck back in the stable gate to keep from being run down, the driver slammed on the brakes and the truck slewed around and stopped.

A chunky, red-faced man with wide shoulders, who might have been anywhere from fifty-five to sixty-five years old, got out of the truck, turned his head to the leeward, and spat generously upon the ground. Then he carefully wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He wore an old-fashioned western hat pinched in at the crown the way William S. Hart had worn his Stetson. He had on a white shirt, a bright red tie, a blue serge suit, high laced shoes, and I was to learn that this was his invariable costume—he was always dressed just this way. The paunch of a substantial stomach eased out over his silver buckled belt, but his hips were still narrow, and he moved with grace and agility.

He gave me a searching look, and when his ordinarily squinty eyes opened up, I was surprised to see that they were clear, bright, blue. In his youth he must have been a handsome man. Again he spat copiously and carefully, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he spoke in a voice that was as gravelly as the road under the tires of his truck.

"Where you from, Kid?"

"Nowhere."

He gave me another look, shrugged his shoulders, and again went through his spitting routine.

"Okay," he said. Then he reached into the cab of his truck and took out a couple of tin cups and a medium sized, porcelain coffee pot. He handed one of the cups to me, and filled it with a mixture of canned milk and whiskey.

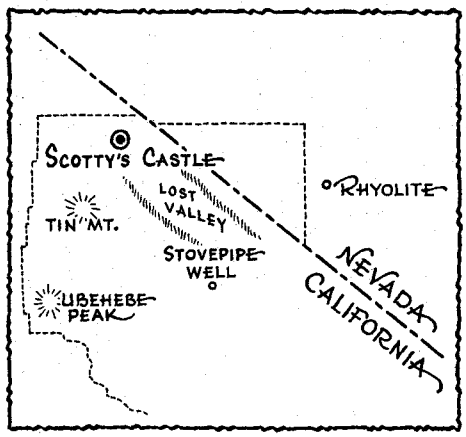
"Have a drink of jackass-brew," he stated rather than invited, "then we'll take a look at them new horses my partner brung down from Utah."

This was my first meeting with one of the last of the famous western characters—Death Valley Scotty. We went through the walled yard of the stable, on back through the big tack room, and out into the corral where the horses and mules were milling around. I thought that I could use a rope, but that big mule made a fool out of me before Scotty, whom I'd hoped to impress. After I'd fanned the air for a few minutes without getting my rope on the animal, Scotty reached out his hand for the rope.

"It ain't no fault of yours," he said. "It's this here damned rope bein' kinked." He fiddled with it for a second, and almost before I knew what had happened he had the big mule's head fast to the snubbing post. I don't know who had the more surprised look on his face—the mule or I.

BEFORE coming to work at Scotty's Castle, I'd read and heard about his flamboyant career as a promoter and "professional character" who went around with his pockets stuffed with hundred dollar bills, and who with his mentor and partner, Albert M. Johnson, was the possessor of a secret gold mine of fabulous value.

I had been rather skeptical about these stories, thinking that Death Valley Scotty was probably just a phony and his gold mine a hoax. But meeting Scotty made me change my mind somewhat—made me think that perhaps my judgement based on hearsay was too hasty—for Scotty had a presence, an authority, that is hard to describe. To say that he was not an ordinary man just doesn't cover it, because he had something forceful in his personality that you can't put into words. I believe that the French use an expression meaning, "I know not what," to describe this sort of thing—something that you feel but can't quite pin down. Anyway, after I'd seen how he could handle a lariat—watched him rope and snub-up that big mule—I knew that at least as a cowboy he was authentic. And maybe it was then that I first began to think that the hidden gold mine, just possibly, might not be fictitious.



Scotty stood with his hands shoved in his pants pockets, looking at the horses and mules in the corral. There were six pack mules, all of which were broken to ride and drive, and five horses that Mr. Johnson had brought down from Utah shortly before I came to the Castle. There was a pinto, a Roman-nosed sorrel that had been neck-reined, a big bay with high withers that looked as if he might have some thoroughbred blood, a bald-faced chestnut roping horse, and a chunky bay with the temperament of a clown. Mr. Johnson's first instructions were for me to break all of them to be mounted from the off as well as the near side so that he could get up on them without any help.

"Did my partner tell you whut to do with them horses?" Scotty asked.

"He said to break them so that he

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could get on them from the off side."

"You know why, Kid?"

I thought that I did know why, but answered, "No—should I?"

Scotty grunted, turned and started out of the corral. "Let that mule stay snubbed up awhile—he'll be easier to handle," he said over his shoulder. "Let's get us some more jackass brew out to the truck, and I'll tell you why my partner wants them horses broke thet way."

This is what Scotty told me about his partner, Albert M. Johnson, at this time:

When Johnson was a fairly young man, his back had been broken in a train wreck, a head-on collision between two trains on a narrow gauge railway, that telescoped the coaches. Several persons, including his father who was sitting beside him, were killed outright, and Johnson—the sole survivor in his coach—was given only a few hours to live. This happened in Colorado, where he was hospitalized. His wife, Bessie, rushed to his bedside from California, expecting to find him dead, but Johnson was too tough to die—he refused to comply with the doctor's prognosis. He survived. Later, he was told that he would never walk, but his indomitable will again took over, and again he fooled the medical men. In a few years he was not only walking, but spending hours in the saddle packing into Death Valley with Scotty as his guide and partner. However, he could never raise his left leg high enough to reach the near stirrup, but he could use his right leg well enough to mount a horse from the off—the right—side. Scotty went on to say that Johnson had more guts than any man he had ever known. His back never stopped hurting him, and part of the time the pain must have been agonizing, but Johnson never whimpered or complained, always had a grin on his face, and always did his share of the camp chores.

At that, the chronic pain was not the only thing that Johnson had the guts to endure, nor even the next-to-worst agony that he faced with his enduring grin. (The next-to-worst thing was that for the remainder of his life after the accident, he had to put up with the humiliation and torture of a catheter to enable him to urinate.)

Anyway, it was easy for me to appreciate Scotty's admiration for his partner's indomitable will, because Mr. Johnson had driven us—Jack and me—from Los Angeles to the Castle, and it would have been difficult for anyone to have taken that ride casually.

JACK GOLBY, a friend of mine, had happened to read an article in a magazine about the Castle and Death Valley Scotty, had been intrigued, and had written Mr. Johnson asking for a job. When Mr. Johnson had Jack come to his Los Angeles residence for an interview I tagged along, and he gave us both jobs. Jack was to act as a guide for visitors—at this time tourists paid one dollar per person to walk through the Castle—and I was to work with the horses and mules.

Mr. Johnson picked us up at three a.m. in Hollywood at the corner of Olympic and Western. He was driving a new Dodge business coupe, and before we started he meticulously recorded the time, the reading on the gasoline gauge, the odometer, and even the altitude from an altimeter attached to the steering wheel. Incidentally, as long as I knew Mr. Johnson, he never failed to repeat this ritual every time he got in his car, even if it were only for a short trip.

Our first stop on our way to the Castle was at Olancha, where we were told we couldn't get through the Olancha cutoff because the roads across the Argus and Panamint Ranges had been washed out by a cloudburst the previous night. This warning merely made Mr. Johnson happy to disregard it—he thrived on adversity. To tell him that something was impossible only made him more eager to try to do what supposedly could not be done.

Going on down that washed-out road to Darwin was a motorist's nightmare, and I thought that I had seen everything but it was only the beginning. At Darwin we were again told to turn back, but Mr. Johnson's grin just became more fixed. He ignored the warning of the highway worker who had turned back because the recent heavy rain had covered the road with silt and gravel. We went right on, slipping and sliding up that mountain road until we got through and reached Stovepipe Wells.

By this time, Jack (who was by nature a rather nervous type) was seized with an acute attack of the jitters and was about ready to get out and start walking. I had been entertained by some rodeo friends before leaving Hollywood, and had such a horrible hangover anyway that I couldn't have cared less whether we stayed on the road or not.

At Stovepipe Wells we were again warned—this time by the National Park Rangers—that we couldn't make it through Death Valley on up to the north end to Grapevine Canyon, in which the Castle is located.

Mr. Johnson just grinned at the Ranger. "Well, this is a pretty kettle of fish," he said. "It's only 50 miles to the Castle up the desert road, and it's 167 to detour back through Beatty."

He put the car in gear, waved at the ranger, and off we went up the desert road. It took us four hours to make the fifty miles, and what had been a shining new car was now a rattling, thumping, steaming piece of junk. Mr. Johnson picked up a new Dodge coupe on his next trip to Los Angeles.

He was like that, an amazingly complex person, full of contradictions; he might record every penny he spent, like a fussy old maid, but he didn't mind putting out the money for a new car if he got the satisfaction of doing what he was told could not be done.

IT WAS about five o'clock in the afternoon when we got to the Castle, and we hadn't stopped to get anything to eat all day. Mr. Johnson took us into the kitchen—which is more elaborate than most dining salons—for some supper. There we met Bessie Johnson, a bouncy, middle-aged, affable red-haired lady with the fluttery and nervous gestures of Zasu Pitts. She told us that although she liked luncheon and dinner served formally in the dining room, she preferred to eat breakfast at the heavy antique table running almost the length of one end of the kitchen. Incidentally, Mrs. Johnson was fond of dropping bits of folksy information such as this.

Anyway, Jack and I sat down on the bench along the wall behind the table. It was upholstered in brown leather, and on the beam above us these words were carved in Castilian Spanish: "Help yourself to all that you desire—be seated—you are very welcome."

Mr. Johnson, sitting opposite Jack and me, told us that this had been carved by an Austrian craftsman who had worked for three years on the construction of the Castle before he had been discovered in the Indian settlement located across the canyon and declared out of bounds to the Caucasian workers. When he had been caught breaking this taboo, Mr. Johnson had fired him despite his plea for leniency on the grounds of his long service.

"I told him," said Mr. Johnson, "that if he had only worked for me three days, I might have excused his defiance of my rules, but that after three years he should have known better—there was no excuse for his behavior."

With this object lesson ringing in our

Holding the horses in the photo below are Death Valley Scotty, left, and the author. On the horses are, left to right, Albert M. Johnson, Scotty's partner, and the children of Walter B. Clausen.

Courtesy Author

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ears, there in the $30,000-kitchen of the Castle, we were served avocado sandwiches, pumpkin pie, and coffee by Manuel, the chef, and Romeo, the houseboy—Mrs. Johnson's two Philippine servants. After the ride we'd had with Mr. Johnson, I would have appreciated something more substantial, but actually the Johnsons were more than generous as far as feeding their people was concerned.

Living arrangements at the Castle were somewhat unusual. Most of the time, Scotty lived—or camped out—in his panel truck, which was his real home at this time although he also had a small house just beyond the foot of the canyon, and there were numerous guest rooms in the castle and four guest apartments in a separate building which he could have used if and when the mood struck him.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and their two servants, Romeo and Manuel, lived in the Castle. The Johnsons lived in separate suites which included private baths and sitting rooms.

Walter and Henry, who were brothers, lived in a cottage on the hill overlooking the guest apartments. Walter was a mechanical genius, and he kept the electrical plant, the water system, and so forth working. Henry was Mrs. Johnson's chauffeur, and when he wasn't driving her to Los Angeles, he helped Walter with the maintenance.

Then there was Gilbert, the Paiute Indian, who lived with his wife in a shack across the canyon where the old Indian village had been located. He also helped Walter with his work.

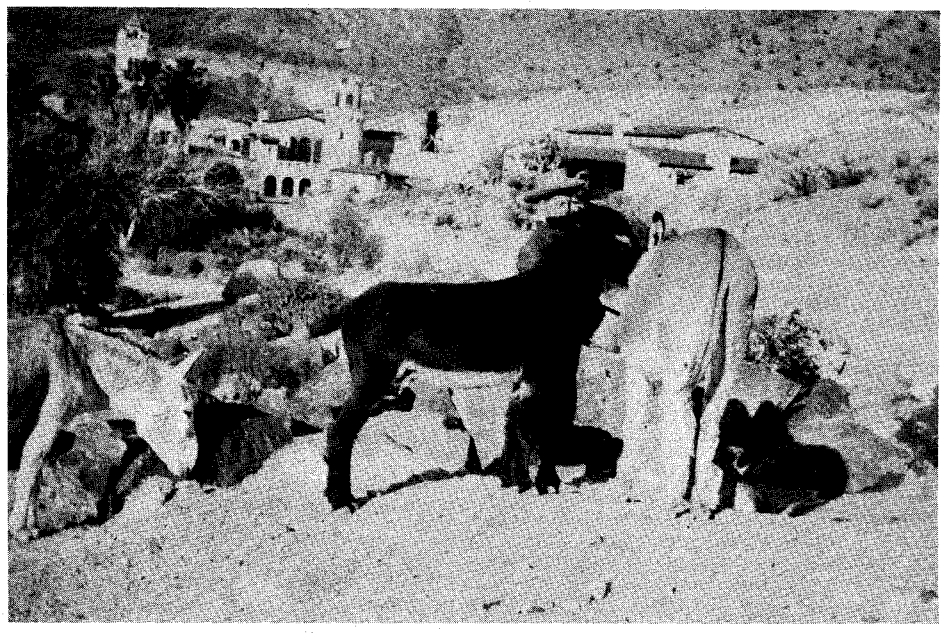
Jack and I were quartered in a room located between the garage and the henhouse. It was about fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long, contained a couple of cots, an old-fashioned wood-burning cook stove, a sink with a cold-water tap, a table and some chairs. We had pots and pans and other eating equipment. Jack searched the garage and found a rug to put over the cement floor. The latrine was located at the far end of the garage, and to reach it you had to go out the door of our room and walk along the outside of the building to the garage door. The toilet was an antique apparatus of diabolical design. The water tank was located near the ceiling, and when you wanted to flush it you pulled the knob of a chain that hung down from the tank. We called it Old Faithful because every time you pulled the chain, the overhead tank always exploded a geyser of water that drenched the hapless victim below. I was gifted with quick reflexes, and so I got soaked only a couple of times, but Jack was inclined to be absentminded and got a wetting almost every day.

He had the habit of staying in bed until I had managed to build a fire, boil a pot of coffee, and feed the burros. Then Jack would get up, put on an old-fashioned bathrobe, and light a cigarette. Half awake, he would pour a cup of coffee for himself which he would hold cradled in his hands as he drank it. When he had finished his coffee, he would make a fast run to the latrine.

By the time I'd finished my second cup of coffee, I could expect to hear his agonized yell of protest, and would know that once again he'd been drowned by Old Faithful. He would come in shivering and shaking from the cold, with his hair soaking wet and dripping water down his face so that it trickled through his moustache and down his chin.

"Jack," I'd say, "you sure use a lot of toilet water."

But he never seemed to appreciate my joke, and showed his displeasure by ignoring me. After he'd dried himself, he'd put on a business suit and a polka-dot tie, then head for the Castle to guide the tourists and lecture on its art treasures. I'd clean up our quarters, and then go to the corral to hay the animals.



Courtesy Author

The author with three pet burros. Fabulous Scotty's Castle is in the background.

THE WAY we were fed was as unusual as everything else about Death Valley Ranch. We ate in four separate groups and in four different locations, and each group ordered a weekly food supply separately. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were served by their Philippine boys in the Castle; Walter and Henry cooked for themselves in their quarters; Jack and I cooked for ourselves in our quarters; and Scotty ate wherever and with whom he pleased. The best part of this unique system was that you could order as much as you pleased, and whatever you wished.

At first this was hard for me to believe—it seemed too good to be true—so I determined to put the order to a rather severe test. I had been on somewhat short rations recently in Hollywood. My first food requisition listed twenty-one double T-bone steaks—I thought steak for breakfast, lunch, and supper for a week would be ideal. When I handed this requisition to Mr. Johnson I honestly expected to see him hit the ceiling, but he never batted an eyelash. If anything, possibly his grin got a little wider, as there was a slight inflection of amusement in his voice when he said, "Are you sure that you have everything that you want for Jack and yourself listed? We don't want anyone to go hungry around here, Bill."

We were given our own section of a big walk-in, room-size refrigerator in which the perishable supplies were kept. There was also a kind of general supply room comparable to a small grocery store. Here all kinds of canned goods and dried foods were kept. If you ran short of anything, all you had to do was go help yourself. Incidentally, Jack soon became somewhat tired of steak and only had a filet mignon, which he preferred, a couple of times a week. But I never did tire of it, and had steak at least once a day all winter, although I did switch from T-bone to porterhouse.

I always ordered a large supply of cookies and canned peaches. These weren't for me or Jack but for the herd of six burros which used to come around to our quarters every morning. Raymond, the boss burro, would stick his big blue-roan head in the window while we were still asleep and let loose with a powerful bray that did not subside until I opened up a couple of cans of peaches—one for Raymond's exclusive use, and the other to be divided among the other five burros. Raymond was a tyrant and ran his semi-wild herd, literally, with an iron jaw. Any burro incurring his displeasure was summarily punished. Raymond would open his mouth wide, utter his war honk, and bite down on his victim's neck until he squealed "uncle."

After the burros had breakfasted on peaches, I'd give Raymond two cookies and the others one apiece, and they would disappear in the mountains for the rest of the day. I got a kick out of the burros because I happen to like animals, but their morning performance bothered Jack. He had the rather eccentric habit of sleeping with the bedding pulled up over his head, and the sudden awakening brought on by Raymond's noisy greeting always made him come up fighting the covers, sometimes even ending up in a tangle on the floor. Then he would crawl back in, muttering to himself, and reach out for the aspirin bottle and glass of water that he always kept by his bedside.

MRS. JOHNSON also kept a cookie jar in the Castle kitchen, not for the burros, but for the prayer meeting which she held every Sunday night when she was at the Castle. The meeting began at six and ran until nine, and was conducted by the hostess wearing a long white flowing robe such as the costume favored by Sister Aimee Semple McPherson who, by the way, was a personal friend of the Johnsons. Everyone on the ranch attended, with the exception of Scotty and the Paiute Indians.

One of the reasons I considered Scotty a brave man was that he consistently defied Mrs. Johnson's attempts to save his soul, and it took a man of iron will to do this. And the Paiutes were not allowed to enter the Castle simply because they were Indians. Mrs. Johnson sang and

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spoke with conviction and vigor, and favored the old hell-fire and brimstone school of religious persuasion. Later that winter, I was guilty of writing a hymn for Mrs. Johnson which she liked well enough to have published but which I had written more as a stupid joke than as a religious exercise. However, soon after this, I developed a bad rash, and I always wondered whether it was some mystic punishment for my irreverence, or whether it came from grubbing out the weeds in the corral.

Mrs. Johnson said that she had not always been a believer. She and Mr. Johnson were converted as a young married couple in Chicago by Paul Rader, after which they renounced their prominent social position by formal announcement—a kind of glorified graduation card—and retired from all social activities of a frivolous nature. At one of the prayer meetings, Mr. Johnson—who seemed to delight in telling stories about himself that put him in a rather dubious light—offered this anecdote:

Once a weary, travel-stained stranger came to the Castle in a driving storm seeking shelter for the night. Unprepossessing in appearance and without transportation—his car had broken down and he was on foot—he was not offered the hospitality of the Castle, but sent on down the canyon to the abandoned Indian laborers' village to spend the night in one of the miserable huts still standing. Later they found out that he was a minister of the gospel, and were greatly embarrassed by their treatment of him. But later still they discovered that he was an Episcopalian, so they did not feel quite so badly.

Mrs. Johnson, addicted as she was to offering whimsical bits of information, sometimes would forget that she had told a particular story before, and recount the same anecdote time and again. I think she must have told this story, with her original honest conviction and fervor, at every one of her prayer meetings. And she did make quite a theatrical appearance standing in her flowing white robe before the huge fireplace at one end of the baronial hall of the Castle, and reciting her standard anecdote on the efficacy of prayer. The story concerned a missionary deep in the African jungle, thousands of miles away from civilization, who was pregnant and who was seized with a compulsive desire for oranges so great that she feared she would lose her mind if her appetite weren't appeased. Hopeless as her case seemed, she began praying for oranges, and her husband, who also believed in prayer, began praying too. But being of a more practical school of prayer, he prayed that she would be released from her compulsion, because the chance of her getting hold of any oranges in the deep jungle was pretty remote. Anyway, she was on her knees all night, and lo and behold with the dawn who should come walking into their mission but a white hunter on safari who just happened to have a whole crate of oranges with him.

Well, after I'd heard this story about three times, I developed a compulsion myself even though I wasn't pregnant and didn't even know anyone who was. My compulsion had nothing to do with oranges, however—what I felt that I had to have was a lot of bourbon and water. So I concentrated on my compulsion all week, but by Saturday when nothing had happened, Jack and I borrowed an old, air-cooled Franklin car from Henry, and headed for Furnace Creek.

The Furnace Creek Inn was expensive and we were practically broke, but I got into a small poker game with some movie people and won enough to get quite a party started. Along about five in the morning Jack decided it was time to get back to the Castle. The party was still going rather well and I had no desire to leave, but Jack got nervous. The possibility of losing his job was a matter of great concern to him, and so he drove off without me.

I was lucky enough to find a ride back to the Castle before noon, and as I had to have a couple of horses ready to go riding with Mr. Johnson after lunch, I got there just in the nick of time. I thought that Mr. Johnson would at least reprimand me for being a half day late for work, but he said nothing about my delinquency.

When I saw Jack that evening, he told me—somewhat to my surprise—that Mr. Johnson had given him a short lecture on the virtue of loyalty. As I mentioned, Mr. Johnson was most unpredictable.

RIDING up the canyon that day he told me a little about Walter Perry Scott who was born near Covington, Kentucky, around 1872. Here Mr. Johnson made a joke about Scotty's parents probably having been fond of Sir Walter Scott's books, and so had named their son after him. Scotty came to Nevada when he was a young man, and worked first as a trail-hand. Later, while he was working as a scout for a surveying party, he saw Death Valley for the first time.

I had the temerity to ask Mr. Johnson what he had first admired in Scotty. His grin just grew a little wider, and he replied, "That is a very good question, and as such deserves a good answer—but I'm afraid I don't have one to give you. Let's just say that I wanted a cowboy guide and companion for camping trips, and Scotty seemed to fill the bill. He'd worked with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show for several years, and was a good story-teller—and he knew Death Valley.

"One day, while Scotty and I were on a camping trip in the Panamint Mountains, we were nooning under the shade of a cottonwood tree. Scotty had been all through Europe with the Wild West Show, and he began to talk about the sights he had seen. He voiced a desire for a castle, one complete with a drawbridge so as to keep out unwelcome visitors. The more I thought about it, the better I liked Scotty's idea—so the Castle was built."

With this simple explanation, Mr. Johnson kicked his horse into a run over the rough, rocky slopes and I had all I could do to keep up with him. When his animal began to show signs of being winded, Mr. Johnson slowed down to a walk, and told me this anecdote about Alexander Woolcott.

"Once we had decided to build the Castle, and picked the site here in Grapevine Canyon below the springs, I had Frank Lloyd Wright draw a set of plans for it. They were beautiful in their indigenous purity, but they were in keeping with one's idea of an adobe Indian village—not a castle—so we discarded them."

Mr. Johnson gave me a sideways look to see how I was taking this, and continued, "Well, like Topsy, the Castle—which some knowing people have tagged as an architectural abortion—just grew into the present hodgepodge, which I presume is as nearly Spanish in design as anything else. You see, Bill, we would build a room originally intended for some utilitarian purpose but it would develop into something too fancy, too beautiful, and so we would furnish it lavishly and with specially designed furniture. Then we'd start again on the utilitarian room, and the same thing would happen all over again—it too would be too beautiful.

"So it went until we had our Castle, but we are not finished yet. Perhaps we never shall be, but let me tell you about the time that Alexander Woolcott came here a year or so ago.

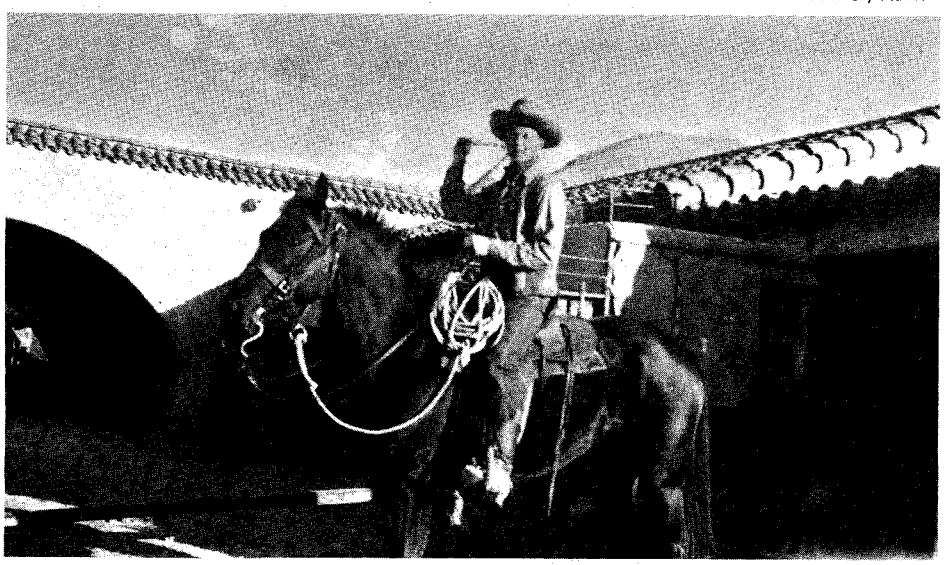
"Woolcott was a friend of Frank Wright, and knew of the plans Wright had drawn for the Castle; he believed they had been carried out. So when he came to California, he made a special trip to Death Valley, stopping at Furnace Creek Inn. He had an official of the National Park Service drive him up Death Valley to see the materialization of the great architect's plans." Mr. Johnson chuckled as if this were a joke—and, in a way, I guess it was.

"The park official tried to explain to Woolcott that Wright's plans had been discarded, but Woolcott didn't pay any

(Continued on page 64)

Roope sits astride a horse in the stable courtyard of Scotty's Castle. An old stagecoach is in the background.

Courtesy Author



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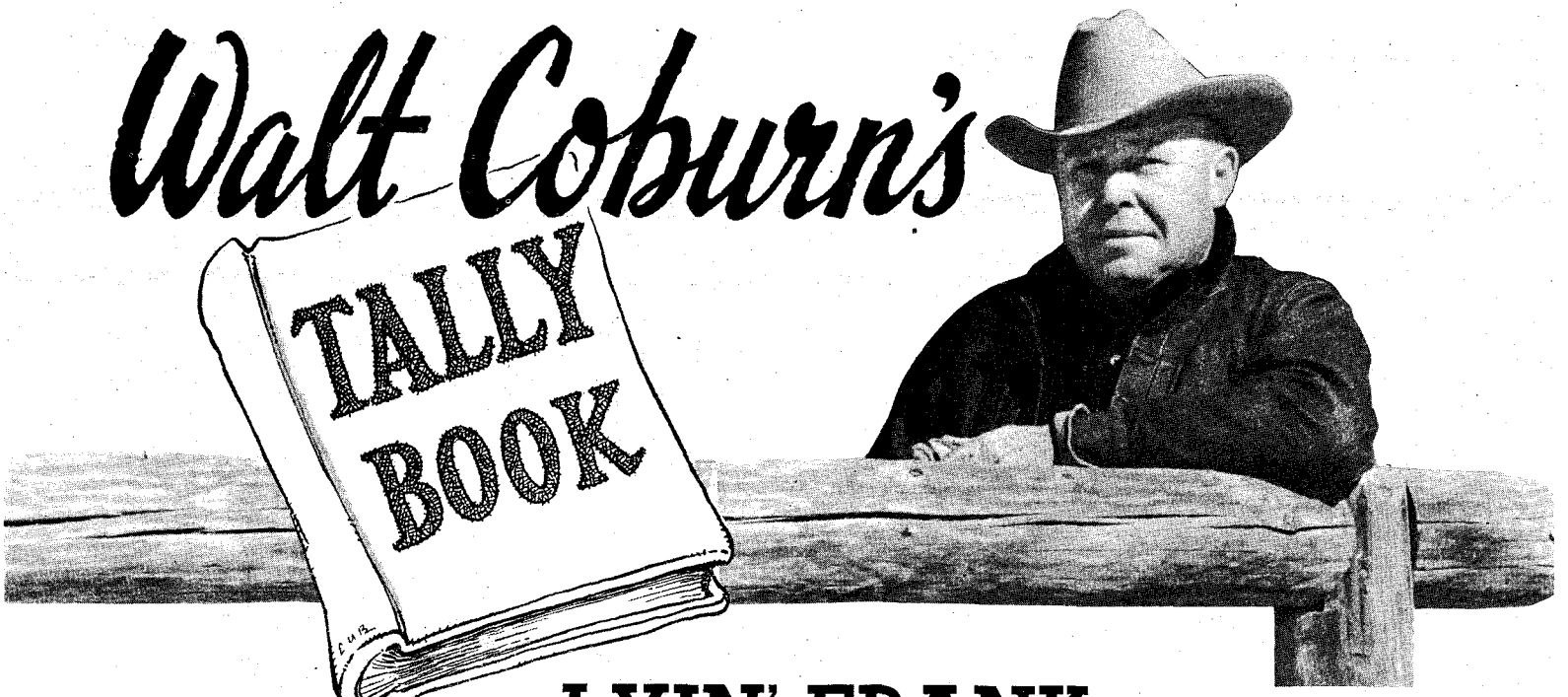

LYIN' FRANK

IN HIS OWN peculiar way, Lyin' Frank was something of a genius. Without even trying, he was the most convincing liar in the Montana cow country. Don't take my word for it. Just ask any man who has ever been the victim of one of his fabrications. You will get your answer in profane language. But there will be a twinkle in the man's eye, and a faint, if warped, grin of recollection. If the tale be told in a barroom, the drinks will be on him.

Lyin' Frank was not one of those windjammers who sit around the bunkhouse or a campfire when they start telling tall tales, and wait till all the chips are down and then top them to rake in the jackpot. He was a cut above such men. Lyin' Frank was in a class by himself. A natural.

He could have been any of a number of things. A writer of fiction, perhaps, because his lies had plots. Or a playwright, directing his own play and watching the characters go through their various parts, a twinkle in his puckered blue eyes when he spoke.

More than often Lyin' Frank was forced to ride away at the climax, to avoid destruction, later to enjoy its fullness in the recital of it. More than one victim of his practical jokes might have killed him then and there.

Lyin' Frank was a rawboned, hard-muscled man, well over six feet tall and tipping the scales at a mark above 200 pounds. He had drab yellowish hair and a nose that had been broken in his youth and never set; a wide, generous mouth that grinned all over his face to squint the sky-blue eyes under sun-bleached brows. He was a powerful man, even in his later years, with the build and heavy-jawed face of a prizefighter. But there was no fight in the man. He'd back down for a man half his size, and josh him out of it.

If it weren't for that same sense of humor that was the core of his genius for lying, he could have died young, the victim of his own jokes.

It is worth mention that Lyin' Frank was one of the best all-around cowhands in any man's country. He ran the wagon for the Circle C in Montana, and he later ran the outfit down in Arizona, both on the San Carlos Reservation, where he ramrodded the Cross Up, and later in the Bloody Basin near Prescott, and still later along the Mexican border. Wherever he was put, Lyin' Frank got the job done.

The first year I ever went on the roundup, I had one horse in my string—the Snowflake pony that taught me to ride. I rode circle on Snowflake and turned him loose when we got to camp, caught him again after noon dinner and rode him when the wagon boss rode into the herd to cut cattle. I'd turn him loose again when we got to camp. And catch him once more to stand my two hours night guard. I had no bedroll—only a canvas bean-sack which was my warsack, holding my extra clothes and the odds and ends a ranch kid gathers. It was in the bed wagon.

THAT FIRST evening I came in for a lot of joshing about what I was going to use for a bed. Lyin' Frank was working as top hand and straw boss that fall. We were sitting around an open fire roasting ribs from the beef they'd butchered that evening. Lyin' Frank suggested I dip a rib in the yellow fluid he'd spilled from a gall bladder he'd split with his knife. He said it was an old Injun custom, to make them brave. He had his own roasting rib in his hand and he dipped it in to show me. He squatted alongside me and we roasted our ribs on branding irons. The half-cooked meat had the bitter taste of quinine. I wanted to spit it out. but when I cut a look at that big cowhand he was gnawing the bone as if he relished the taste. So I ate mine. I kept swallowing the nausea down. but I gnawed my rib clean. and took the cowhands' joshing along with it. It was my first night on the roundup and I would gladly have slept on the ground the way I had it figured, using my saddle for a pillow and my sweat-damp saddle blanket for a cover. I was all set to bed down like that for the night when Lyin' Frank told them to let up on the kid, because I was sharing his bed.

What a bed that turned out to be! He had by far the biggest, fattest bedroll in the outfit. When he rolled out his tarp he showed me the soogans and blankets he had, displaying them one by one with a prideful explanation how he had gotten each. They were all presents. Gay-colored patchwork quilts, the bright-colored yarns tufted at each corner.

"Big Casino give me this silk 'un. The Chicken give me this 'un, with them sashay bags sewed in. Sniff 'er, button! Shore sweet!"

The red Hudson's Bay three-point blanket had come from across the Canadian line. "This 'un come from the Merry Widow's place north of the line near Maple Crick. She wants me to marry her and I might take 'er up on it one of these times when I git ready to settle down. Me'n you is goin' up there some time. The Merry Widow's got a shore purty black-eyed daughter about your age. She wanted to embroider my name on it but I didn't have time to wait."

He pulled out half a dozen sweet-scented fancy sofa pillows, giving me the colorful history of each one, speaking in a loud enough voice to carry. The cowhands came back at him with ribald remarks.

Between the bitter meat, knotting inside my belly, and the pungent smell of the bed where the perfume battled with the sweat, my dreams must have been somewhat garish. But a kid can sleep through anything and I was dead to the world when he shook me awake to go on guard.

Lyin' Frank was my guard pardner—that night and for countless other nights throughout the years. The herd was peaceful and we rode around together. Lyin' Frank had a sort of a throaty voice with a chuckle in it and he sang all during the two-hour guard. Some of the songs I'd heard before, but mostly they were new to me. Most of them were ribald. He'd sprinkle the sad, lonesome ones in between, and if the song was very sad

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he'd top it off with one that was comical. Lyin' Frank was a troubador in his own right. He put a tang into it that no man ever put into a cowboy ballad, and I've heard a lot of 'em. The real McCoy. These later-day phonies would have hung their guitar-playing heads in shame if ever they'd heard Lyin' Frank warble to a bedded beef herd on a star-filled night on the Montana prairie before civilization fenced the big range in.

Lyin' Frank kept his promise in later years to take me to the Merry Widow's on Maple Creek. I went along with him behind our string of horses and one pack horse carrying his fabulous bed. We stopped overnight at Frenchy DuBois' horse ranch. I like to bit my tongue off when Lyin' Frank, sitting his saddle as if he owned the world, introduced himself and me along with him.

"I'm Bob Coburn," he told Frenchy. "I fetched my kid brother Walt along to show him the country. We're short of young, broke saddle horses. If the price is right I might pick up a hundred or more. We're on our way now to the Circle Diamond roundup, camped at the Pile of Rocks. We ain't got too much time."

Lyin' Frank let Frenchy talk us into staying over for a day or so, while his men were rounding up the horses. He treated us like a couple of visiting kings. Ten-year-old whiskey in a polished keg. Wine instead of water with dinner and supper. Cigars. His wife and daughters were happy to have such company and were glad for the chance to set the table with the best linen and silver and old china.

Lyin' Frank was in his element. Barbered and wearing his best shirt and a pair of new California pants with buckskin-foxed seat, he sat at the table and outdid even himself. Long after the meal was done they sat spellbound by his stories. Perhaps Frenchy's oldest daughter had something to do with it. She was pretty enough to bring it out in him. Her eyes were round and shining and black, as she hung on his every word. The youngest one sat alongside me and giggled when the others laughed. I forgot to sweat blood because I was, like the rest, held spellbound.

There must have been 500 head of the best saddle horses a man could hope to find inside Frenchy DuBois' corral. We sat on the corral fence and watched his men ride out about twenty head of the best. Frenchy had his tally book and pencil out and filled the pages with the horses he picked out, marking down their descriptions. There were 150 head, all told, in his tally book.

When we shook hands, Lyin' Frank told Frenchy he liked the horses he'd tallied, but he'd have to come down $10 a round on them. If he could meet that price—he left it in the air like that.

We left Frenchy's place and stopped at the Merry Widow's on Maple Creek. Lyin' Frank pulled out the sealed quart Frenchy had given him. We stayed over there one night. We had to follow the Circle Diamond wagon for two days before we caught up with the roundup. They'd left the Pile of Rocks a week ago.

WHEN WE got back to the Circle C ranch a few weeks later, Bob Coburn was fit to be tied. He waved a letter at Lyin' Frank and told him to come into the office. He'd bought 150 head of horses he'd never laid eyes on. You could hear him paw dirt and beller. When Lyin' Frank went into the log office and the door was banged behind him, I expected to see him dragged out, feet first. The Old Gent and Bill and Wallace were there with Bob and they were all talking at once, and the language they used was fit to blast the chinkin' from between the logs.

An hour later Lyin' Frank swaggered out the door, smoking one of Bob's special-made little cigars. And Bob had never been known to give any man one of the little cigars he packed in a gunmetal case.

The Circle C had bought 150 head of saddle horses, sight unseen.

"I had the Old Gent on my side that time," explained Lyin' Frank. "He admitted that while I had my faults, I was the best judge of horse flesh in the country. I told them how I'd topped the bunch and that the Circle Diamond had paid Frenchy $25 a round more than I dickered for. They know damn well I made a good deal. They're sendin' me to take delivery, and I'm takin' you along."

When we had to put in sheep to buck range against the sheepmen, Lyin' Frank and I were camp tenders. We hauled the sheep wagons. We were trailing five bands to the summer range north of Milk River along the Canadian border. We had to pass through a whole colony of dry-land farmers. Every homestead we crossed, and there must have been twenty of them, the dry-land farmers wanted two-three head of sheep to pay for letting us cross their land.

We were two or three days ahead of the sheep the Phillips Sheep Company was trailing north. "I'm old man Ben Phillips' son, Bennie," Lyin' Frank would tell each dry-lander in turn. "All we got is lambs and yearling wethers that you wouldn't want. I'll write you out an order for five head of them fine ewes that's follerin' behind." He signed Little Ben's name to the order.

We got through without it costing the outfit so much as one woollie. But Phillips' camp tender sure had hell. And it cost the Phillips outfit a lot of good sheep. We went back by another route that fall.

Another time Lyin' Frank was leading back a horse my brother Bill had ridden to town and left there when he caught the train for Arizona. Lyin' Frank rode the horse into the Hog Ranch stage station just as the stage coach pulled in from the Little Rockies. The horse was a big black with white spots across his rump, called Appaloosa. The horse had been a present to Bill and was not for sale.

The showy Appaloosa caught the eye of a mining man from Butte who was dickering for one of the mines the Circle C had, and after a few drinks at the saloon, and Lyin' Frank had bragged the horse up, he wanted to buy him. Lyin' Frank told the mining man that the big Appaloosa was the champion of champion cow horses and rattled off an imaginary pedigree. He told how Kid Curry had ridden him a hundred miles once without pulling up, to outdistance a posse. Lyin' Frank held back on the price until the mining man ran it up to $1,500. He insisted on writing a check. Lyin' Frank told him he had to take the Appaloosa to the home ranch regardless. And he did, with the $1,500 check in his pocket.

"I just bought that champion Appaloosa horse of yours, Bill," the mining man told my brother Bill on the train, thinking he'd pulled a fast one. "I got him from that foreman of yours at the Hog Ranch."

Bill explained that the horse was a gift and wasn't for sale at any price. "He's worth $150 at the most. You better stop payment of that check."

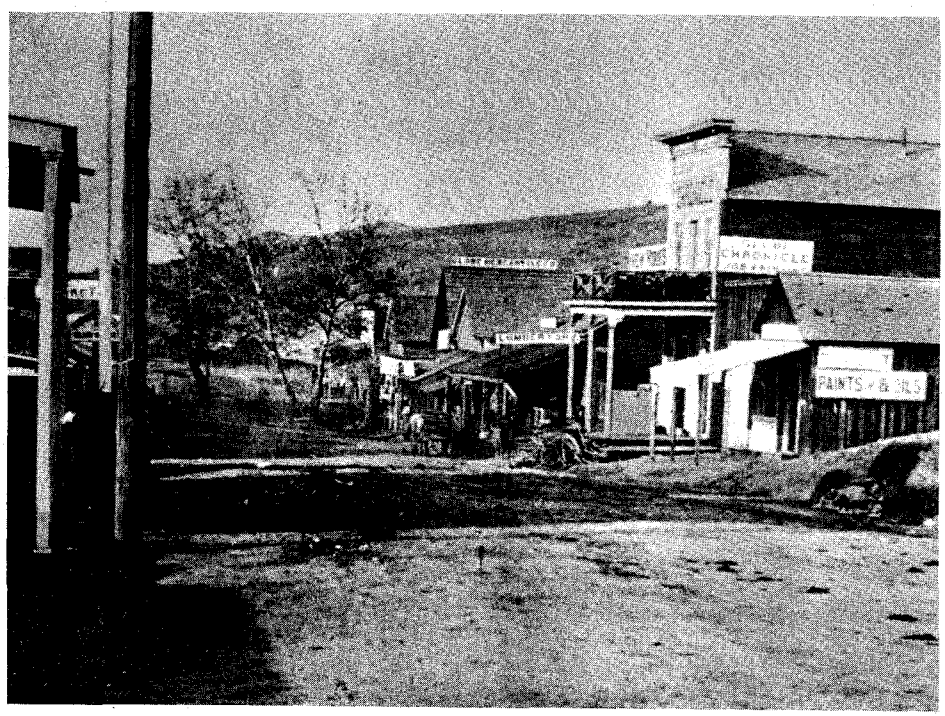
The mining man was in a sweat. He need not have been. No saloon man would cash the check. They thought it was a phony. Lyin' Frank couldn't get the price of a big beer on it. Finally he gave up in disgust and the check was still in his pocket when the sheriff located him on the roundup with a bench warrant. Lyin' Frank made a dicker with Sheriff Ike. "You burn that bench warrant and I'll locate the check." The sheriff agreed.

"I ain't got it on me, Ike," Lyin' Frank told the sheriff. "We got to go into Landusky to get it."

When they got there and stabled their horses, Lyin' Frank led the way into

(Continued on page 56)

Globe, Arizona



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Capt. Sam Grant—the DISSOLUTION of a SOLDIER

A new look at a President who was berated by many and understood by few . . .

By LLOYD LEWIS

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AS THE STEAMER anchored in San Francisco Bay near noon on September 15, 1852, all officers not on duty were given permission to go ashore for twenty-four hours to see the fabled city where the gold nuggets were assembled. Leave could not be longer, for the regiment was two months overdue at its destination to the north—one company on the Upper Sacramento in California, the rest along the Columbia River in Washington Territory, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver where Bonneville would be stationed with four companies.

"Let's go on shore tonight," Sam Grant said to Henry Hodges, and soon they were on San Francisco's Long Wharf where runners for hotels, eating places, gambling parlors, waited for the miners who arrived by boat from Stockton and Sacramento. Brushing past this horde of what Grant called "impecunious adventurers of good manners and good presence" all eager to be "asked to take a meat at a restaurant," the two officers were quickly in the center of the strangest Babel probably existing at that moment on the face of the globe.

The autumn of 1852 found the Gold Rush at its height. California, which had held 20,000 persons exclusive of Indians in 1848, and 100,000 at the end of '49, now boasted 225,000. On board sidewalks which cracked here and there and spurted muddy water, pressed a torrent of polyglot humanity—bearded miners pulling sacks of gold dust from torn pants and buying drinks for New York dudes; French dandies waving canes and making their high heels pop as they argued about rooms in crowded hotels; South Americans gesticulating over claims in brokers' offices; Kanakas from the South Seas arguing with free Negroes from Alabama over incoming trunks; Germans and Australians buying patented mining tools from shifty Yankee merchants; Cuban artists painting portraits of newly rich Irishmen; Southern gentlemen who had struck it big in the mountains explaining to English gentlemen who hadn't, the glories of Scott's Ivanhoe; Mexicans brandishing stilettoes at Texans who waved bowie knives; Bowery toughs yanking Chinese by the queues and booting them up the street amid universal laughter; Hoosier farmers buying gewgaws from Hindu peddlers; dancing girls, insisting that they were Creole belles from New Orleans, fingering the gold-dust pokes of Harvard men at tables in grogshops; Indian girls tittering quietly as Yale men escorted them to the arena where Mexican horned bulls fought grizzly bears to the death—and over everything the chant floating from open doors of gambling parlors wherein the lords of the town, elegant men in beaver hats and elegant plush vests, waved their quick, white, elegant hands as they called:

"Come down! Come down! Come down on the red! Why work? The money's here. The money's yours. Get it while it lasts. Step up! Step up! Come down on the red!"

At a faro house Sam Grant said to Hodges, "Let's go in and win our dinner." Inside the door, Grant hailed an affable gambler as "Captain!" and introduced him to Hodges as a former officer of the Third Cavalry in Mexican War days. The Captain led Sam to a faro table to start "the battle for the dinner." At first Sam lost, but with a second stack of chips he quickly won back all he had lost and $40 to boot. "Well, Hodges," he said, "I rather think this will get us a pretty good dinner."

The suave Captain saw them to the

Engraving of a very early photo of Grant
Century Magazine

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door. Evidently California was receiving its share of the officers who were resigning now at a rate almost as high as in the 1830s. At Benicia Barracks, firewood had come in on contract from Captain Joseph Hooker, who had bought Sinoma land in preparation for a life of ease, whiskey and gambling when his two years' leave of absence would end in resignation sometime in 1853.

Here in San Francisco, said army officers, the brilliant Henry W. Halleck was practicing law, directing a quicksilver mine and investing in real estate as he prepared to resign from the Engineers. The officers told Sam it was all right if you resigned, for on army pay you couldn't support a family. His basic salary, $480 a year, had been increased only $197, to meet the increased cost on the Coast.

"A cook could not be hired for the pay of a captain," Grant said later. "The cook could do better."

FAMILY MEN like Wallen were worried as the regiment sailed north on September 14, and Sam Grant was wondering how he could ever bring Julia and the babies to such a country.

The Columbia River was a stirring sight as the steamer, ploughing upstream, arrived at Fort Vancouver on September 22. Spruce and fir towered over the river and Mount Hood towered over the spruce and fir. More stirring to Grant was the sight of Rufe Ingalls on the bank—the first time they had met in seven years. Rufe and Sam French had done well and were captains, one grade ahead of any others in the Class of '43. Rufe was hoping for companionship, since his convivial spirit had been confined for most of the past three years to this tiny trading post where Indians and half-breed trappers occupied log cabins around the depot of the Hudson's Bay Company. On the bluffs, a scant half mile back from the river, Ingalls had built a fort, a long stockade with a tower pierced for cannon and rifles; and inside the wall, storehouses and barracks of hewn trees, and frame houses for officers.

Rufe showed Sam to the best of the houses. "Quartermaster's Ranch," a two-story frame building with a long piazza and balcony, where Sam as Regimental Quartermaster would live and entertain officers of the surveying parties which Uncle Sam was sending into the new country.

Sam had Rufe live with him, and to cut expenses, they included Captain Thomas L. Brent, who had come up from San Francisco to relieve Ingalls as Post Quartermaster. For the winter Rufe was to remain where he was, waiting until the Department gave him his next assignment. Since the Indians of the region were quiet and no expeditions would be coming through Vancouver before spring, Sam's duties were light and Rufe's none at all. They took long horseback rides together and re-created their old West Point days—and nights—clearing the tables for euchre, brag and loo. The Ranch was the social center. Augur, Wallen and Hodges were especially welcome, and from outside the Fourth's group of sixteen officers, Captain John S. Hatheway, present with a battery of the Fourth Artillery, was welcome.

With Commandant Bonneville aloof in his own quarters and Captain Buchanan and Alvord with their companies along the Columbia River and Oregon Trail to the east, Grant and Hatheway were the only officers who could describe

From **Old Forts of the Northwest**, by Herbert M. Hart, permission of Superior Publishing Company, Seattle

Commanding Officer's house, Fort Vancouver, Washington, built in 1849-50, was office of U. S. Grant when he was quartermaster at the post.

to the Ranch gatherings the fighting in the Valley of Mexico. Ingalls told afterward how often Sam "astonished his brother officers by his clear, luminous descriptions." Another officer, coming away from one of those evenings when Grant had recalled small incidents from memory and delivered criticisms of his generals' strategy and tactics, was heard to say, "How clear-headed Sam Grant is in describing a battle! He seems to have the whole thing in his head."

However much Grant enjoyed comradeship with his small group of men, his role of host was still that of a bachelor and the realization grew poignant when a letter from Bethel, Ohio, informed him that on July 22 Julia had borne him a second son, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr. On October 26, 1852, hardly more than a month after his arrival at Fort Vancouver, he had begun to feel his isolation from his family and initiated steps which he hoped would bring them to him. He wrote in part:

"My Dearest Wife:

"Another mail has arrived and not one word do I get from you either directly or indirectly. It makes me restless, Dearest, and much more so because I now know that I must wait over two weeks before I can possibly hear. I can write you nothing until I hear from you and learn that you and our dear little ones are well. Just think, our youngest is at this moment probably over three months of age, and yet I have never heard a word from it, or you, in that time. I have my health perfectly and could enjoy myself here as well as at any place that I have ever been stationed if only you were here. It is true that all my pay would not much more than pay the expenses of the table, yet I think, judging from what has taken place, that this expense could be borne here better than the ordinary expenses in the Atlantic States.

"I have made something, Dearest, for us, (including our children) already, and have got the plan laid, and being carried out, by which I hope to make much more. I have been up to the Dalles of the Columbia, where the immigrants generally first stop upon their arrival in Oregon, coming by the overland route. I there made arrangements for the purchase of quite a number of oxen and cows, and for having them taken care of during the winter. If I should lose one-fourth of my cattle I would then clear at least one hundred per cent; if I should lose all I would have the consolation of knowing that I was still better off than when I first came to this country. I have, in addition to cattle, some hogs from which I expect a large increase, soon, and have bought a horse upon which I have been offered an advance of more than one hundred dollars."

HERE on the post grounds other officers spent evenings with their families. Wallen was building easy chairs out of barrels for his home, stuffing them with moss and covering them with calico. But everything was keeping Grant away from the woman he wanted—the high cost of living, the Indians who, while quiet at the moment, were certain to make trouble as the stream of covered wagons coming in by the Oregon Trail touched new valleys. Congress was cutting Washington Territory in two that winter, parting it at the Columbia River, and calling the lower half Oregon Territory. Surveys would start next spring for a railroad through the Cascade Mountains, connecting the banks of the Pacific with those of the Mississippi River. The Fourth Regiment might be stationed out here for years.

Ulysses must make extra money somehow and bring Julia and the babies to him. Other officers were trying it. Dr. Tripler, down in San Francisco, was eking out his salary by practicing medicine among the civilians.

Someone said ice was selling at fabulous prices in San Francisco. Sam, Rufe and Wallen sent 100 tons cut in the neighborhood down the Columbia in a Pacific Mail sailing schooner, whose skipper, Captain Dall, was included as partner. Two months or more later Dall came back with sad news. The wind had

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General George B. McClellan, whose Northwest surveying expedition added to Grant's troubles

turned just outside the Columbia's mouth, the trip had taken six weeks, and when he had reached Frisco the prices had fallen. Other ice ships had come in from Sitka, Alaska—and the officers' investment was gone.

All around the disappointed Ulysses the officers drank regularly at their card games in the evening. As at all frontier posts, it was rare to find an officer who did not tip the demijohn on his right arm and pour all he wished into a tumbler. One of the stock jokes of garrison life was that of the soldier who answered, "Do you take me for a camel?" when asked if he wished water in his liquor. Stories were common of officers standing outside their quarters at noon and signaling with forefinger laid to nose for all passing friends to "come in and partake," and of one post commander who always had his officers in to drink with him one at a time instead of in groups, "because I want to get half of my own liquor."

Living the life of a host in such an atmosphere, and honing, as he was, for Julia, the Son of Temperance gave up his fraternal vows. Sam "was not by any means a drunkard," said Henry Hodges in later years; he merely went on "two or three sprees a year . . . was always open to reason, and when spoken to on the subject would own up and promise to stop drinking, which he did."

From the stories told by his comrades at Vancouver, it was likely that he did not slake his sex yearnings, as did so many other lonely white men on the frontier, by visits to Indian women. When, years later, the wife of Sergeant Sheffield heard Gran't enemies whisper the "story of the Indian daughter," she knew just how the "baseless and malicious" tale had started—at another fort in the Territory had lived one Richard Grant, an agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, who was a squaw man with several half-breed children.

The Indians stirred Grant's pity rather than passion. In a letter to an officer in San Francisco he said that the red men were "easily controlled and altogether to (sic) insignificant in prowess & numbers to need much care or attention and even this poor remnant of a once powerful tribe is fast wasting away before those blessings of 'civilization,' whisky and small-pox."

It saddened him to see the Indians attempt to cure the "amazingly fatal" epidemics by their ancient method of thrusting sufferers into mud ovens and steaming them to the point of exhaustion. "This treatment," said Grant, "may have answered with the early ailments of the Indians. With the measles or small-pox it would kill every time."

Across the past twenty years many stories of the Indian's reliance upon the heat to cure disease has been taken back to the States by traders. One of the best known was that of the white trapper who had so exhausted himself in the arms of the young squaws of the Flathead tribe that he developed consumption. The red men had killed a horse, slit open its belly, thrust the naked white man "into the foaming mass of entrails" and kept him there till the carcass cooled. Putting him to bed, they repeated the process a few days later, apparently willing to keep it up as long as their horses held out. The second treatment, however, restored the patient to health—and to the beds of the squaws.

WHERE most white individuals exploited the red men, Grant saw the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver pay them fair wages, sell them supplies at a uniform rate, teach them to raise crops and cattle, and when the smallpox epidemic struck, move promptly to their aid. Within a stone's throw of the Quartermaster's Ranch, the fur company's resident doctor set up a hospital, and in it saved practically all the sufferers he could collect.

In allaying Julia's fears about the redskins he had written: "You charge me to be cautious about riding out alone lest the Indians should get me. Those about here are the most harmless people you ever saw. It is really my opinion that the whole race would be harmless and peaceful if they were not put upon by the whites."

It was a relief to Grant that the Indian outbreaks, when they occurred, were too far away to involve the Fourth Infantry. The fighting along the Rouge River in Oregon in the spring of 1853 was far away. Grant heard that it had ended before Captain Lyon had arrived *with a detachment of the Second Infantry*, which was just as well for the red men. Officers still talked about the swift, secret marches and the sudden attacks with which the fierce redhead had crushed the Clear Lake Indians back in 1850—killing at least two huge braves with his sword.

News of the outside world came slowly to Vancouver. It was deep in the winter before Grant knew that Franklin Pierce, whom he had liked so well in Mexico, was now President, winning as a Democrat over General Scott, the Whig, in November. The American people wanted Generals in the White House—George Washington, Andy Jackson, Taylor, and now Pierce.

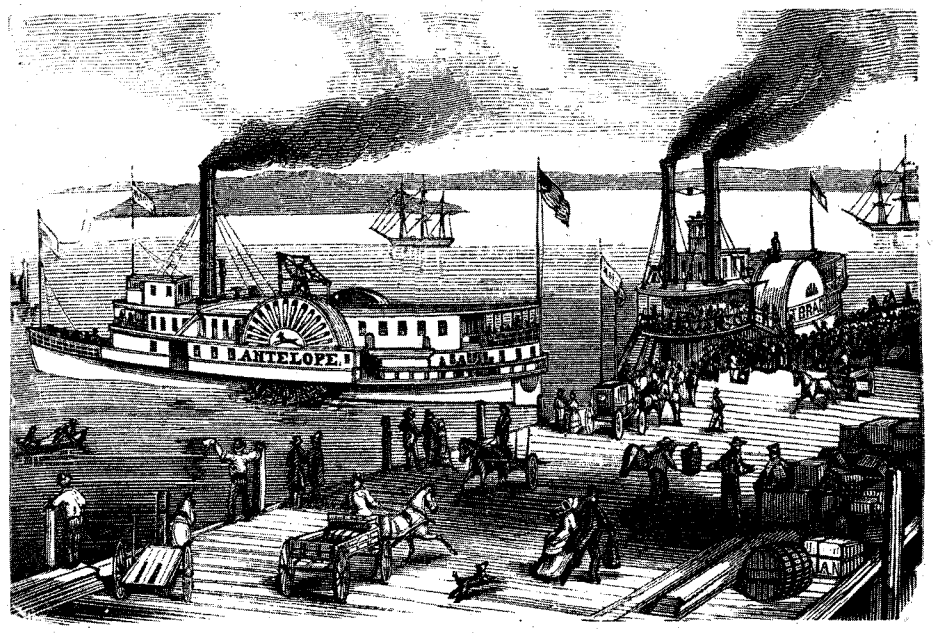
With the coming of spring, life grew lonelier. Ingalls was ordered to Fort Yuma, leaving the Ranch to Grant, Brent and Grant's clerk, Eastman. Grant rode alone now in the wilderness, no other hoofs thudding softly in the pine needles—no Julia to swing down from her saddle and pick wild flowers—no Julia to rein in beside him and look at this river as they had looked at the Mississippi and the Ohio. He wanted a woman's hand in the house. He asked Sergeant and Mrs. Sheffield to move in, and when the Sergeant feared that his wife was too young and inexperienced, Grant spoke reassuringly:

"Oh, that can be easily managed. I'll detail one of the soldiers who is a good cook, to do the cooking; besides, I have an excellent cookbook and am a pretty good cook myself, and I'm sure we shall manage very well."

They came, and the wife was quickly drawn to the quiet Ulysses—eternally grateful for the kindness with which he showed her how to cook wild swan, geese and duck which the other men brought him, and how to prepare his own favorite dish, Beef a la mode. She would never forget the day when he asked if she thought she could make him some sweet butter—the kind they had been buying from the Indians was tasteless. Innocent of the butter-making art, she used sugar

This woodcut shows steamers at dock at the wharf in San Francisco, where Sam Grant landed on his trips to the city.

California State Library



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instead of salt when she churned and, at the next meal, when she saw the officers grinning at each other, timidly asked Grant how he liked it.

"Well, it's the sweetest butter I ever tasted" was all he said, but she caught "a twinkle in his eye" and did not rest until she had made him explain her mistake. Everything that she would remember about Grant at Vancouver was colored by sympathy for him in his homesickness.

Oftentimes while reading letters from his wife, his eyes would fill with tears, he would look up with a start and say, "Mrs. Sheffield, I have the dearest little wife in the world, and I want to resign from the army and live with my family."

Sergeant Eckerson of the garrison told, in after times, of the day when he had received through the mail notice that he was appointed agent of the Ordnance Department, a promotion that Grant had obtained for him. As he was reading it, Grant came in to congratulate him and just before leaving said, "Oh, ,I too, had a letter last night." He opened it at the last page which contained a penciled outline of a baby's hand, showed it, but said nothing as he stood there trembling and teary-eyed. Then he went away.

"He seemed to be always sad," the Sergeant said.

Ulysses' relatives declared later that "no ship sailed from the West," without a letter or two from the young officer to his loved ones.

Mrs. Sheffield, working in the kitchen, would see Grant walking back and forth on the porch, "thinking and smoking, for hours at a time, or he would order his horse and ride for a half day in the woods or along the Columbia River." Discarding Army regulations as to the relations between commissioned and noncommissioned officers, the Lieutenant would sit with the Sergeant and the Sergeant's wife of evenings around the fire and, as Mrs. Sheffield would later say, "tell me of his wife and children and how he missed them."

WITH the springtime, Ulysses made another attempt to earn extra money. With Wallen he tried the shipping of cattle and pigs to Frisco, Wallen sailing down to the city to market the animals as fast as Sam rounded them up among the settlers and Indians and sent them down on schooners.

"We continued that business until both of us lost all the money we had," said Wallen, "and when I got back to Vancouver three or four hundred dollars were yet due him (Grant), for which I was obliged to give my note and afterwards pay if off in instalments." Their failure was all the more ironic because a sow which Grant gave to their drum major produced a dozen pigs which the noncom sold for forty dollars apiece."

Grant doggedly clung to his plan to make money. Farming was a thing he knew and the land along the river was black. Potatoes were selling at eight or nine dollars a bushel. Wallen was still game, and they leased a tract from the Hudson's Bay Company, financing the venture, as the story later ran in Army circles, on money borrowed from Commandant Bonneville at two per cent per month.

They hired a sergeant to clear away the underbrush. They sent to Frisco for seed potatoes, and Grant bought a pair of thin horses from an immigrant who had limped in from the cruel overland trail. Under Grant's skilled care the horses fattened rapidly enough to break the ground, Grant at the plow handles while Wallen dropped potatoes in the furrows. Mrs. Sheffield saw them plant oats, too, Grant striding across the ploughed ground, trousers tucked in boots and the seed hanging in a sheet tied around his neck, his right hand broadcasting the grain. In the words of the lonely captain to his wife:

"About pecuniary matters dear Julia I am better off than ever before . . . I have got a farm of about one hundred acres, all cleared and enclosed, about one mile from here which I am going to cultivate in company with Captains Brent, Wallen & McConnell. I have leased it in my own name but there is four times as much of it as I could possibly buy seed for. We expect to raise some thirty acres of potatoes which may safely be put down at one dollar and fifty cents per bushel, and may be twice that, and the yield in this country is tremendous. The balance we will put oats in. In the labor we all expect to assist. It is necessary in this country that a person should help himself because it takes a great deal to live. I could not possibly keep house here for less than about one hundred & fifty dollars per month, aside from all expenses of clothing etc."

Hope began to rise when the clusters of tiny green broke through the earth, indicating that the potato crop would be enormous. And on May 1, with the departure of Captain Brent, Grant became Quartermaster of the post as well as his regiment. Later on he would laugh about the "amusing predicaments" into which this dual role thrust him, forcing him, as post executive, to pass upon papers which he had drawn up as regimental quartermaster or commissary.

During the last week of May, Bonneville gave him news of an important special assignment. The Adjutant General's office had ordered the post to give "all assistance" and "hearty co-operation" to a party of Engineers, under Brevet Captain George B. McClellan, which would soon arrive "to explore the passes of the Cascade Range" and "to prepare a report upon a railroad route from the East." The War Department, pressed by Congress and the public, was expected to find a route by which the railroads, which had already reached Chicago, could progress to the Pacific. Within a few years the railroad engines would be drinking from the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Wagon routes across the plains were too slow and expensive for the emigrants to tolerate them much longer. Grant must have everything possible in readiness for McClellan when he arrived. Little Mac had acquired prominence in the Army since the Mexican War, thanks to the skill of his surveys in Texas.

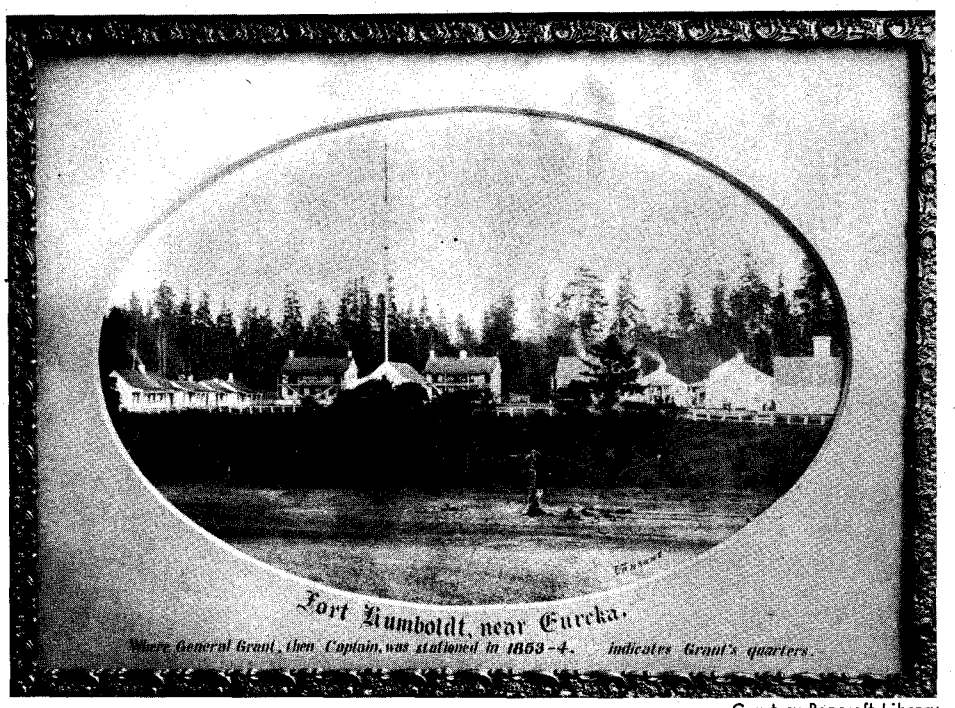
Mrs. Sheffield watched Grant measure up to his new responsibilities. At private theatricals, in the improvised post theater, she saw him one night come quietly down the aisle, collar the purser of the steamer *Eagle*, who was drunk and maudlin in the audience, yank him from his seat and march him from the room.

She saw him hold dances in the dining room of the Ranch with the regimental band playing waltzes, and with guests coming from afar—sometimes from the village of Portland, across the river. She never saw Grant dance. Sometimes he "would come in and look on for a-while, then go upstairs to his room and remain there all evening smoking," and, as she felt certain, "thinking about his distant wife."

AS JUNE neared its end a new series of disasters descended upon Grant. First, the potatoes! Grant, in later life, wrote about it with humor:

"Our crop was enormous. Luckily for us the Columbia River rose to a great height from the melting of the snow in the mountains in June, and overflowed and killed most of our crop. This saved digging it up, for everybody on the Pacific Coast seemed to have come to the conclusion at the same time that agriculture would be profitable. . . . The only potatoes we sold were to our own mess."

(Continued on page 42)



Courtesy Bancroft Library
University of California

Fort Humboldt, near Eureka, California, where Grant served in the early 1850s

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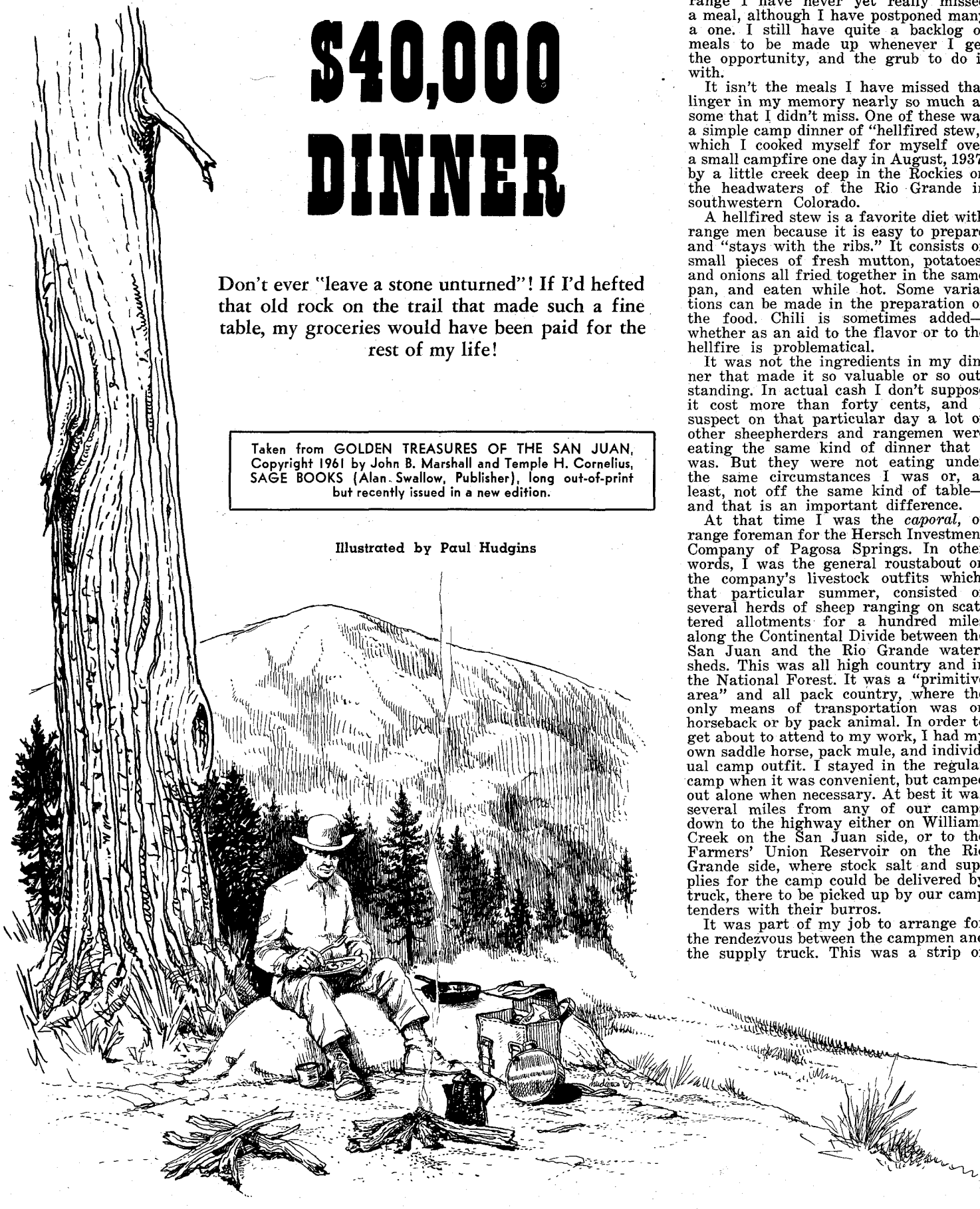
A $40,000 DINNER

Don't ever "leave a stone unturned"! If I'd hefted that old rock on the trail that made such a fine table, my groceries would have been paid for the rest of my life!

Taken from GOLDEN TREASURES OF THE SAN JUAN, Copyright 1961 by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius, SAGE BOOKS (Alan Swallow, Publisher), long out-of-print but recently issued in a new edition.

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins



I HAVE NEVER been much given to expensive meals, or to expensive foods. My greatest problem has always been to get enough even of the common kind. I have done fairly well, however, because in more than forty years spent on the range I have never yet really missed a meal, although I have postponed many a one. I still have quite a backlog of meals to be made up whenever I get the opportunity, and the grub to do it with.

It isn't the meals I have missed that linger in my memory nearly so much as some that I didn't miss. One of these was a simple camp dinner of "hellfired stew," which I cooked myself for myself over a small campfire one day in August, 1937, by a little creek deep in the Rockies on the headwaters of the Rio Grande in southwestern Colorado.

A hellfired stew is a favorite diet with range men because it is easy to prepare and "stays with the ribs." It consists of small pieces of fresh mutton, potatoes, and onions all fried together in the same pan, and eaten while hot. Some variations can be made in the preparation of the food. Chili is sometimes added—whether as an aid to the flavor or to the hellfire is problematical.

It was not the ingredients in my dinner that made it so valuable or so outstanding. In actual cash I don't suppose it cost more than forty cents, and I suspect on that particular day a lot of other sheepherders and rangemen were eating the same kind of dinner that I was. But they were not eating under the same circumstances I was or, at least, not off the same kind of table—and that is an important difference.

At that time I was the *caporal,* or range foreman for the Hersch Investment Company of Pagosa Springs. In other words, I was the general roustabout on the company's livestock outfits which, that particular summer, consisted of several herds of sheep ranging on scattered allotments for a hundred miles along the Continental Divide between the San Juan and the Rio Grande watersheds. This was all high country and in the National Forest. It was a "primitive area" and all pack country, where the only means of transportation was on horseback or by pack animal. In order to get about to attend to my work, I had my own saddle horse, pack mule, and individual camp outfit. I stayed in the regular camp when it was convenient, but camped out alone when necessary. At best it was several miles from any of our camps down to the highway either on Williams Creek on the San Juan side, or to the Farmers' Union Reservoir on the Rio Grande side, where stock salt and supplies for the camp could be delivered by truck, there to be picked up by our camp tenders with their burros.

It was part of my job to arrange for the rendezvous between the campmen and the supply truck. This was a strip of

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mountain country rich in treasure trove. Stories were numerous of old Spanish mines, rich ones, lost or hidden, lo, these many years, and of buried treasures and small caches of rich gold ore and of bullion. According to legend there was a fabulously rich old Spanish mine somewhere on the head of Ute Creek, a tributary of the Rio Grande, and just across the Continental Divide from the headwaters of the Pine, the Flint Fork, and the Vallacito on the San Juan side.

"Two sleeps" down the Divide east from this mine was said to be a major cache of rich ore made by the Spanish more than a century before. And in the environs of the mine were said to be several small caches of extra rich gold ore which the old Spaniards had purposely selected and hidden away from the mine as a precaution against a raid by the Indians—to be transported out to Taos by the Spaniards themselves on their last trip out of the mountains in the autumn.

Tangible evidence in support of these legends and treasure stories was an abundance of old Spanish markings and signs in the area. Measurement of the new growth on the old tree blazes established their age at about 170 years, and subsequent tests of some of them by tree-ring chronology corroborated this estimate. This would set the date when those markings were made at about 1770, more or less. And those markings conformed to a definite pattern and a definite system. Sometimes their arrangement seemed mysterious—always interesting, always intriguing. I was constantly on the watch-out for some spot I thought likely for one of those caches of gold.

THE INTEREST of all of us local stockmen in the treasure trove of our bailiwick received added stimulation almost every summer season by the advent of anywhere from one to four or five different treasure-hunting parties. Some of these parties were small, consisting of two or three men; others would have five to seven. Some of the parties, usually the smaller ones, went about their business seriously; others were out for a lark and had a lot of fun while they did some hunting for treasure. All of them screened their mission under the guise of "fishing." It was mighty easy for us to distinguish between the two classes.

It is pretty difficult for anyone to fool the combined observation and watchfulness of all the sheepherders in any district. A sheepherder is highly skilled in observing the action and the tracks of all animals, including man. in his territory, and interpreting what he sees. Being a sheepherder myself, I knew all the other herders and campmen around, whether they were working for the Hersch Investment Company or not. Exchange of knowledge among ourselves about the "going-ons" in our district made interesting campfire conversation. And sheepherders like to talk—most of them do.

The general area that attracted some of the more serious treasure hunters was Ute Creek and that section of the Continental Divide along the head of the Vallacito, Flint Fork, and Pine. This district lay on the upper end of my territory. I made several trips through it every summer. The Divide runs almost due east and west through this strip of country.

Ute Creek lies on the north, or Rio

(Continued on page 50)

"Stay on the trail, and keep riding!"

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A COWBOY'S FUNERAL

By IKE OSTEEN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE FUNERAL was no different from thousands of others during the years the West was being settled, but the chance of a photographer being present was unusual, and the fact that an old-timer of the area listed the names of the men attending, makes this picture a collector's item. The original hangs in the R. S. Wolf Barbershop in Springfield, Colorado. It has been copied and photographed many times and reprints of it are in many places, including the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma. The cowboys paying their last respects represented so many different brands, and the ranches involved were so large that Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas can all claim representation.

The man responsible for the history of the picture was Harve Kett, himself a man of the saddle and one of the early-day sheriffs, a county commissioner and a windmill man for the Stinson outfit for years. Harve died September 17, 1959 and is buried at Springfield, Colorado. He was one fine man. Many people received his cards and letters with inscriptions such as "A sign on the old pine tree—saddle for sale—it ain't worth a lot—but it's all that he's got" or "The lantern on the old chuckwagon is lit at 4:00 a.m., all old sourdoughs welcome."

I did not know of the existence of the picture of the cowboys in swimming until I contacted Mrs. Marie Winsor, a daughter of Harve Kett, to check on the funeral picture. The cowboy riding the horse into the water was George Brenton and he was dead within a few minutes after the picture was taken.

He drowned in the forks of West and East Carrizo Creeks during this round-up in Baca County, Colorado in 1891. His home was at Las Animas, Colorado. Brenton was working for the Reynolds Cattle Company under Walter Dunn. He was not known among the cowboys very well. Some think he took his own life as a result of trouble with his wife.

His grave is about one and one-half miles east and one-half mile south of Carrizo Springs. The picture was taken right after the filling of the grave—a funeral without a woman or child and only one prayer.

Harve wrote down the names of the cowboys, followed by the brand of the outfit each worked for and such other information as would be of particular interest to old-timers. Each identification is in Harve's words, except I changed the date of Bill Thompson's death to read November, 1891 after I visited his grave in the Higbee cemetery on May 22, 1966.

THERE are, I believe, thirty-one pairs of cowboy legs in the picture. Starting left to right and counting down to No. 7 (Kid Doss) the names match the cowboys. Kid Doss is the first man with a shovel in his hand. Behind Kid Doss is Jabe Burton, not visible. I count him as No. 8.

WALTER DUNN (7L) was range manager and wagon boss for the Reynolds Cattle Company, southwest of Kim near Seven L Buttes. Walter is now deceased.

TOM GOODWIN (TH) two brands run both horses and cattle. Was commissioner for Baca County eight years from 1892 to 1900. Ranch on Butte Creek about a mile from Las Animas county line; post office address Atlanta, Colorado. Was always working. Born in Tennessee—died in Trinidad, Colorado.

PETE BEASLEY (4) Bar 4 worked for the NXN Miser & Whitaker of Springfield. The last he was seen was at Jake Likes. He traded horses with Jake and headed west.

BILLY WILSON (J4) wagon boss for the JJ for forty years. His love for boys never grew old to him. When a boy came to his wagon he always got a full meal and if he was broke, some pocket money. He is buried in La Junta Cemetery—one fine man.

ED EDDLEMAN (J4) was wagon boss for a lot of cattle companies. He was one of the best—his men loved him. He was a quiet man, his word was good as a Government bond. He is buried in Kenton, Oklahoma Cemetery—close to the home he loved.

HIRAM PARMER (JJ) was born in Texas—was counted one of the best—worked for JJ and was trail cutter for the Bent County Cattle Growers Association cutting all trails here from Lamar to Kansas line; lived a hard life—died a hard death (cancer)—buried in Las Animas Cemetery.

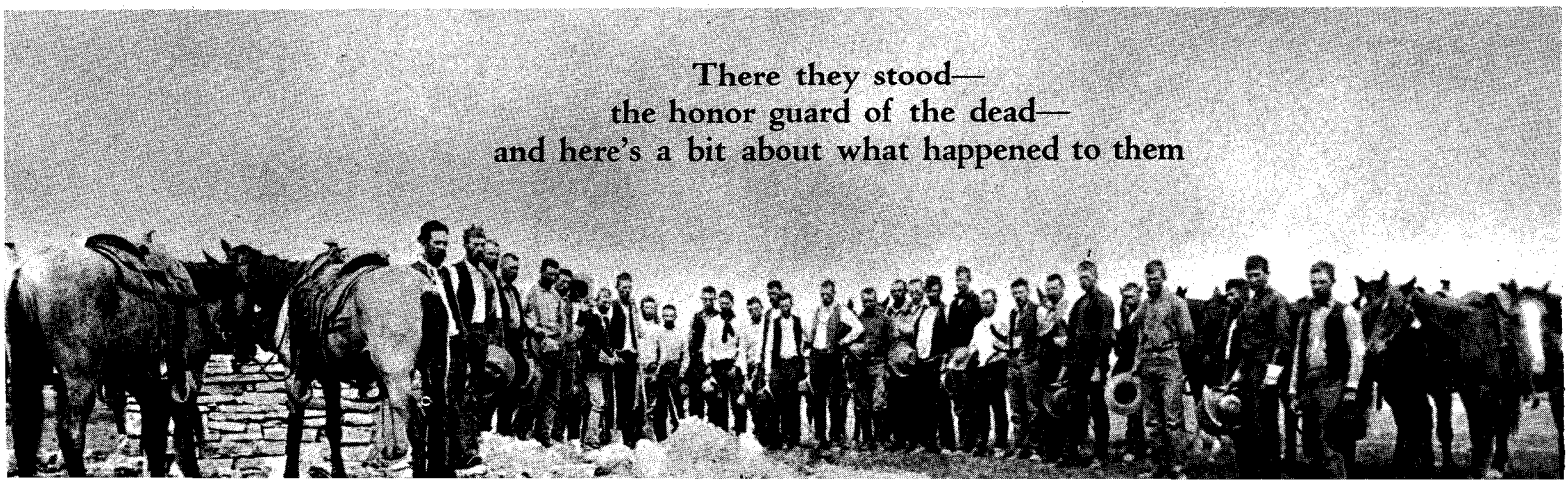
KID DOSS (JJ) Cause of Bill Thompson's death at JJ ranch in November, 1891. Doss was killed the same year by John Howard, a cowboy of the 101 Ranch east of Kenton, Oklahoma. Buried at Kenton.

NOW FOLLOWS a section of the picture that is in doubt. Between Kid Doss, the first man with a shovel in his hands, and Fred Hollister, the cowboy whose pant legs are tucked in his boots, is one cowboy who is not identified. This is the only omission Harve Kett made, but as a result of this one error, I have not been able to match the names to the men standing between Doss and Hollister. Perhaps some TRUE WEST reader will be able to complete this part of the picture.

EMMETT ROBERTS (VOX) worked for the old Taylor outfits of Trinidad VOX; Jake Sayres was wagon boss for Taylors. Roberts still living in Northwest Colorado.

GUS THOMPSON (VOX) worked for Taylors VOX, had a ranch in Las Animas County. May still be living.

There they stood—
the honor guard of the dead—
and here's a bit about what happened to them



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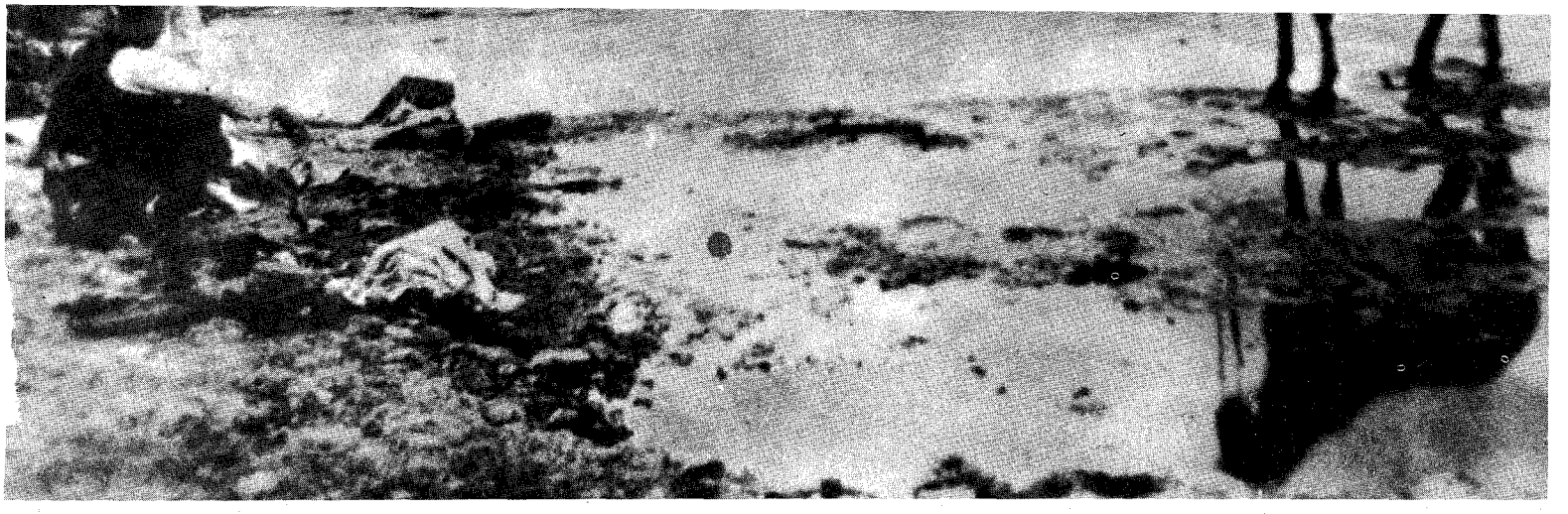

Just a few minutes after this faded picture was taken, George Brenton (the man on the horse in the water) drowned. The photo on the opposite page is of his funeral.

JESS TENKNIGHT: (JJ) No one appears to know much about him—worked for the JJ a while.

JAKE VANDERPOOL: (DD) worked for JJ and DD; was quiet and honest—had lots of friends. Married and settled on Carrizo Creek; Harley Shelden bought him out in 1918. Lives in Meade, Kansas.

KIT NELSON: (JJ) born at Higbee—worked for JJ a long time—was killed in gunfight in Arizona.

JOHN NELSON: (JJ) a brother of Kit Nelson and some kin to Kit Carson family. Worked for JJ a long time; got married and left for southern Missouri—may be living.

BILLY CUTTER MADDEN: (JJ) was one of the top hands for the JJ; was accused of being a Regulator for the Prairie Cattle Company. Billy Wilson said he died in Texas.

JIM WIGGINS: (DD) was wagon boss for the old Doss outfit of Trinidad DD; he was a fine man and was liked by everyone that knew him. Born in Texas, buried in Kenton, Oklahoma Cemetery.

FRED HOLLISTER: (TH) was working for Tom Godwin at the time this picture was taken. Fred was an old-timer; came to the 101 Ranch east of Kenton in 1882; worked for most all the cattle companies; trailed cattle to Montana for the OX; married and settled down on a ranch near Vilas, Colorado. Was loved by everyone; is buried at Boston Cemetery by the side of his wife and son. He was wagon boss on another roundup when a cowboy drowned, and they had to tie rocks on their ropes to drag his body out.

(Fred Hollister is No. 18 from the left, counting Jake Burton who was obscured by Doss.)

Reading on to the right, Harve Kett correctly listed the others as:

BILL WATERS: (DD) now deceased.

JOHN DACY: (DD) grew up around Kenton and worked for the DD at the time of this picture; was brother-in-law of Henry Labrier—a good cowboy; buried at Kenton, Oklahoma.

BILL THOMPSON: The JJ Regulator and all-around killer for the Prairie Cattle Company; he killed Henry (Frenchie) Savor at Boston, Colorado in 1887 and a man named Phillips in Squaw Canyon the same year. He shot Savor in the back—killed Phillips after dark when he was dipping his bucket in the spring to get some water to start supper. Bill drank a lot; in summer of 1890 he was in Stanley's Saloon, three doors north of the First National Bank in Springfield, Colorado twirling his .45 Colt on his finger when the gun slipped off his finger, hit the bar, fired, went up through the bar. Stanley had his hand on the bar and the bullet took off his middle finger and went through the top of his left ear. There was a lot of excitement around there at the time as they thought Stanley was killed. They always joked about Stanley carrying the JJ earmark (crop the left ear). Bill was one of the men that shot Boston off the map in 1890. The manager's name of the Prairie Cattle Co. at that time was Johnston. The settler's called Bill, Johnston's bodyguard. Bill was wagon boss for one of the JJ wagons at the time this picture was taken. He lived by the gun and died by the gun at Higbee in November, 1891.

BEN DARNELL: (7L) had a homestead near Vilas, Colorado, at one time. Worked for the Seven L at this time. Moved to New Mexico. May be living.

CHARLES WAGNER: (WJ) was born in Illinois. Came west in the early '80s and worked for the Prairie Cattle Co. several years. They blackballed him for having too many sleeper cattle, approximately 300 head. He liked to tell about eating JJ beef and stealing JJ calves. He said there was 12 years that no light shone in his house at night; afraid someone outside might take a potshot. In his late years he lived on a ranch 20 miles west of Kenton, Oklahoma. Buried in Kenton Cemetery.

JOHN SURVANT: (Circle D) his brand. Never heard much about him—believed to be deceased.

GID MILLER: (T Heart) was the owner of the T Heart brand and ranch on West Carrizo. He lived in Las Animas at one time; now deceased.

JOHN IRWIN: (DD) Billie Wilson said this was not John Irwin, that his name was Perry Dorman, nicknamed Smith Canyon. He worked for DD at this time. Was living a few years ago.

J. J. SMITHEY (JJ) No one seems to know much about this man. He left the country. He worked for the JJ while here.

— — MYERS. First name not known. He was on the JJ payroll.

JOE BUSH (JJ) worked for Prairie Cattle Company around forty years. He was a little dried-up Mexican and a good cowboy with a lot of friends. Proved up a homestead west of Kim, Colorado. Lived there for several years. The JJs used his camp as a line camp. He used to say, "Me work for JJ forty years and never missed a month's pay." He is buried by the side of Bill Thompson in Higbee Cemetery.

BILL WOODS: (OU) was an uncle to Dewey Carson, a relative of the Kit Carson family.

FILEY GOODPASTURE: (Box and a Half Brand). He worked for the Box and Half Malloy's crown at Las Animas. He was a first cousin of Bill Woods, died in Montana, years ago.

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At a time when the public was beginning to associate a badge on the breast with a mask on the eyes, Charles Ballard came on the scene . . .

LAWMAN of the PECOS

By EVE BALL

Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

DURING the Lincoln County War, and for many years thereafter, the people of southeastern New Mexico had little respect either for law or for law enforcement officers. They could not forget the character of some of the early incumbents; nor could they rid themselves of the conviction that the safest place for a malefactor was behind the badge of a sheriff.

But during the nineties there was an officer in Roswell, Charles Ballard, who did much to bring about a change in their attitude. Charles Littlepage Ballard was born October 11, 1866, in Hays County, Texas, not far from Austin. In 1876 his father moved the family to Fort Griffin in order to hunt buffalo. During the next three years the great herds were so nearly exterminated that the business was no longer profitable.

With four men, including a Negro cook, all of whom were in his employ, the father moved westward transporting his family in three wagons. Though he often saw smoke signals and knew that his party was under the constant surveillance of Indians, he reached Fort Sumner, New Mexico, without being attacked.

The Ballards lived at Sumner for about a year. During that time Charles met Pat Garrett, who was working on a ranch near the town. Shortly after the McSween house-burning at Lincoln, Billy Bonney rode into town with some of his men. Charles knew him, but was far more interested in Beaver Smith; for Beaver, a man of about seventy-five, told him fascinating stories of fighting Comanches and Apaches.

Charles Ballard wrote: "About that time a bunch of buffalo hunters from Texas came, and with them John Mont, the man who murdered Virgil Hervey in Fort Griffin. Mont claimed to have killed Hervey accidentally. Then a peddler dropped in and established himself in the Old Settlers' Store. He had a lot of whiskey along with his regular stock. We were living in the quarters adjoining the store. One day Long Mont (John Mont) and his bunch proceeded to get drunk and shoot up the town. The peddler got alarmed and closed up his place of business. Long Mont tried to get him to open up, shooting through the door into the store. Right here my career came near ending. I had just opened the door to go through into another room when they shot into some kegs of black powder and blew them up. The building was completely wrecked. It blew me across the room and out of a window. I picked myself up on the outside with just a few scratches. My mother and the small children were in the house at the time, but none were hurt; but the peddler, his wife and daughter were buried in the wreckage. They were dug out and found not badly hurt."

Beaver Smith, who drove the mail hack to Roswell weekly, invited the boy to make the trip with him. En route they passed the camp of John Chisum's outfit on the Bosque Grande. There were about seventy-five men with it. Chisum was getting ready to move his herd to the Panhandle on account of cattle stealing and the aftermath of the Lincoln County War. Reportedly one of the James boys was with it, but this was an unconfirmed rumor.

The Ballards moved to Anton Chico, then to Lincoln, and later to Roswell. There Charlie went to work as a cowhand for Captain J. C. Lea. He considered Captain Lea the best friend he ever had, and the finest man he ever knew.

In 1888 Charles Ballard married Miss Araminta Corn, whose family had been one of the first to settle in the Seven Rivers area. The Corns were among the most prominent and highly respected families on the Pecos.

Ballard remained in the employ of Captain Lea until the latter sold out in 1892; then he began ranching for himself. His efficiency both as a cowhand and a cow man has been praised as highly as his ability and integrity as a law officer. So, also, has his skill as a rider been extolled. Mr. Theodore J. Sutherland—son of Jim Sutherland, manager of the Diamond A—says: "A man came into Roswell with an outlaw horse that nobody had been able to ride. Charlie Ballard mounted that animal and rode him all over town."

Charles Ballard was simultaneously Deputy Sheriff and City Marshal at Roswell, where he was the only officer employed. He was a member of the Cattle Sanitary Board, and at one time served as its president.

IN OCTOBER, 1897, Frank Parks, wagon boss for the Diamond A, rode into Roswell and reported that George Musgraves had killed George Parker about forty miles south of town. A roundup was in progress with several "reps" from neighboring ranches present. The wagon was camped near a waterhole that seldom went dry; and the spot is still called Parker's Bluff. At that time G. W. Haynes was sheriff and unable to take the trail. He told Ballard to organize a posse; Ballard took several men, among whom was Fred Higgins, later sheriff at Roswell. With them rode Judge Frank Lea, brother of Captain Joseph Lea, whose object in making the trip was to conduct an inquest.

Except for Frank Parks, an Irishman in the employ of the Diamond A, Ballard knew the principals involved only casually. Parker had been suspected for some time of stealing cattle and of having been instrumental in getting George Musgraves involved in his thefts. Musgraves was eighteen at the time, and Parker a man of middle age. He told the boy that if he, Parker, were indicted that he could "beat the rap," but advised the boy to flee because he probably could not. Not realizing that his absence might be construed as an admission of guilt, Musgraves left. And Parker, having "put the boy on the dodge," proceeded to take possession of a small herd of cattle that the fugitive had left with his mother.

Musgraves was allegedly a member of a band of outlaws known as "The High Five," the leader of which, Bob Christian, was called Black Jack (not to be confused with Black Jack Ketchum). At Nogales, Arizona, the gang held up a bank. In

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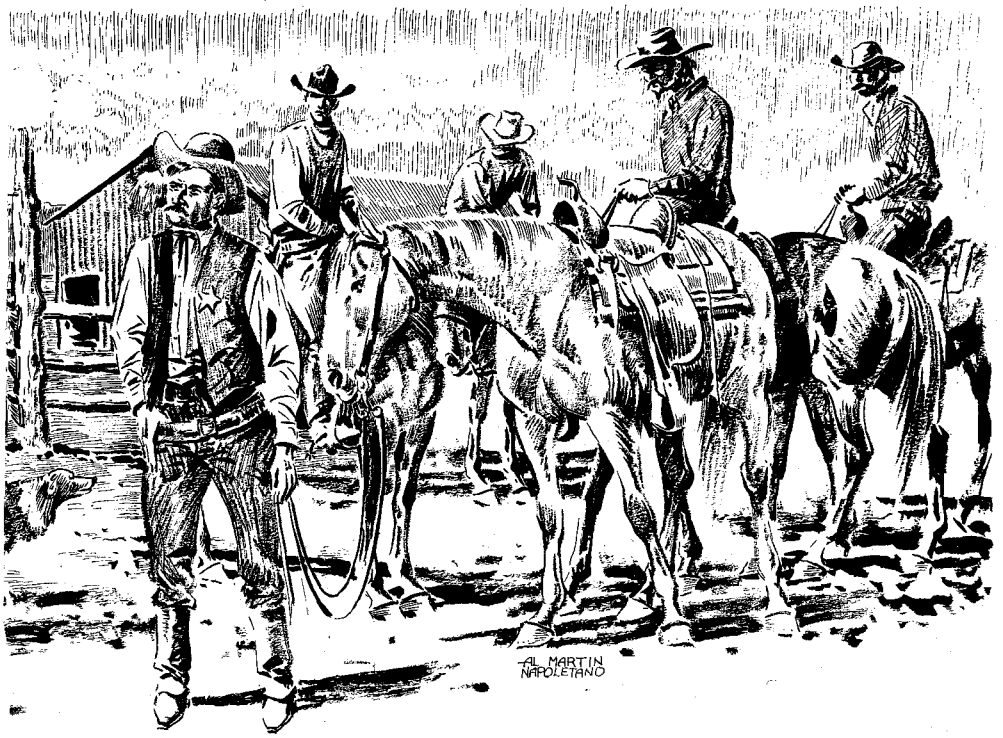

Skeleton Canyon, it waylaid and killed a Government line rider named Roberts. From there the outlaws went to Separ, New Mexico, where they held up a store, a post office, and the Wells Fargo Express Office. The robberies were committed in broad daylight. It was reported that from Separ the band headed for Albuquerque.

At the Rio Puerco it held up a Santa Fe train. Will Loomis, a Deputy U. S. Marshal, happened to be aboard, and he killed one of the outlaws, Bob Harris, who had formerly punched cattle near Roswell. The others escaped and started for White Oaks. Between San Antonio, on the Rio Grande, and the Oaks, they held up the stage, cut open the sack containing the registered mail, and rifled the other sacks. Black Jack and his brother turned back to the west, but George Musgraves and Bob Hayes continued riding toward Roswell, allegedly to "get" George Parker.

Ballard and his posse reached the Diamond A wagon after dark. Judge Lea, in spite of the obvious reluctance of the men to testify, made his investigations. Old Sea Hop (Ben Baker) was a rep for the Turkey Track; he testified that Musgraves and Hayes had ridden up to the wagon shortly before twelve and had "set around" until the men came in for their noon meal. Musgraves knew several of them and shook hands with them.

Baker's nephew, Red Moon (Will) McBride, was questioned and replied that he was holding the cuts when the shooting occurred and consequently had not seen it. Others testified that they had not been present when the shooting occurred. Hampt Collett, who had seen the killing, said that when George Parker rode in, George Musgraves walked towards him and that each greeted the other with "Hello, George!" Collett testified that when Parker "made a hip pocket move," Musgraves beat him to the draw. Then Hayes "threw his gun down" on the rest of the boys and told them not to move. He sent the wrangler for horses and selected two of the best that were brought in. Musgraves and Hayes took saddles belonging to Parker and Kirk (Lycurgus) Johnson, left their worn ones with their tired horses and rode west.

THE POSSE took the trail. A cold rain set in and turned to sleet before the headquarters of the Diamond A was reached. They stopped at the ranch house and found Mrs. James Sutherland and three small children the only occupants. Though she offered to prepare hot food for them they explained that they were on the trail of outlaws, and would eat cold meat and bread en route. In reply to questioning she told them that two men had ridden in and eaten. They had asked for fresh horses, and she granted the request because she knew they would take them anyway. They had treated her very courteously, thanked her, and taken the trail toward the Hondo.

Instead of going through Lincoln they followed the less-frequented trail via Black Water, south of the Capitans. The posse trailed the men over a hundred miles without stopping, except for fresh horses. They were chilled, hungry and exhausted before one of them suggested turning back. Ballard replied that if he had to go on alone he would do so, but that he hoped that at least one man would accompany him. Fred Higgins volunteered to do so; the others returned to Roswell.

As the two rode toward White Oaks they ran into a bunch of Block horses. They rounded them up under an overhanging ledge and roped out fresh mounts. Luckily they found cattle, also, and they killed a Block calf. They built a fire under the ledge and put the meat on while they attempted to dry their clothing. They then cooked enough beef for a day or two's requirements, and rolled up to sleep. It was so cold that they kept a fire going all night in order to be comfortable.

The next morning they rode toward the Rio Grande. When they got out onto the plains they lost the trail because the tracks of the fugitives' horses had been obliterated by the passing of a herd of cattle. Again, they picked up the trail and went on toward the river. En route they met three cowboys, none of whom gave any information as to their quarry. Their obvious reluctance to talk indicated either that they were intimidated by the outlaws, or were in sympathy with them.

Ballard and Higgins swam their horses across the Rio Grande at Rincon, and built a fire on the west bank to dry their clothing. The trail suggested that the outlaws were not far ahead; but once again it was obscured by the cattle. Moreover, no one whom they met was cooperative. When they were able to get fresh horses, it was by taking them without permission.

AT DEMING they sent a telegram to U. S Marshal Hall in Albuquerque, Ballard asking that he send Les Dow, recently elected Sheriff of Eddy County, to their assistance. Dow was also a Deputy U. S. Marshal, and as Ballard said, "one of the bravest and best officers I'd ever seen."

Les Dow came by train to Deming. There they received word from Separ that Musgraves and Hayes had come through that village a second time and had repeated their previous robberies. They had ridden out of town to the west, presumably to join Black Jack and his brother in Arizona.

The officers went by train to Separ, where they received the first help since leaving the Diamond A: the Southern Pacific gave them the use of an engine and freight car. In this they returned to Deming to pick up their horses and gear, and then returned to Separ.

The trail led west, as they were told, but three miles out it turned sharply south toward the Mexican border. Ballard thought that the outlaws were following the Old Smugglers' Trail toward Chihuahua and if so, they would probably stop at a ranch near the Line. The officers rode all night to reach it before dawn. They passed only one camp, where again they were refused horses. Ballard explained their mission, took horses, and left his weary ones at the camp.

Just before daylight they reached the camp and asked a man in charge to see that none of his men left there because he anticipated an attempt to warn the fugitives and prevent their arrest. The three officers concealed themselves in an old dry tank partly surrounded by cedar posts. At dawn they saw the dust of approaching horses and they lay hidden until the riders came to within two hundred yards where they halted a short time. Musgraves and the brother of Black Jack stayed there while the others rode toward the concealed lawmen. When they got close, Dow called to them to surrender.

The officers stood. The two outlaws dropped behind their horses and began firing. At long range, the other two opened fire without effect. At the first volley Bob Hayes was shot through the foot and leg, and Black Jack got a bullet in his right hand that caused him to drop his weapon. The officers' second round killed both horses. Though Ballard knew that Hayes was wounded he realized that the man was still shooting. Bullets hit the cedar posts and filled the eyes of Ballard and Dow with bits of bark and dust, impairing their aim. A shot from Higgins then stopped Hayes' firing.

Black Jack's horse fell on his gun but he turned the animal sufficiently to recover it. Then he fired, jumped over a bluff out of sight, and ran. The fugitive was familiar with the rough terrain, but

(Continued on page 68)

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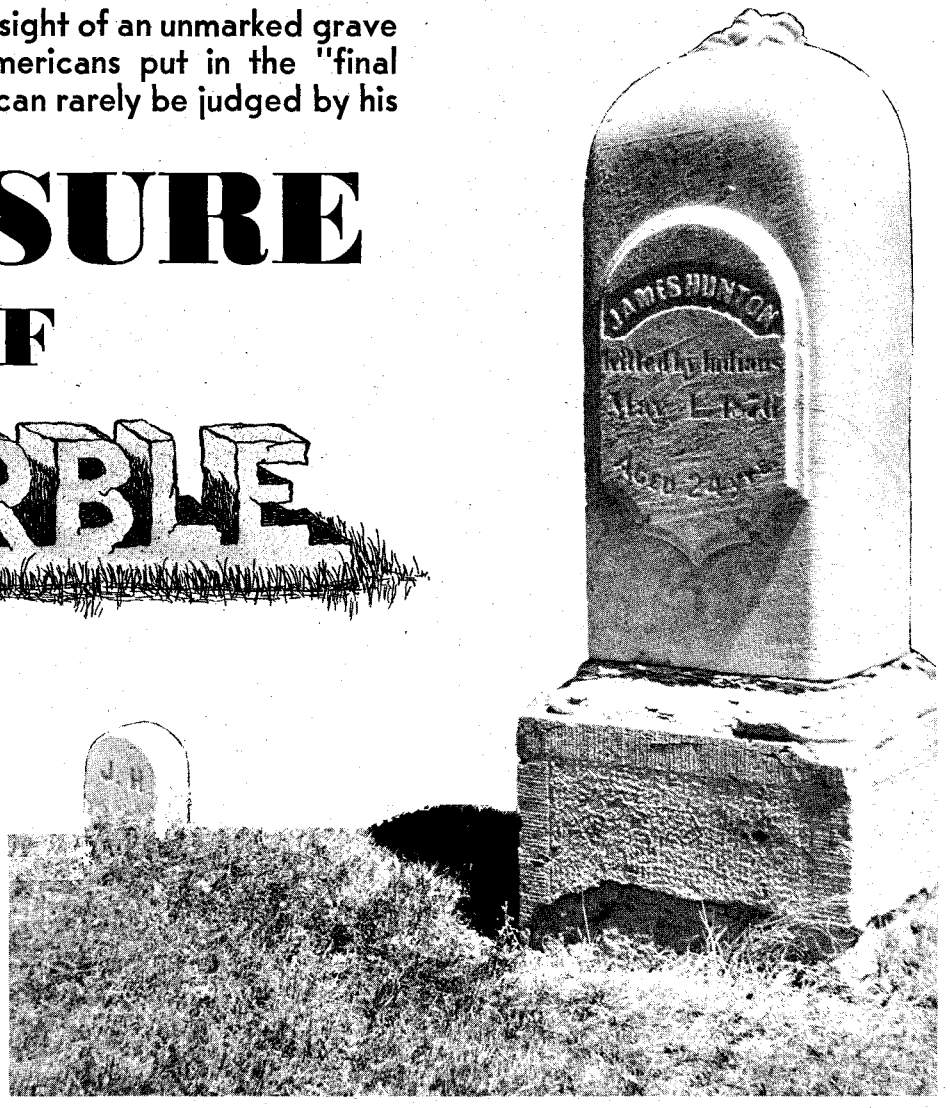
The pathos one feels at the sight of an unmarked grave indicates the store we Americans put in the "final salute." Yet a man's works can rarely be judged by his

MEASURE OF MARBLE

By J. VEE GALLEGOS



The graves of John and James Hunton are marked by these tombstones of dissimilar proportions.

Photo Courtesy Author

TWO GRAVES lie side by side in a quiet patch of lawn where the spreading cemetery of a modern city has surrounded them. One may be quickly identified by a tall weatherworn headstone stirringly inscribed "JAMES HUNTON, killed by Indians, May 4, 1876, Aged 24 Yrs." Barely visible in the grass nearby is another, noticeable mainly for the stark contrast to its neighbor. It wears only two initials: "J.H."

That the grave of a youth whose death was his most flamboyant contribution to life should so markedly overshadow that of his brother who lived long to the benefit of the West he loved and helped to build, may not be a rare circumstance, but certainly is a disconcerting one.

J.H.—the initials belong to a man christened John Carpenter Hunton—better known as Jack. He was tall for his day, standing five feet ten inches in his stocking feet, and the determined honesty which motivated his life was reflected in his finely chiseled features and slate-gray eyes.

The eldest of a large family, Jack was born in Madison Court House, Virginia, a miniature town situated in the borderline area between the North and the South—just over the hill from Charlottesville and Jefferson's famed Monticello. The two-story white Hunton farmhouse still dominates a knoll in the rolling Virginia countryside, complete with the back porch where Jack's father rocked and smoked, watching the road to the woods and listening to the Dark Run gurgle at the foot of the hill.

Jack was nineteen when he donned a Confederate uniform and saw his first action at Harper's Ferry. Later he rode with Pickett in the charge at Gettysburg, and after several years of fighting it's quite probable that he was relieved when Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Returning home to Madison, Jack found the ravaged land bore little resemblance to the lush countryside of his youth and perhaps it was this disappointment that stimulated his desire for the challenge of the new West. Whatever the reason, the young Southerner turned pioneer in the spring of 1867.

Hunton took in the sights through St. Louis, up to Glasgow and back to Nebraska City where he picked up a job whacking bulls to Fort Laramie in Wyoming Territory. His immediate attraction to this small military outpost on the wide plains turned out to be a lasting one, for some thirty years later Jack purchased the entire holdings, including land, buildings and many furnishings from the United States Government.

That first winter young Hunton shared a room at the rear of the sutler store building with Jim Bridger, the government scout who discovered Yellowstone Park. Robust as it was, life at the fort appealed to Jack's adventuresome nature and he went to work as clerk in the sutler store. His natural ability to give a man his due, as well as his strict sense of fair play, soon endeared him to army personnel and civilians alike. Here he struck up acquaintance with the trusty French-Indian Baptiste (Little Bat) Garnier. Theirs became a life-long friendship, and Little Bat's beautiful sister Lallee became Hunton's first great love.

IN 1871, shortly after Jack purchased the Bordeaux road ranch, he was joined by one of his young brothers from the South. Twelve years difference in ages didn't mar Jack's pleasure at seeing someone from home and he eagerly introduced Jimmie to the responsibilities of ranch life.

Now Jack's work began to swing in earnest. He accepted a contract to supply Fort Laramie with firewood, and during the next ten years his government contracts catapulted into big business. Soon he was supplying beef, hay, lime, charcoal, wood and other commodities to Forts Laramie, Fetterman and Camp McKinley. In addition to this, he hauled freight by ox team from Medicine Bow Station to Fetterman and several other military posts in the region.

When gold was discovered in the Black Hills the rush swung by Bordeaux, filling the extra beds and the dining table with newcomers almost every day. Going wages were 50c to $4.00 for a ten-hour day, and the population of Wyoming Territory swelled to 9,118.

Constantly on the go between his ranch and points of trade, Jack seldom stopped

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more than two or three days in one place. Thus it was oddly coincidental that a young stranger who chanced to confront him on a Cheyenne street one afternoon turned out to be his baby brother. Hunton took the new arrival home. Later he wrote their mother expressing disbelief that "little" Tom had so quickly spanned the steps to manhood, and promised to watch out for him.

Now there were three Hunton boys in Wyoming and their mutual adoption of the windy prairie, alternately sweet with sage and sour with dust, tied them closer than they had ever been in Virginia. They were unprepared for tragedy but when it struck they met it without flinching.

In the half-light of a crisp May dawn a shout rose from the Bordeaux ranch yard. "Hey! The horses are gone!"

Tracks of the herd, some thirty-eight head of horses and mules, swept away from the empty corral in the direction of the Red Cloud Indian Agency. As the silent group of men viewed the evidence of a raid, one lifted a hand toward the bluff east of the ranch. Eerie against the pale morning sky stood the riderless silhouette of Jimmie's horse. Borrowing mounts from the guests, the hands went after the big gray.

It was a gelding, slightly pigeon-toed but well known in the area for its speed and stamina. Blotches of blood on the saddle warned of trouble and a search party was organized. By virtue of Jack's absence, young Tom insisted on riding with the group in spite of a circulatory ailment that had put him to bed.

Jimmie's trail was easy to follow. He had ridden off the previous afternoon for a ranch on Boxelder Creek to pick up a horse he had traded for. Trail signs indicated that five Indians had overtaken him about halfway between Bordeaux and his destination. Armed with only a revolver against their rifles, he lashed his horse toward "the notch" entering Goshen Hole, and although wounded, led his pursuers nearly half a mile.

When he reached the rugged passage down the bluff, the pigeon-foot stumbled and Jimmie was thrown. Rolling to his feet he ran some fifty yards before falling. Here the killers surrounded him and amused themselves by firing bullets into his head and body. Then they went after his horse.

Frightened, the big gray stretched out, maintaining good distance ahead of the red men. Within sight of the ranch the Indians decided to let one horse go for thirty and, finding concealment, remained hidden until dark when they crept in to steal the herd.

Photo Courtesy Author

James N. Hunton, above, was killed by Indians, May 1, 1876. Below left, John C. Hunton and his wife, Blanche Taylor Hunton.

Photo from "Footprints on the Frontier" by Virginia Cole Trenholm
Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

The searchers found Jimmie's body slumped in a ring of dry blood, unmutilated except for six darkening bullet holes. Carefully hoisting the stiffened form onto an extra horse, they carried Jimmie home.

NINETY MILES north of Bordeaux at Fort Fetterman, a chill wind blustered its resentment of spring. Having heard a rumor that his brother was missing, Jack Hunton waited near the telegraph for news. At eight o'clock on the morning of May 6, the key began clacking its message, and minutes later Jack mounted his favorite saddle horse and started home. Hunching his lean form against the wind-driven sleet and snow, he arrived at Bordeaux at 2:00 P. M. the following afternoon. All funeral arrangements had been left to him.

After a short rest and some food, Jack Hunton was again on the road, this time accompanying the remains of his brother to Cheyenne for burial. Haunted by thoughts of their mother, Jack searched his mind for words to ease her pain. He found none, but there was some comfort in the knowledge that he could at least make sure Jimmie was properly laid to rest.

In Cheyenne, Jack engaged an Episcopal minister to perform the service. He had Jimmie's remains placed in an iron case which could be moved should the family want his body returned to Virginia. Jack even purchased an oversize cemetery lot and had the grave neatly enclosed with a white fence. Finally, he contracted with an Omaha firm for an elaborate marble headstone to be inscribed as soon as he could locate the date of his brother's birth. (He gave this up and settled for Aged 24 Yrs.)

Returning to Bordeaux with a heavy heart, Jack Hunton disguised his grief behind a full beard and a busy schedule. Emotions about the murder ran high. Lt. Allison of Fort Laramie led a group of twenty men in pursuit of the marauders but they met defeat in the face of the

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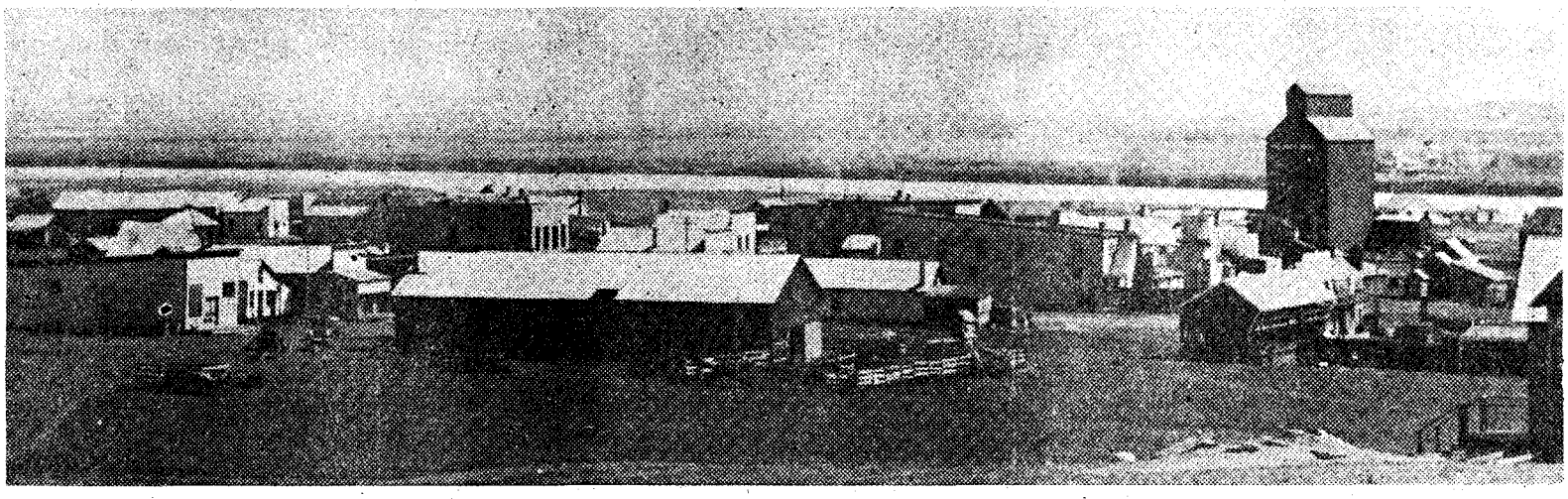

Mondak, Montana, early 1900s

TOWN of the BIG THIRST

Mondak's history was measured by quarts, not years . . .

By ANNA M. SANDA

Photos Courtesy Author

IT IS SAID that whenever a train neared Mondak, Montana, the railroad crew would band together and prepare to battle their way out of town. Mobs of drunken, hilarious men would board the train, returning to their camps and fields after a spree in Mondak. The conductors had to fight their way through the cars, trying to collect fares from inebriated and belligerent passengers.

Standing on the north bank of the Missouri River, just across the state line from North Dakota, Mondak came into being about 1903. Its beginnings were peaceful enough. There were, among things, a grocery store, two department stores, a blacksmith shop, two livery stables, a post office, a newspaper, a hotel, and three saloons.

The government saw fit to make the Mondak post office a distributing point for several small post offices up the valley. And so a high black Concord stagecoach drawn by four horses left Mondak daily, traveling as far as Glendive. The coach carried both mail and passengers.

It was not long until a large brick schoolhouse was built. A Sunday School came into existence before a church had organized. One of the business men in Mondak had an interest in a new industry in the district, the manufacture of concrete blocks. Before the town was three years old, its population was nearly 300.

Grain elevators were built. Farmers as far away as Savage shipped their grain by boat to Mondak, where it was unloaded and hauled to the elevators. Other grain loads came by team. Sometimes the loaded wagons stood in a line a quarter of a mile long, waiting to get into the elevators. There was a steam ferry for travel across the river.

But Mondak seemed destined for violence. Montana was wet. North Dakota was dry. And the town was near the North Dakota border. In fact, the state line ran along one of the streets, which was called State Street. This made liquor available to all of western North Dakota, besides the surrounding area in Montana.

As the rest of the town grew, the number of saloons increased with greater rapidity. The exact number is not available. Some reports say nine or ten, some say twelve or thirteen. Three insulated cooling houses were built for storing liquor. Each held four hundred tons of ice, which was hauled from the river every winter.

Hundreds of gamblers made Mondak their headquarters. People as far away as Devils Lake, North Dakota, came to Mondak for liquor and games of chance. Miners and laborers from all around stopped at the Mondak saloons. Railroad switching crews worked from twelve to sixteen hours a day, handling trains of liquor bound for Mondak and the Yellowstone Valley.

MONDAK'S crime was marked by a certain boldness. Horses were stolen from as little as six miles away, and ridden into the town for attempted sale. A man who was known to be carrying a lot of money, was found dead on the railroad tracks a mile east of Mondak. He had been run over by the train. Empty bottles littered the area. A suicide note was found near the body, but all of his money was gone.

With the drinking there were brawls and shooting sprees. Men staggered drunkenly onto the railroad tracks and fell, going to sleep where they lay. The Great Northern trains reportedly killed more men in Mondak than at any other place along the road.

A Williston, North Dakota, coal miner hanged himself on the bedpost in his room in a Mondak hotel.

But occasionally there was humor. A North Dakota man, being chased by a North Dakota sheriff, crossed the line at State Street, and was out of the lawman's jurisdiction. As the sheriff moved down the street, the man crossed over to the North Dakota side. As the sheriff turned back toward the wanted man, he ran back to the Montana side. He ran back and forth several times, to the increased amusement of onlookers.

One evening at dusk a mother and son on a farm near Mondak looked out of the window and saw a man riding into their barn. Inside the barn, he dismounted, and shut the door. They watched for him to come out, but he remained inside. When the father came home later and was informed about the stranger, he went to the barn and slid the door open. The man stood just inside the door, pointing a gun at him.

"There's no need for that," said the farmer. "I just wanted to tell you to be careful with matches."

"Don't worry about matches," replied the gunman.

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The farmer shut the door and returned to the house. Early in the morning, he saw the gunman ride away. He had rested himself and his horse.

Once a Canadian came into town with a load of whiskey. He stopped at a hotel, went in, and demanded a game of cards with the men in the lobby. When they declined, he insisted, flashing his money. They still refused and, after shouting a few uncomplimentary remarks, he rushed outside.

The Canadian returned quickly, brandishing a gun, and shouting that he would shoot them all. There was a great deal of ducking around the tables and chairs, before the would-be card player was arrested. Bail was set at $1,500, and his load of whiskey was confiscated. His girl friend came down from Canada and paid his bail, and he left Mondak a sadder and poorer man.

J. C. Collins, right, was lynched by a mob in Mondak, for murdering two officials. Photo was taken April 4, 1913.

THE LITTLE TOWN was also to know a lynching. When the railroad bridge at Snowden was being built in 1913, the construction company imported 300 Negroes from the south as laborers. The Negroes lived in shacks near the job, coming into Mondak once in awhile on their time off. Among their group was a big bully of a man named Jesse Collins. He was a troublemaker among his own people, and often, as one report put it, "stole their money and their women."

Finally, in early April, some of the others put in a complaint about him to Sheriff Courtney at Plentywood, which was then the county seat of Valley County. Jack Courtney was new on the job and it was his first arrest. He came down to Mondak, heard more stories about Collins' rough conduct, and sent back to Plentywood for his deputy, Dick Burmeister. They then deputized Ted Wilson of Mondak, who knew Collins by sight.

The three of them rode down to the site of the bridge, and over to the camp. Planning to inquire where Collins could be found, they stopped at the paymaster's office.

Courtney and Burmeister waited outside while Wilson went in to make the inquiry. When he stepped inside, Collins was there. The big Negro drew a gun, pointed it at Wilson, and asked, "Are you looking for me?"

"Not now, I ain't," replied Wilson, watching the gun, warily.

Collins took Wilson's gun and went out the door. Outside, he immediately confronted the surprised Courtney, put the gun to the sheriff's chest, and fired. Burmeister, hampered by his overcoat, was struggling to get his gun out when he was shot.

Collins then ran for the river, where the brush offered concealment. The sheriff was dead, and the deputy was dying.

When the shootings were reported in Mondak, a posse rode out to comb the river bank in search of Collins. The ice was just breaking up, and he was caught as he attempted to cross on the floes. He was taken to Mondak by train and lodged in the jail.

Toward evening Burmeister died. Sometime during the night, the jail was broken into, Jesse Collins was removed, hanged on a nearby telephone pole, and then thrown into the Missouri River. The next day, all the Negroes in the camp near Snowden packed their things and left.

In 1919, the Volstead Act was passed and prohibition was on its way. The United States would be dry as of January 1, 1920. Saloonkeepers frantically tried to get rid of their supplies before the day arrived. People came to Mondak or sent orders by mail, and bought whiskey by the keg. Some stocked up for years ahead. The saloons stood empty.

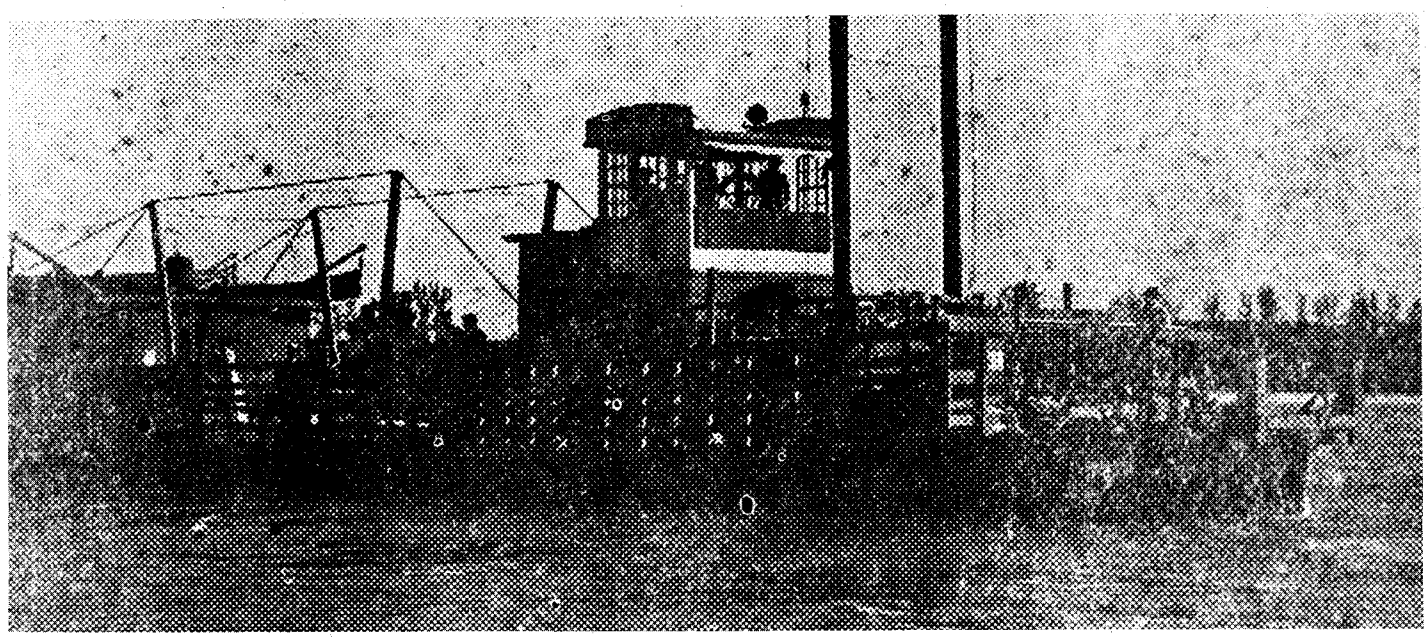
In the early 1920s Valley County was divided into two parts, and Roosevelt County was born. Mondak became the county seat of the latter. Offices were set up in some of the empty buildings, a vault was built for county records, and a new, stronger jail was built.

But Mondak was expiring. With the loss of the liquor business came the loss of other trade. The county seat was moved to Poplar a year later.

By 1924, there was not enough trade to pay the salary of a depot agent, and the Great Northern closed its Mondak station. People moved away, and the town was abandoned, the vacant buildings a ghostly reminder of its hectic life.

In the fall of 1928, when grass was brittle and dry, a fire started beside the railroad tracks. The flames spread toward the town, and nearly all the buildings were destroyed. All that remained were the two jails, the vault, and the brick schoolhouse. Mondak was no more.

Ferryboat on the Missouri River near Mondak



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The cruelest saying on the frontier was "Nits make lice." It was the white man's term—but Indians understood it, too

By JERRY S. WILCOX

Photos Courtesy Author

This print of the murder of the Keenon and Paschal families appeared in H. G. Bedford's *Texas Indian Troubles* in 1905.

The SCALPING KNIFE

LAST SUMMER I heard that the cabin near Forestburg, Texas, where the Keenon and Paschal families were massacred by a party of hostile Comanches in the winter of 1871 was still standing and I set out to find it and, if possible, to locate any descendants of a little boy and girl who survived the massacre.

As a child I had pored over an old Texas history of Indian tales which featured a picture of the Keenon cabin showing Widow Paschal lying in the snow with three arrows in her breast which she had broken off attempting to pull them out. In the flowery language of another time, the old historian omitted no details in describing the gory scene—children lying in pools of blood, one crouched in the corner with her throat cut; Mrs. Keenon, still alive, covered with blood and her scalp taken off. So vivid was his description that forty years later I was still haunted by the story.

I got to Forestburg, located fourteen miles southwest of Montague, county seat of Montague County, about 10:00 o'clock one hot morning in August. Forestburg was first settled in the early 1850s and was originally called Horn Hill, a name later changed to Forest Hill because of its location in a grove of live oaks. Still later, the name was changed to Forestburg. Its residents simply call it "The Burg."

Neat houses were strung along each side of the paved farm-to-market road and, clustered close to each other on one side, were a few business buildings, including a general store and a tiny post office. I stopped in front of the general store where a few old gentlemen were lounging on a bench awaiting the arrival of the rural mail carrier.

I asked for directions to the Keenon cabin and inquired if any of the Keenons or Paschals were still around, since I understood that a little boy and girl had lived through the massacre.

A dignified old gentleman stepped forward, introducing himself as Ira Sledge and stating that his son had married the daughter of the baby Keenon girl who had been left for dead by the Indians. He said that the cabin was still standing and that he would take me there and would also introduce me to his daughter-in-law who lived down the street. I couldn't believe my luck!

On the way to the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. Sledge told me that he was ninety-one years old and that his daughter-in-law was sixty.

Mrs. Artice Sledge, granddaughter of the murdered Mrs. Keenon, although busy with her morning chores, received me graciously and told me all she knew about the tragedy that took place almost a hundred years ago. Mr. Sledge then took me to the Keenon place.

THE KEENON cabin is located on Keenon Branch, two and one-half miles southwest of Forestburg. In 1871 only two ranches, a Colonel Bob Bean's and O. T. Brown's, stood between this cabin and the western wilderness. Some distance from the Keenon's to the north, south and east, hidden in the tall timbers, a handful of settlers' cabins were scattered about.

Before the Civil War, some time in the 1850s, Fort Bingham had been established for the protection of new settlers. Situated on Bingham Creek four miles southeast of Forestburg, it was once an outpost for Indian scouts and Texas Rangers. During the war the fort was abandoned and by 1871 had fallen into ruin. With little hope for help from the Rangers, so thinly deployed across the frontier, and with absolutely no aid of any kind to be expected from the United States Army, each cabin became its own fortress against marauding Indians.

The Keenon cabin consists of only one room, twelve by fourteen feet, made of hand-hewn logs. On the left wall stands a native stone fireplace, so solidly built it could still be used today. The house faces the south and on the east wall is a single narrow window. In this tiny home lived Mr. and Mrs. Keenon, their five children, the widowed Mrs. Paschal, a relative, and her three children.

In those days on the south side of

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the cabin lay a small field; and on the northwest side, at the foot of a hill near the creek, two hundred yards from the house, was a small lake of water. Close by the cabin stood a corn crib. By hard work and thrift the two families managed to eke out an existence, despite the fact that Mr. Keenon was totally blind.

In the winter of 1871, Keenon, badly in need of cash, decided to make a trip to Arkansas to purchase apples for resale as they were not grown in Montague County at that time. He made the trip in an ox-drawn wagon, accompanied by his oldest daughter because of his blindness. He left his family well and happy. He came home to seven graves.

Garrett Keenon, eight years old, and a baby girl, age one, survived the raid, and the boy was able to tell his father what happened.

This house, in which the massacre occurred, still stands near Forestburg, Texas.

DARKNESS comes in a hurry at the close of a winter day in the Cross Timbers country in Texas, and Garrett scurried around helping his mother with the evening chores, anxious to get out of the snow into the warm cabin where Mrs. Paschal was preparing supper. After a warm meal of hot cornmeal mush and milk, the children sat around the fireplace laughing and playing an old-time guessing game with pecans called "Hull-Gull, How Many?" while their mothers continued their day's work of spinning wool and weaving cloth for the families' winter garments.

Once in a while Mrs. Keenon would stop, stare at the fire, and fret about the dangers of her blind husband's trip to Arkansas, wishing that he and their young daughter had never undertaken it.

Around 10:00 o'clock, after the children and Mrs. Paschal had gone to bed, Mrs. Keenon, unusually apprehensive, slipped over to the window, unlatched it, opened the solid wooden shutter and peeped out across the snow-covered field, straining to see into the stand of dark scrub oaks across the way. The countryside was flooded with moonlight. Moonlight! She shuddered at the sight. It was the time of the moon when the dreaded Comanches made their usual forays through the countryside.

Completely unnerved at the thought, she slammed the window shut and secured the latch with a wooden peg. Leaning against the cabin wall, every sense alert, Mrs. Keenon listened for a sound. There was none. Not even a sound from the oxen and milch cow quartered in their lean-to shelter close to the house.

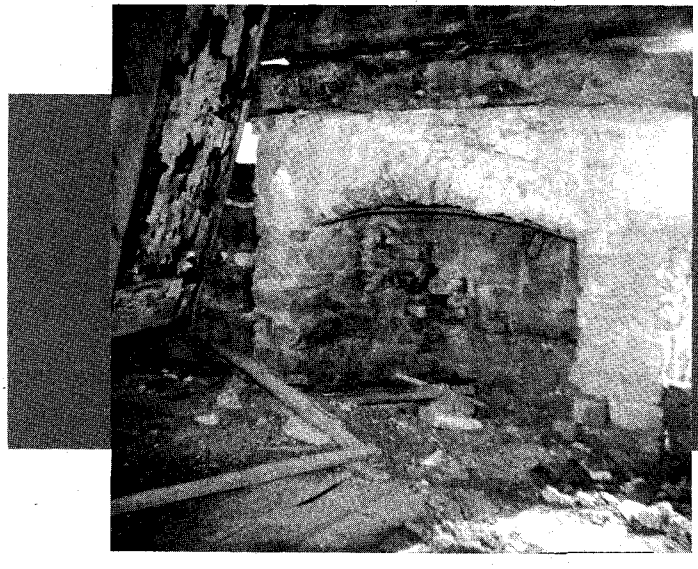
Somewhat reassured by the frozen quietness, but still nervous, she had just returned to her chair by the fireplace when suddenly the end of a rail crashed through the window shutter, bursting it open. The hideous, painted face of a Comanche looked in before he began to crawl into the cabin.

Mrs. Keenon, a gentle, God-fearing woman, became hysterical, started screaming, fell to her knees and began to beg and pray for the lives of her children. As fast as one savage got through the window, he was followed by another and another until nine of them filled the small room. Mrs. Paschal and the children sat up in their beds and began screaming at the sight of the painted faces lit up grotesquely by the wood fire and at Mrs. Keenon before them on her knees.

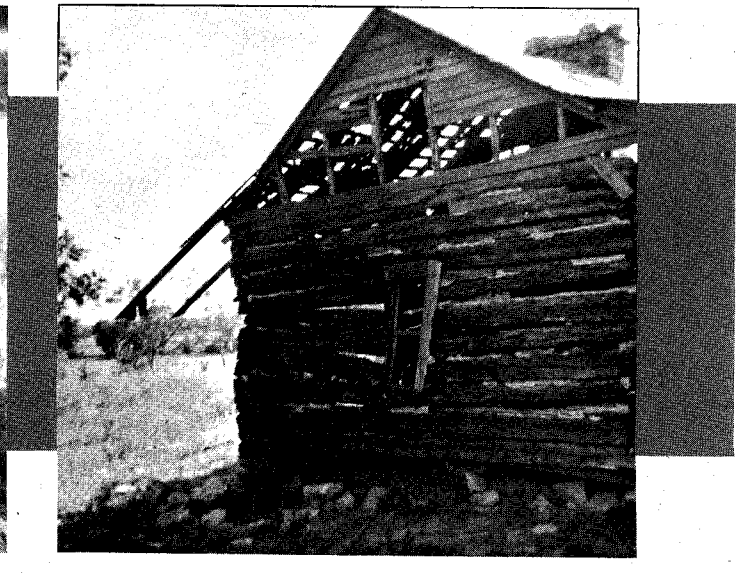
Swiftly and methodically the savages began their slaughter. Now, above the screams, was heard the sickening blows of the tomahawk. During the wild bloody massacre somehow Garrett, who had never been asleep and was consequently more alert than the others, made his way to the window by which the Indians had entered. A knife slashed across his hip as he went through. Having escaped from the house, he ran down to the corn crib and hid behind it in some bushes.

Crouched in his hiding place, Garrett saw the Indians finally leave the cabin. They had left their horses at the lake and had come to the house on foot. There in the bright moonlight they stood out in bold outline against the white snow. He watched breathlessly until they mounted their ponies and disappeared over the snow-covered hills to the west. The boy stayed hidden until he was sure

Fireplace inside the house



Comanches entered through this window



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that they would not return, then went back to the cabin.

BEFORE the child was a horrible sight. The door, torn from its hinges, was laying in the yard covered with blood, and on it Mrs. Paschal lay with three broken arrows in her breast. Blood stained the white snow, the doorsteps—everywhere the boy looked, he saw blood. Inside, the cabin was like a butcher's pen. Pillows had been slit open and piles of white feathers were slowly turning scarlet as they soaked up the blood on the floor.

Garrett's mother was crumpled over near the hearth with three arrows in her breast, tomahawked and scalped. Some of the children still lay in their beds. Garrett's sister was crouched in the corner with her throat slit from ear to ear.

Mrs. Keenon moaned in agony and the boy rushed to her and tried to pull out an arrow, but the shaft broke off in his hand and his mother lapsed into unconsciousness.

Outside the open window, Garrett heard a weak whimper as if a baby animal had been wounded. He raced through the door, past Mrs. Paschal, and around the corner of the cabin where he found his baby sister lying face down in the snow. Bringing her inside he carefully wrapped her in a quilt and laid her before the fire.

He saw that only the back of her head had been injured and he quickly surmised that she had been caught by the heels and her head dashed against the wall of the cabin, after which she had been thrown out the window onto the frozen ground. The boy worked with her, rubbing her face and hands, begging her to wake up. While trying to revive the baby, he heard a noise in the yard and ran to the door where he saw Mrs. Paschal sitting up on the door shutter. She looked horrible, covered with blood and scalped.

Garrett went to Mrs. Paschal and she whispered one word, "Water." When he went back into the cabin after a dipper of water, he found the water bucket overturned and empty. Taking an old gourd dipper he raced across the frozen ground to the pond, stomped a hole in the thin ice with his bare foot, and brought the dipper of cold water to the woman. Mrs. Paschal drank a few drops, slumped forward and immediately died. A light snow began to fall and slowly covered her body.

Now Garrett was alone with six dead bodies, five inside the cabin and one outside, his unconscious mother mortally wounded, and a dying baby. All night long he huddled on the floor before the fireplace holding his infant sister in his arms, laying her down only to tend the fire and to stare into his mother's face to see if she were still breathing. Toward morning the little girl began to revive, started to cry, and Garrett saw that she might live.

When daylight came, he watched the road through the open door for a passerby. Hours crawled by and no one came. The knife wound in Garrett's hip began to bleed again and he felt weak and faint from lack of food and loss of blood. All day he watched for someone to help him. Finally, late in the afternoon a settler passed the cabin and Garrett hailed him. The man took a quick view of the victims and galloped off to spread the alarm, returning at nightfall with a group of men who took Cynthia, Garrett and Mrs. Keenon, who was miraculously still alive, to the home of a Mr. Roberts.

The next morning the dead were buried in a little grove of oaks a few hundred yards north of the cabin. Crude gravestones of native rock and sandstone marked their graves and the original stones have never been replaced.

Garrett Keenon went to this pond for water for the dying Mrs. Paschal.

FEARING a major uprising of the Comanches, Kiowas and Apaches concentrated at the Fort Sill Reservation, instead of the isolated raids the settlers had suffered from so cruelly during the war years and Reconstruction, the people around Forestburg dispatched a messenger to Fort Belknap, near Graham, Texas, where they had heard a company of Texas Rangers were stationed.

En route to Fort Belknap, the messenger came upon Captain David P. Baker's Company of Rangers in their winter camp on Big Sandy, thirty miles south of Forestburg. It was understood between the Rangers and the settlers that when Indians raided they would come to aid them as soon as they got the word. A force of eighteen men, well-mounted and armed, lost no time in getting to the Keenon Ranch. They rode at break-neck speed and covered the distance in a few hours.

As the Rangers rode up, they saw six new-made graves. On entering the cabin they were sickened by the gory sight. Neighbors had hurriedly buried the dead, but the bloodstained dress Mrs. Keenon had worn was hanging across a girder which extended from one wall to the other. They saw a bent arrow spike in one of the logs just above the bed where an Indian had shot at some of the children and missed.

The Rangers sent for Garrett Keenon who gave them the particulars of the attack and told them the general direction the Indians had taken when they left. The men soon discovered that it was hopeless to try to follow the trail because too much time had elapsed and fresh snow had obliterated the tracks left by the Indians' horses.

Mrs. Keenon lived twelve days after she was scalped, suffering intensely. She died before her husband returned from Arkansas and was buried with the other victims in the family graveyard.

With the massacre of the Keenons and Paschals, the Comanches had gained another small victory in their long fight to push back the settler from the frontier. Their triumph was only temporary. For every white settler they killed, a dozen rose to take his place until, finally, ten years later in 1881, the era of the Indian depredations in Texas was brought to a successful conclusion by the Texas Rangers with some help by the United States Army.

Garrett and Cynthia Keenon lived with a neighbor, Colonel Bob Bean, for a while until their father remarried and they returned to the cabin to live. Cynthia grew into a pretty young lady and she was eighteen when she married Charles Volkman, by whom she had eight children. She lived her whole life in Forestburg where she was affectionately known as "Aunt Sis." Garrett, too, lived to be old. He had two children, a son named Lloyd and a daughter named Edna.

During the intervening century many graves have been added to the family plot with its original seven graves. Cynthia's grave is there, too. She died in 1939 and is buried not far from her mother's grave.

The old empty cabin looks ragged and lonely as it clings to the hillside. Near it stands a mishappen oak tree struggling for survival in the eroding soil. As the hot summer winds rustle its dusty leaves, its protecting branches seem to stretch out to comfort the old house that has witnessed so much sadness and horror.

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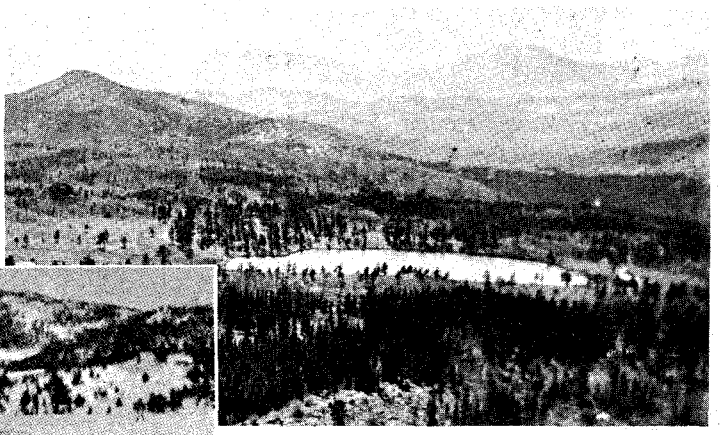
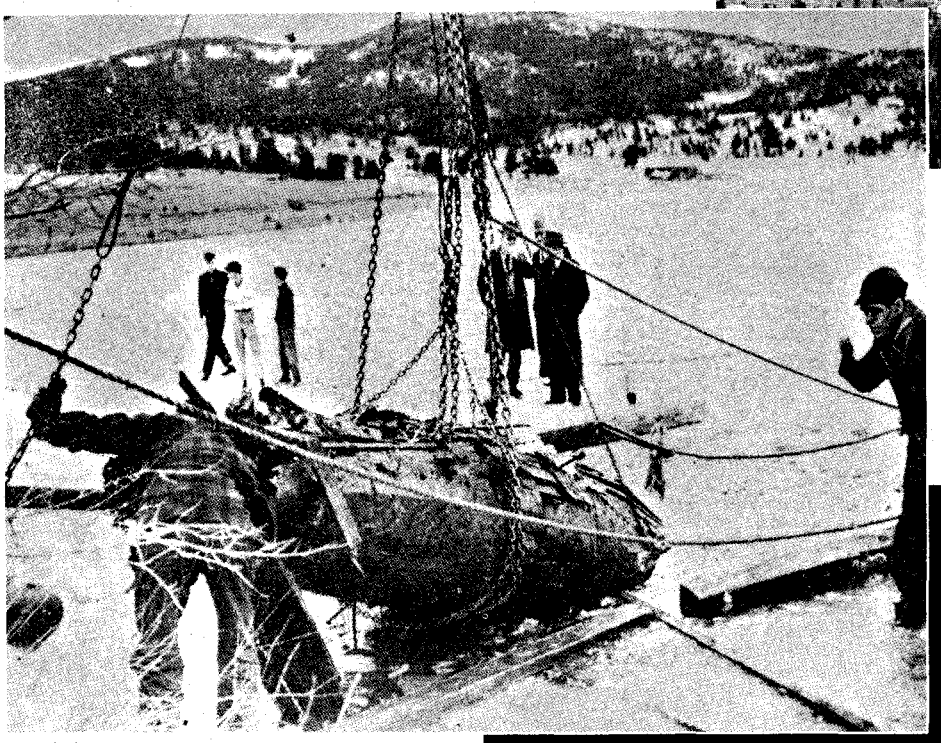
An object of ridicule in its day, the little craft seems a bit more sinister now. For Missouri Lake may have been a practice field for death on the high seas just a few years later





Courtesy Author

Missouri Lake, above, near Central City, Colorado, where the "Mountain Nautilus" was built and tested. Left, the craft is withdrawn from the icy lake, January, 1944, forty-six years after its disappearance.

By AGNES M. PHARO

SUBMARINE of the ROCKIES

ONLY a dreamer would build a submarine at an altitude of 9,000 feet in a mining town in the Colorado Rockies. But the "Mountain Nautilus," as one reporter dubbed it, was built and launched in 1898. People remembered and talked about it for a while. Thereafter it became legend.

The dreamer-builder was R. T. Owens who was something of a recluse. He showed up in the gold camp of Central City sometime in the 1890s to try his hand at mining and blacksmithing. He also set up water systems for Central City and neighboring Blackhawk which were still in use in 1944, as well as erecting shafthouses and numerous other buildings.

Apparently Owens conceived the idea of making a submarine about 1896. Fired with enthusiasm, he presented his plan to a group of Central City business and professional men, and was immediately met with hoots of derision. It was quite a while before several men who were perhaps better-heeled than the rest agreed to take a chance. They would finance his scheme and see what came of it.

The inventor set to with a will. He hired two carpenters, Billy Lamont and Fred Ballard, to help in the construction. Other than these two men and his backers, Owens took few people into his confidence. So his neighbors were mystified when, day and night for the better part of two years, they heard sawing and pounding going on in his shop back of the Eclipse Livery Stable.

Everyone had the same question: "What do you suppose old Owens is up to?"

But nobody had the answer. And even if one of Owens' confidants had talked, nobody would have believed him.

At last came the day in July, 1898, when Owens rented a four-horse team and a large flat-bed wagon from the livery stable. It was a warm Sunday afternoon, and when word got around town, quite a crowd collected at the stable. A number of men formed a volunteer crew, ready and eager to hoist Owens' queer invention onto the wagon. The rest craned their necks and speculated.

"What you figure that contraption to be?"

"I dunno. Looks like a big fat seegar."

"That it does. And one that's a size-and-a-half too big for the wagon, I'd say."

Laughter rippled through the bystanders. In truth it did resemble a big fat cigar—one about twenty feet long and some five to six feet across the middle.

An old logging road meandered north out of Central City toward Rollinsville, passing Missouri Lake on the way. Up this road plodded the horses and wagon with Owens and his mysterious contraption, followed by the curious crowd. Once at the lake, they backed the whole rig up to the shoreline and unloaded the "fat cigar." Owens lifted the hatch and made ready to crawl inside.

Then one of his helpers panicked. "Don't do it!" he yelled.

Owens and his backers went into a huddle. Finally someone suggested that the intrepid inventor should try using rocks as ballast before trying it out himself. The crowd set to work loading rocks. Their zeal was great, and maybe they loaded too many. When the craft was launched into the clear, icy waters of

(Continued on page 60)

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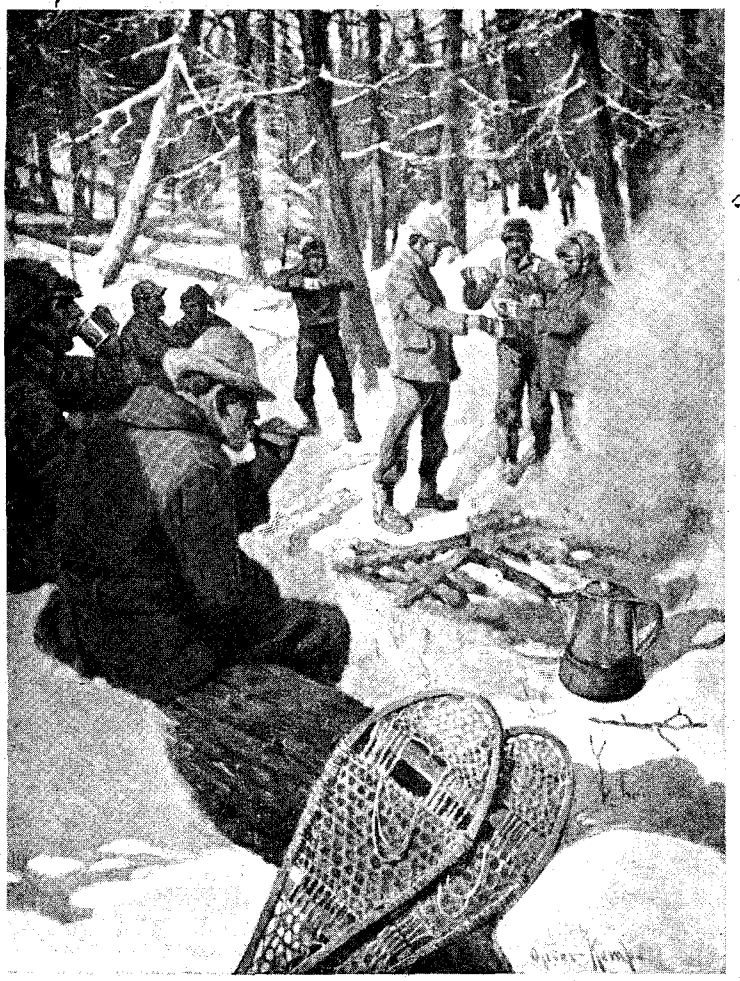
HIGHCLIMBERS and BULL



"It's chuck in the day and a bunk in the night—."

NORTHWEST sawmills and logging camps will probably always have "bull cooks." They are the most underpaid members of the industry and in some camps, are accorded the least respect. The bull cook is one who just putters around. There's an expression that when one is not accomplishing anything, he is just "bull-cooking."

Gus White was a tough hombre and the superintendent of our logging camp during the days of the Depression. He drove a hard bargain with the men, because he expected them to really drive. Gus was respected because he was a two-fisted fighter and had the authority to hire and fire—plus the fact he knew his business and could handle his liquor well. Since jobs were not easy to come by in those days, Gus took full advantage of the situation.

All Charlie, the bull cook, had to do was get up at five in the morning and set the fires in the cookhouse. Around six he would get his cross-cut saw into action against a cull log for wood, after which he grabbed for the axe to make kindling.

The boys poured out of the bunkhouses around seven for their breakfast, and that was when Charlie made his big play. With a broom and a mop, plus a couple buckets of water, he headed for the bunkhouses to sweep the floors and to mop. Some of the men cussed Charlie out for messing around in their rooms, blaming him for misplacing everything they couldn't lay their hands on.

I had a combination job at Gus White's #4 Camp. I was a timekeeper and log grader. Many evenings I sat in the office and heard some really good stories—not all confined to logging, of course.

YOU MIGHT SAY there were only one or two men in the outfit who were truly respected, and they were the "high climbers." I remember Pete Simpson. He was as tough a cookie as ever I met—muscles well set—about 180 pounds—just past middle-age, a big fellow over six-foot two, and there wasn't an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. His shock of wavy iron-gray hair didn't seem to make him look elderly either. Yes sir, he reminded me of a fighting eagle—sort of a beak nose, thin lips, piercing black eyes. There was something dynamic about his whole makeup—life, vitality, power. He was some kind of bird anyway, for he could climb a spar tree as long as it grew, using his spurs, of course, and carrying a load on his back that sometimes hit from 100 to 200 pounds.

He would top a tree at a strong position for hanging blocks, which were to receive the cables from the logging engines to pull the logs on a diagonal position. I saw him take off his safety belt after he had topped a tree, sit on top of one of those mean devils, reach in his back pocket, draw out a flask, take a drink and thumb his nose at us. And there was a small wind blowing, too, enough to sway the tree.

Yes, Pete was quite a boy—but it was like a bullfight—the only reason people came to watch was in the hopes of seeing someone killed. The boys around there always turned out to see Pete tumble to his death.

Nevertheless, high climbers are the ones most respected in our logging camps. Why? Because they have no fear, are not bossed and do not boss. They may sit around a few days doing nothing, but when they are called in, they put on their sticks and belts and are ready to go. They are the highest paid workers in camp.

When people call you a high climber, they have respect for you, for your courage. Or, on the other hand, maybe they like you because you could be heading for an accident. There are a lot of ways of looking at it. In New York they think a high climber is one trying to move up the social ladder, but not so here in the Northwest. Anyway, Pete is still alive even though few loggers can figure why; and he is still some guy in my books.

Gus was head wheel at Blue Lake. Looking at his dark somber face with solid bulldog jaws, blunt nose and dark beetling eyebrows, I had a feeling that this quick moving bundle of energy, weighing 190 to 200 pounds, would not take no for an answer in any situation. This man really got results in logging, even though no one cared much for him, because he was so damn mean.

Just as a reminder of the old Northwest—well, if a guy didn't like you, he knocked you down (if he could), then slammed his spiked logging boots into your face. They were better than tattoos. It wasn't really so bad, because you had the same privilege, without the police interfering.

Sometimes Gus would come into the office after work, drag out a flask and then expound on the day's major topics. He took it easy with me only because I told him I would just as soon leave as stay, that I was tired of living on top of that mountain with no women or liquor—it

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By C. GRAHAM HOCKETT

The lumber camp had its royalty and its court jester—and respect mounted in direct proportion to how much sky was between a logger and the ground

COOKS

was getting slightly monotonous.

I worked hard from 5 A.M. until 10 P.M., at least. Most of the people in the shacks around there made homebrew which you could buy, but I was too tired at night to go get it. If Gus had given me one of his drinks now and then, of course it would have helped; but I was too proud to ask and he didn't offer. Well, the company paid me all the money I wanted, so I thought I should sweat it out until something better showed up.

One reason I stuck to the logging camps was that there was always plenty to eat. We had so much food it was pitiful. Some of the boys even brought in venison.

Gus was earning, even in the depression, $1,500 per month, plus a lot of extras, but he had to work the men hard and efficiently to satisfy the Portland bosses. He also received an extra bonus, and that was the thing that drove him hardest—the extra bonus.

NOW as I said, Pete was one of the best high climbers in the country, and was one that had no love for anyone but himself; but the timbermen admired him for his fists, courage, and ability to climb a tree, wind or no wind.

Note: We think that the paintings reproduced here convey well the spirit, character and mood of everyday life in the lumber camps of the Northwest. They were painted by Oliver Kemp, a brilliant illustrator who worked during the early 1900s. The originals, full-color plates, were done to illustrate a volume of lumberjack ballads titled *Tote-Road and Trail*, by Douglas Malloch, published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, 1917.

Pete didn't like any kind of bull cook—that's for sure. He wouldn't clean his room or lock it, but it made him unreasonably mad when anyone entered it. Charlie had orders from Gus to keep all the rooms clean and especially to spray for bedbugs—and that's what Charlie did. After all, Gus wrote the checks.

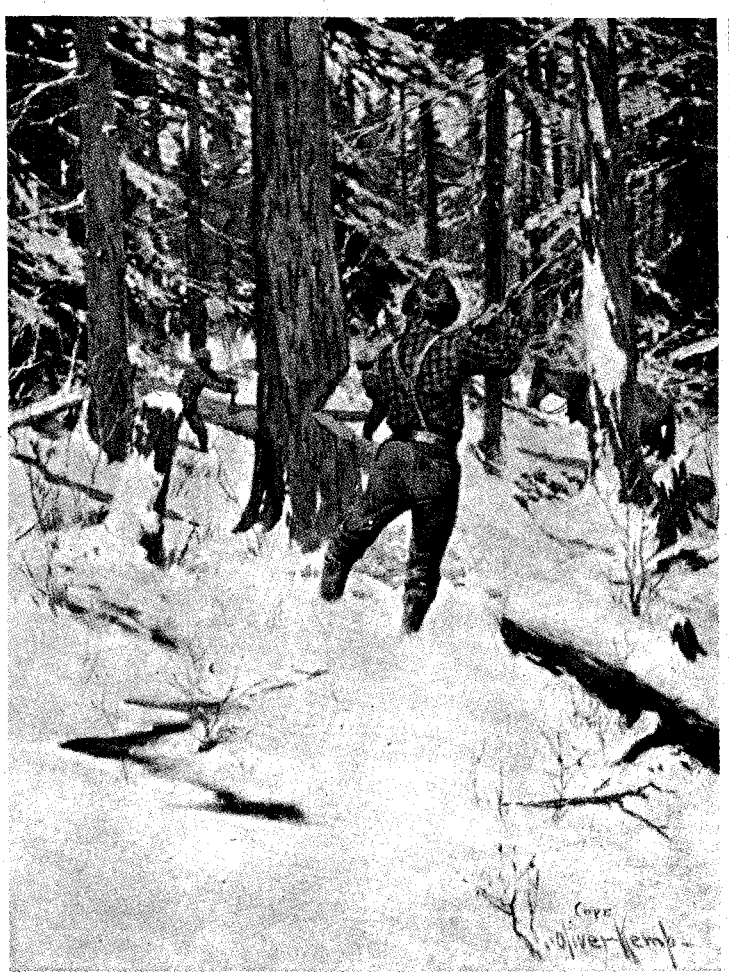
Pete came in one afternoon and found Charlie looking over the joint, especially his bed. Pete gave him a sock to the right and threw him out the door. Gus heard about this later but couldn't get a better high climber or a better bull cook so decided to let the matter sleep.

One day shortly after, a call came through, personally delivered by the foreman's wife, that they needed help in camp right away as one of the spars had broken down. When Pete (and Charlie decided to tag along, too, much to Pete's disgust) arrived at Camp #4, he found the spar had broken off about twenty feet from the top, and the cables were in shambles. In fact the whole thing was a shambles.

Pete decided the best thing to do was

(Continued on page 50)

"While us poor skates in region cool go out and make his money—."



"I'd like to just come walkin' in an' find you all a-settin' here."

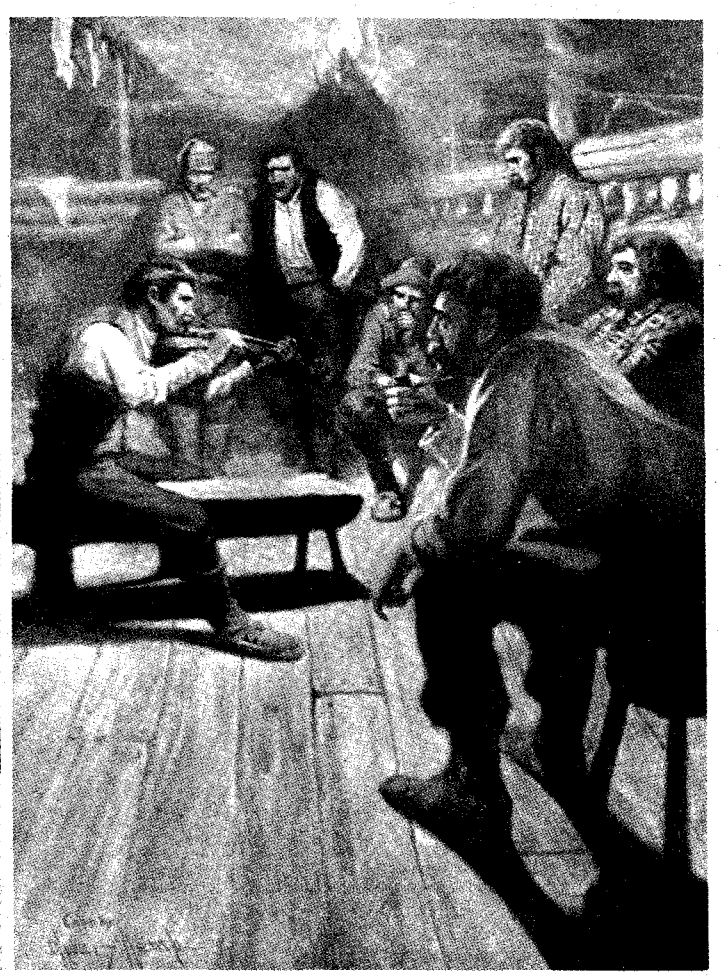


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Photo Courtesy Author

Maude Adams, age 16, 1888

To playgoers Maude seemed as fragile as smoke—why not leave it that way?

The STORY MAUDE ADAMS NEVER TOLD

By A. L. CLARK

WHAT enabled the ethereal Maude Adams to perform the most taxing of roles night in and night out, season after season; to endure a shattering emotional blow in the loss of her devoted friend and manager, Charles Frohman, who went down in the sinking of the *Lusitania* in 1915; and to embark upon a new career after she had passed what most of us consider the retirement age? The answer will not be found in the Catskills, where Miss Adams spent the last few years of her life in seclusion, but in the Rockies, where she was born.

Maude's mother was born there, too—in the valley of Great Salt Lake. Home was a log cabin with buffalo hides hanging in the doorway and over the window openings. She was christened Asenath by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barnabas Adams, but during her early girlhood this was shortened to Annie.

Though they were pioneers in a raw wilderness, Barney Adams and his wife, as well as their fellow Mormon emigrants, knew what a theater-curtain looked like. Joseph Smith had fostered music and the drama back in Nauvoo, Illinois, among his followers. And when persecution drove the Mormons westward, Brigham Young, Smith's successor, continued the same cultural policy.

In Nauvoo, Smith had imported a leading tragedian from Philadelphia, Thomas A. Lyne, to coach young Mormons in dramatic art. A few years after the founding of the new Mormon colony in Utah, a social hall was built in the center of Salt Lake City, and by 1861, when Annie Adams was thirteen and a pupil at the Tenth Ward School, a fine, large theater was being built not far from the social hall. (A bust of William Shakespeare was mounted in a niche over the hall's entrance, and it remained there until the late 1930s, when the hall was torn down to make way for an office building.)

Brigham Young's theater was dedicated in March, 1862, and despite the difficulty of getting building materials "it was not surpassed in magnitude nor in the completeness of its equipment by any other existing house." So wrote B. Leavitt in *Fifty Years of Theatrical Management.*

During its first season, performances were given at the theater three times a week by members of the Deseret Dramatic Association, a group of talented amateurs, their only compensation being in the form of orders on the church storehouse for farm produce or clothing.

Lyne, the old tragedian from Philadelphia who had coached some of these young people back in Illinois, now came on from Denver to become the first professional, and the first non-Mormon, to appear on the stage of the Salt Lake Theater. He was followed in October, 1863, by Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin, former members of the Boston Museum Stock Company.

Pupils of the Tenth Ward School shared the community's enthusiasm for the theater. When Annie Adams appeared in a school burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons," in which the Irwins

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Morrison Photo Courtesy Author

Annie Adams, Maude's mother, as she appeared in the 1890s

had scored great success at the theater, the girl's ability was apparent to her teacher and her parents. Barney Adams consulted Hiram Clawson, manager of the theater, about a place for his daughter in the dramatic society.

Clawson gave Annie a small part in a comedy, "The People's Lawyer"—and a long and successful career in the theater was launched.

WHILE Annie Adams was still a schoolgirl, young James H. Kiskadden left Denver for the scene of a new bonanza on Grasshopper Creek in the Northern Rockies, near the most remote headwaters of the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri. Before young Kiskadden reached Bannack, as the new boom camp was known, a still richer strike had been made in Alder Gulch, seventy-five miles eastward, so Kiskadden turned his horse in that direction.

Late summer of 1863 found Kiskadden in the lawless boom camp of Virginia City, which straggled up Daylight Gulch at a right angle from gold-studded Alder Gulch. Shipments of precious yellow dust and nuggets were made in quantity that fall and early winter, from both Virginia City and Bannack. With Sheriff Henry Plummer as their secret chief, a gang of outlaws, self-styled "The Innocents," began to waylay and loot coaches on the lonely road between Point of Rocks on the Beaverhead River, and Fort Hall, the nearest settlement of any consequence on the road to Salt Lake City.

The story of the outlaw sheriff, Henry Plummer, is an oft-told tale; but a sequel forms a part of the life-story of James H. Kiskadden and, in turn, Maude Adams.

The Vigilance Committee was organized in Virginia City a few days before Christmas, 1863. On the night of January 4, 1864, the Vigilantes struck. The following morning the lifeless bodies of two of Plummer's Innocents dangled from limbs of two tall cottonwoods near Laurin's Ranch, on the road between Virginia City and Bannack.

Other executions took place in quick succession. By March, Virginia City and Bannack were almost as quiet and orderly as the streets of Salt Lake City. Almost—but not quite.

One disturbing element remained in the person of Joseph A. Slade, a former station-tender on the Overland Mail route in Wyoming and Colorado.

Slade had brought with him to the brand-new Territory of Montana his dark haired, dark-eyed young wife, Maria Virginia; a string of draft horses; and the reputation of being "a bad drunk."

Slade was no road agent, no confederate of Henry Plummer. But when drinking he had openly criticized the Vigilantes.

One day in March, several weeks after the Plummer gang had been cleaned out, Slade rode into Virginia City from his ranch, got "likkered up," and proceeded to make himself as obnoxious as possible. He broke up a performance by Kate Harpe, a dancer who had recently arrived to entertain the gold-seekers. He beat up two teamsters who had worked for him. He ran a milk wagon off the grade leading up the divide between Alder and Daylight Gulches and the Madison River Valley. Then he invaded the center of town, where merchants had shuttered their store-fronts, much as Florida towns and cities brace themselves for a hurricane.

Finally Slade entered a store where Jim Kiskadden, then employed as a gold-buyer for his Uncle William, a Salt Lake City banker, was talking to a short, stocky Pennsylvanian named J. X. Biedler.

Slade said to Biedler, "X., I guess the Vigilance Committee is about played out."

Kiskadden, who had known Slade and his high-spirited young wife for some time, tried to persuade Slade to go back to his ranch, seven or eight miles from town. Slade said he would go if Kiskadden would lend him his derringer. Kiskadden gave him the weapon and helped the drunken man to mount his horse.

SLADE started to ride up Daylight Gulch, but soon dismounted in front of a store. Going inside, he hurled invective at William Pfouts, a highly respected merchant.

By this time the Vigilantes had begun to assemble. They marched into the main street and toward Pfouts' store, 200 strong. Capt. Jim Williams stepped up and arrested Slade, while the one-time "terror of the Overland" held Pfouts at bay with Kiskadden's derringer.

Given one hour to live, Slade was led to the rear of the store and told to make his will. Suddenly cold sober, Slade begged to be turned loose. He would sign the pledge. He'd never touch another drop of alcoholic spirits.

But the patience of the Vigilantes and of most of the other law-abiding citizens of the camp had long since worn thin.

When the hour was up, Slade was led to a scaffold behind the Virginia Hotel—a scaffold designed to hold the carcasses of beef, buffalo, elk or deer for skinning and butchering.

Slade, now anything but the swaggering bully of an hour earlier, was lifted up to stand on a wooden box under the scaffold. The noose was adjusted around his neck, and the free end of the rope was drawn through an iron ring in the crosspiece of the scaffold. The slack was drawn tight and the rope tied to a fence rail. Then someone kicked the box out from under Slade and he was left dangling.

Kiskadden helped cut the body down. It was carried to a back room of the hotel. When someone warned that Slade's wife was coming down the gulch on her fine saddle mount, Billy Bay, the ropes which bound Slade's wrists and ankles were hastily cut. There was just time to hide them under a blanket before Maria Virginia, dark eyes flashing hatred, entered the room.

So intense was her bitterness that Mrs.

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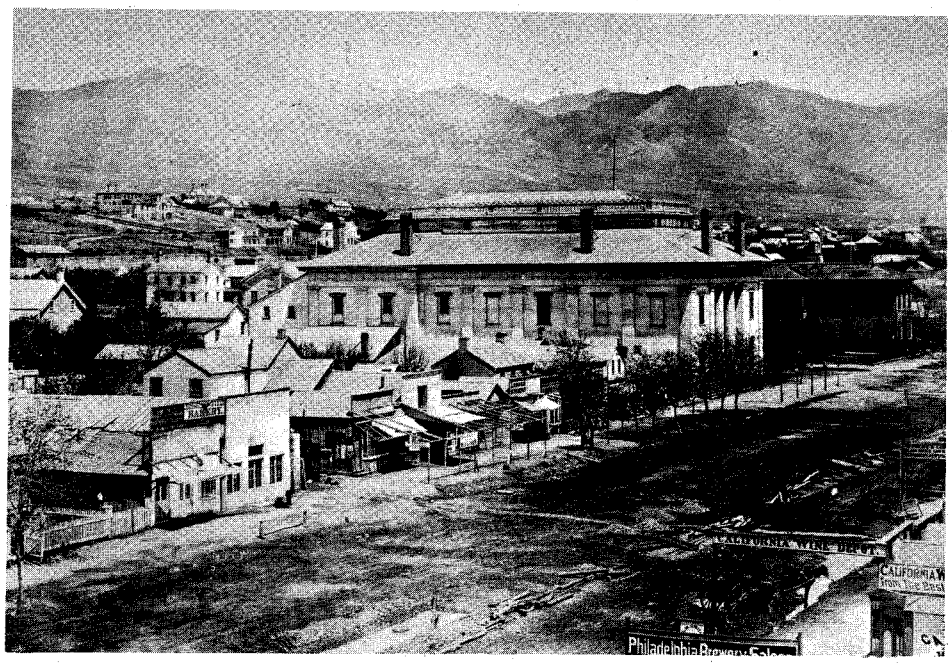
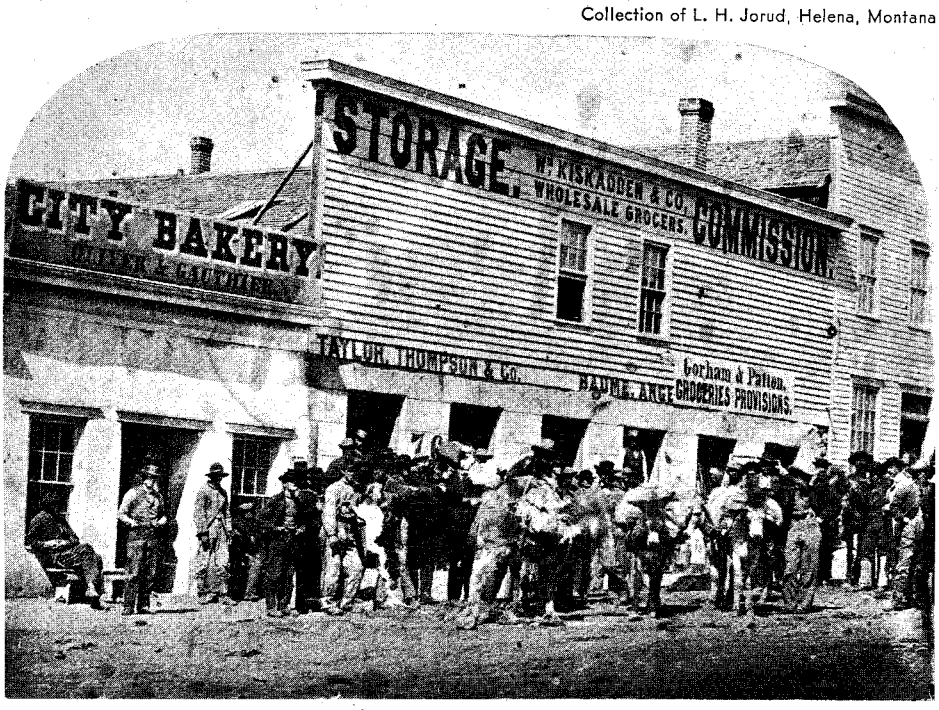


Photo Courtesy Author

This view of the Salt Lake Theatre, above, was probably taken during the 1880s. Below, The Kiskadden Building in Virginia City, Montana, where Maude's father was a gold-buyer for his uncle.

Collection of L. H. Jorud, Helena, Montana



Slade refused to permit burial of her late husband in the vicinity of Virginia City, or, for that matter, in Montana Territory. She had a casket made of sheet lead and, with Slade's body inside, had the casket filled with alcohol. Then the lid was soldered and Slade's mortal remains, fittingly preserved, lay in storage until his widow could wind up her affairs and transport him to a region she could regard with less loathing.

It was September before Slade's estate was liquidated. Then the casket was loaded atop the Salt Lake City coach and Maria Virginia, accompanied by James H. Kiskadden, set out for Utah. Both returned to Virginia City after the burial rites in Salt Lake City.

The following March, exactly one year after the hanging, Maria Virginia Slade and James H. Kiskadden were united in marriage by Hezekiah Hosmer, chief justice of Montana Territory.

The marriage was a brief one. When Kiskadden was granted a divorce at Salt Lake City in October, 1868, he told the court he and Maria Virginia had not lived together "for nearly three years," which would have meant that the separation occurred shortly after they were married.

By the time Kiskadden obtained his divorce, Annie Adams was a popular member of the theater stock company. During the six years since her stage debut in "The People's Lawyer," she had appeared in Salt Lake City with such established professionals as Julia Dean Hayne, George Pauncefort, the Irwins and Mr. and Mrs. John S. Langrishe.

Kiskadden now worked by day in his uncle's bank. Many of his evenings were spent at the theater, especially when Annie Adams was performing. Within a few weeks of his divorce from Slade's widow, Kiskadden was openly courting the attractive and popular young actress.

In spite of family and church opposition—and a rival named Jim O'Neill—Kiskadden's courtship was successful. The couple was married August 15, 1869.

The marriage interrupted Annie's theatrical career for a year or so. Their only child, a daughter who resembled her mother but who seemed to have inherited a strong will from her father, was born November 11, 1872. Soon after the arrival of Maude Ewing, Annie returned to the stage.

MAUDE'S first stage appearance was unplanned. It came about when she was nine or ten months old. On the bill that night was a farce called "The Lost Child." At that period, double bills were the invariable rule in all American playhouses—a drama or comedy, followed by a farce, perhaps an expression of the venerable theatrical axiom, "Send them home laughing."

Annie Adams had a part in the drama, "The Cottage Girl," but wasn't in the cast of the farce. She was preparing to leave the theater when her maid, according to custom, brought Maude backstage.

A baby who had been scheduled to appear in "The Lost Child" had been carried on-stage earlier during the opening scene and had made no outcry, but when the cue came for a second appearance, the infant went into a crying fit. The actor whose part required him to carry the baby on-stage on a huge platter, was unable to quiet it.

"Here, take Maudie instead," said Annie Adams, hastily handing her daughter over to the harassed actor. Maude was dumped onto the platter and carried into the glare of the footlights.

Since the other baby was only three months old, and had been out of the audience's view for only a few minutes, the sight of a much larger child on the platter brought a howl of laughter from the audience. Most of those present probably knew Annie Adams' daughter by sight, anyway, since Salt Lake City was still a rather small community.

A year after Maude's precipitous stage debut, the Kiskaddens left Utah for Virginia City, Nevada, where Annie joined a touring troupe for an engagement at Piper's Opera House. When this ended she went to San Francisco, taking Maude with her. Kiskadden followed.

Maude had her first speaking part as Little Schneider with J. K. Emmett in "Our Fritz" at the Bush Street Theater. Later she appeared with James A. Herne and James O'Neill at the Baldwin Theater, where young David Belasco was stage director; but this came after her father's death.

Kiskadden died in San Francisco when Maude was ten. He had not opposed his wife's return to the stage, nor did he oppose a theatrical career for his daughter. There is evidence that he loved his daughter dearly, but it was Annie who sat up nights sewing costumes, who refused to accept a part in any production unless there also was one for Maude, and whose consuming ambition was to see her daughter among the topmost personalities of the U.S. theater.

After Kiskadden's death, Annie took Maude back to Salt Lake City to live with the child's maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Adams, and to attend the Presbyterian Collegiate Insti-

(Continued on page 54)

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WHO WERE the LAST MEN HENNESSEY SAW?

Did the black hearts of the murderers beat beneath red skin or white?

By ROBERT F. TURPIN

Explantory note: In our February '67 TRUE WEST we ran a story, "A Rope For One-Armed Charlie" by W. E. Koop in which the Hennessey massacre played a part. The story which follows varies somewhat from Mr. Koop's, and as a postscript to it is still another account which was brought to our attention by J. Frank Dobie shortly before his death. The Hennessey murder has become a classic example of unresolved "history."

THE BRUTAL WAY in which freighter Pat Hennessey met his death was not uncommon on the frontier. Incidents as gory had occurred many times before. But in this case mystery still surrounds the motive and person or persons responsible. Many attempts have been made to get at the truth, perhaps out of all proportion to the tragedy's historical significance.

Most sources credit John B. Miles, Indian Agent at Darlington, Indian Territory, and his party for being first to arrive on the scene. They were following along the Chisholm Trail northward from the Darlington Agency about noon on July 4, 1874.

Traveling in a light wagon, Miles was accompanied by J. A. Covington, a clerk in Miles' office, and Covington's wife and small daughter Katie. Three horsemen rode alongside—J. S. Brink; an army lieutenant from Fort Sill, and William Malaley.

"We were driving along the trail," stated Miles, "and reaching the crest of a ridge, saw a wrecked wagon not far ahead and to one side. The load of corn and other goods in the wagon was still smoldering."

Looking closer Malaley saw a man's foot sticking out from under a pile of grain behind the wagon. He pulled the body out and immediately recognized Hennessey, despite the fact that the freighter's right arm, face, and head were burned. One leg was broken, apparently by a bullet. Whether there were other wounds could not be determined because of the extent of the burns. Hennessey, however, had not been scalped or mutilated in Indian fashion before being burned.

Malaley and the other men buried Hennessey's body where they found it, piling stones over his grave. Reaching Buffalo Springs, now near the Oklahoma town of Bison, Malaley saw two men named Mosier and Brooks, whom he knew. They told him that they had found the bodies of Hennessey's two drivers and Ed Cook, and had buried them near the springs. They also said that the men had not been scalped and that boot prints had been seen around the bodies. Malaley became convinced that the ambush was not the work of Indians but of renegade whites. In addition, Mosier and Brooks said that they had been down on Turkey Creek west of Buffalo Springs on the morning of the 4th and had seen no Indians of any kind, hostile or otherwise. They added that there was no evidence of extensive fighting where the drivers were found.

The fight had not been observed up close but some claim to have seen it from a distance. One was Wiillam Matterson, a mail carrier. When he reached Buffalo

(Continued on page 52)

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

John D. Miles, second from left, is the Indian Agent who found Pat Hennessey. Others shown here are Miles' son, Little Robe, and interpreter Ben Clark.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY

A young lady between the ages of 10 and 15 years to learn the art of typesetting. Must be quick and active, able to read common writing and not afraid to work.
For particulars apply to
J. W. CARPENTER
St. George, Utah (1879)

PRINTERS IN GINGHAM AND DEVILS IN KNICKERS

By ROBERT F. KAROLEVITZ

Courtesy State Historical Society of North Dakota

Youthful newsboys of early-day Williston, North Dakota

Reprinted from the book NEWSPAPERING in the OLD WEST, by Robert F. Karolevitz, Copyright 1965, with permission of Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, Washington

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Kansas State Historical Society

Above, in Quenemo, Kansas, the *Kansas Workman*, established in 1882, was hand-set, by "working women." The canvas on the wall helped to keep out the prairie breezes. There was little glamour for a woman printer in Clinton, Oklahoma, below right, c. 1900.

FRONTIER newspapermen quickly determined that "the hand that rocked the cradle" could also justify a line, ink a form and—if necessary—pull an impression on a Washington or a Ramage.

Many an ink-smudged young wife worked beside her tired husband in the continual battle against their weekly deadline. And, in time, more than a few determined widows assumed control of the newspapers and printshops which, in some instances, had been directly responsible for their widowhood.

Initially, women were not involved in frontier journalism any more than they were in the front ranks of the Argonauts, the pioneer lumberjacks or the railroad construction crews. But as soon as permanent settlements were established, families were united and new ones formed, with the obvious result that ladies were available to help out in the shop as well as in the home.

For one thing, there was a great deal of dexterity involved in picking the tiny lead characters of agate, nonpareil, minion and brevier out of a California job case. Women not only could hold their own in this department, but often they delivered more ems per hour than male type-slingers. Moreover, a good, dependable female compositer was far cheaper than an itinerant "tramp"—and she was less likely to hide a bottle behind the furniture cabinet. What the ladies had to say about "type-case hands" can only be imagined. Crude inks made of lampblack and oil had lots of staying power, especially around the fingernails.

In the 1880s women started to emerge from this lowly beginning. The San Francisco *Chronicle* boasted a lady reporter—Mrs. Florence Apponyi Loughead—in 1879, and elsewhere the fairer sex was becoming more and more evident in other than the smudge and drudge departments.

Nothing brought women more to the forefront in newspapering, however, than "causes." Suffrage and temperance lured the ladies out from behind their organdy aprons to do battle—and one of their most effective weapons, they soon learned, could be a newspaper.

There was, for instance, Abigail Scott Duniway, "mother of equal suffrage in Oregon." Strong-willed and talented, Mrs. Duniway in May of 1871 established the *New Northwest*, devoted to political, financial and social equality for women. Sister of Harvey W. Scott, able editor of the *Oregonian*, she was a facile writer, capable of wielding the so-called "Oregon style." Besides operating her newspaper, Mrs. Duniway trod the lecture trail, cared for a husband in poor health, raised a family of six and wrote books. She sold the *New Northwest* in 1887, but in the nineties she was again an editor, this time of the *Pacific Empire*, a weekly established by Miss Frances Gotshall.

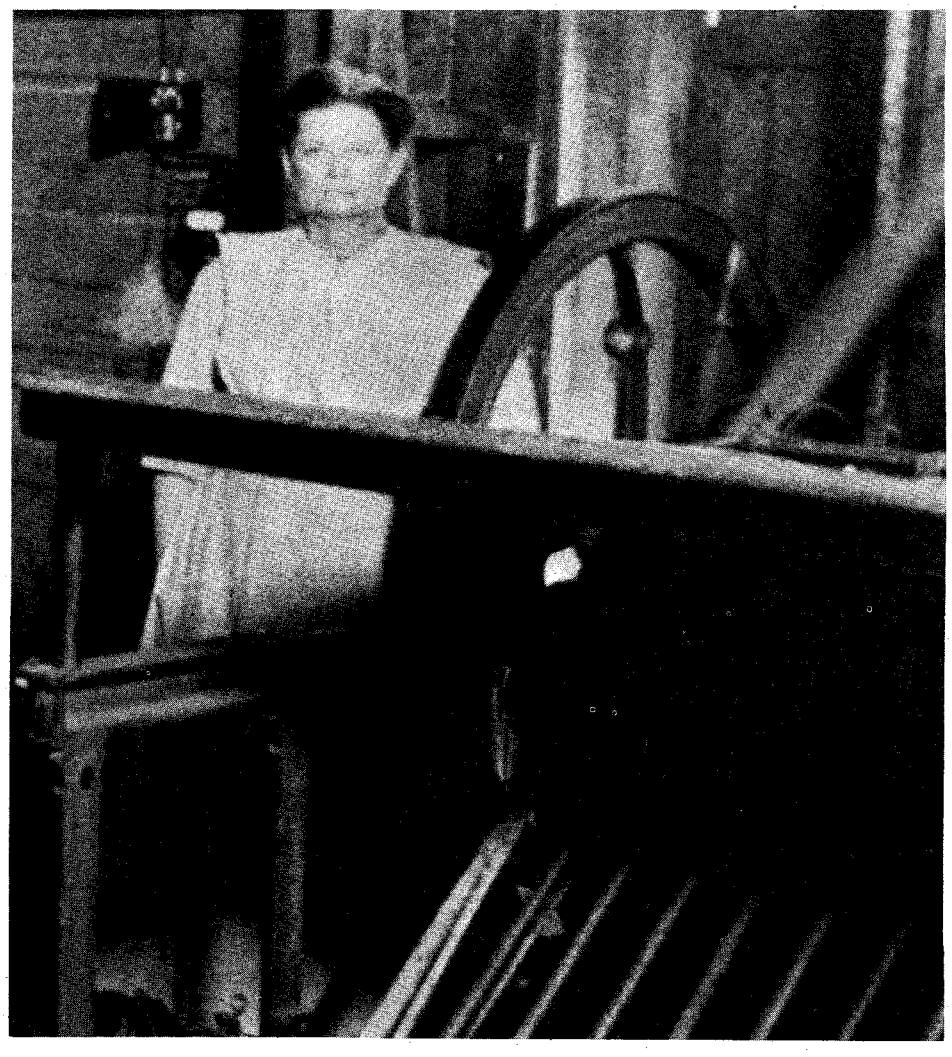
Meanwhile, Catharine Amanda Scott Coburn—Mrs. Duniway's younger sister—was also making her mark in Oregon journalism. After working on the *New Northwest*, she became an editor of the Portland *Evening Telegram* from 1883 to 1888. After that she spent a quarter of a century as associate editor of the *Oregonian*.

The Scott sisters were somewhat unusual, but they weren't the only women to grace editorial chairs in the Old West. Three years after Mrs. Duniway started the *New Northwest*, Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon bought an old press and issued the *Daily Leader* in Stockton, California, supposedly the only daily newspaper in the world edited by a woman at that time.

IN COLORADO Caroline Romney had a press hauled over snow-covered trails from Leadville to Durango where she issued the first number of *The Durango Record* on December 29, 1880—in a tent with a sawdust floor. As editor she was shot at by desperadoes, and during a particularly hostile period her printers worked armed with rifles and revolvers. In one of her papers, she answered a fellow publisher on a more domestic issue: "The rumor . . . that the editor of this paper is about to be married is without foundation. In fact, we can't afford to support a husband yet."

Before the Civil War, Indian girls in what is now Oklahoma published *The Cherokee Rosebud* at the Park Hill Female Seminary at Tahlequah. Later in the nineteenth century, Lily and Dolly Wright were editors of the *Beaver Herald* in the Panhandle country. Another pair of sisters—Gertrude and Laura Huntington—edited the *Platte Valley Lyre* in Saratoga, Wyoming. In Utah the *Women's Exponent* had female typesetters and editors who had learned the trade while working in the shop of the *Deseret News*. As a matter of fact, the first "newsboy" of the Mormon paper was not a boy at all, but the adopted

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society



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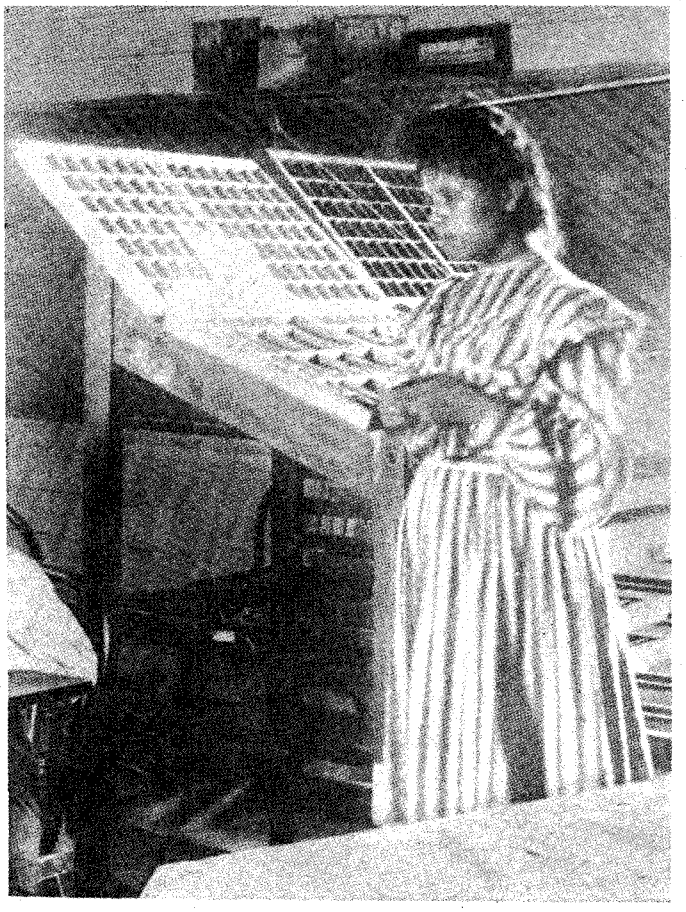
Courtesy University of Washington Library, Seattle

Labor organizations, such as the Seattle Newsboys Union, above, played a vital role in the history of western newspapers. Below left, this young lady, whose dress was probably for the photographer and not for work, was a typesetter for the Anselmo, Nebraska, *Sun*. Below right, an Indian girl who was trained at a tribal school in Oklahoma to set type and operate presses. The exact location of this newspaper office is unknown.

Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society



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daughter of the editor, Dr. Willard Richards.

By 1886 it was estimated that some 500 women worked on the editorial side of American newspapers. A year earlier the Women's International Press Association had been formed. But nothing gave greater impetus to the distaff side in journalism than the exploits of Elizabeth Cochran, the famed "Nellie Bly" of the *New York World.* Her wild dash around the globe in 1889 paved the way for a surge of femininity into newspaper offices across the land.

In the small frontier weeklies, there was little need for Nellie Blys. Women simply took their places beside their husbands at the type cases and the roll-top desks. They saw little of the glamour or excitement experienced by the lady reporters on the metropolitan dailies. There was simply too much space to fill, type to set and impressions to pull.

Like their male compatriots, the "printers in petticoats" put in long hours for little pay and less recognition. Not only that, they faced scorn and scandal as jealous men tried to stop their invasion of the newspaper plants. Even William Allen White wrote: ". . . in our office which was free of the female taint we gossiped bitterly and salaciously about the foreman and the printer girls of the other shop. Perhaps all this was the intuitive fear of a tide of feminism."

No matter what the die-hards said or thought, women gradually found a place for themselves in the print shops of the Old West—and in spite of the dire predictions, the Fourth Estate did not collapse in a flurry of gingham curtains, perfumed soap in the washrooms, and bouquets on the feed-boards!

In the beginning, society news—if there was any—was written by men. They worried little about the niceties of etiquette or the social caste of their subjects. They covered dances, "bees," lodge meetings, weddings and birthings with much the same language as they reported the arrival of a shipment of flour or the affairs at the county courthouse.

Sometimes they got carried away a little. In 1881, for instance, the Portland *Oregonian* included the following verse among its society notes:

Mary had a vaccine scab
Upon her snow-white arm;
She warned her beau to this effect
For fear he'd do it harm.
But when they came to part that night,
She gave a mighty grab
And whispered, "Hug me awful tight
And never mind the scab."

Obviously, no lady society editor wrote that! Gradually, however, the distaff side found more and more editorial duties as newspapers departmentalized. "Sob-sisters" and home economics editors became standard equipment. After that, newspapering was not quite the same!

COUNTLESS hundreds of ragamuffins and knicker-clad youngsters contributed immeasurably to the success of journalism in the Old West.

Their assignment was simple: deliver the freshly printed journals to readers anxiously awaiting the week's news. Like postmen, they traveled through mud and blizzard and downpour, when sidewalks were rare and houses were wide-spaced. For a mere pittance they braved unruly dogs and sometimes unruly subscribers.

Old-time printshops had a magnetic attraction for young boys and girls alike. Often there were more potential "devils" and newscarriers underfoot than the editor would have preferred. Yet, the youngsters filled a definite need. With survival being more of a factor than profit, publishers barely could afford the few coppers they paid their small helpers. The "glamour" of the newspaper office (no matter if it were a tent or a sod hut) made up the difference.

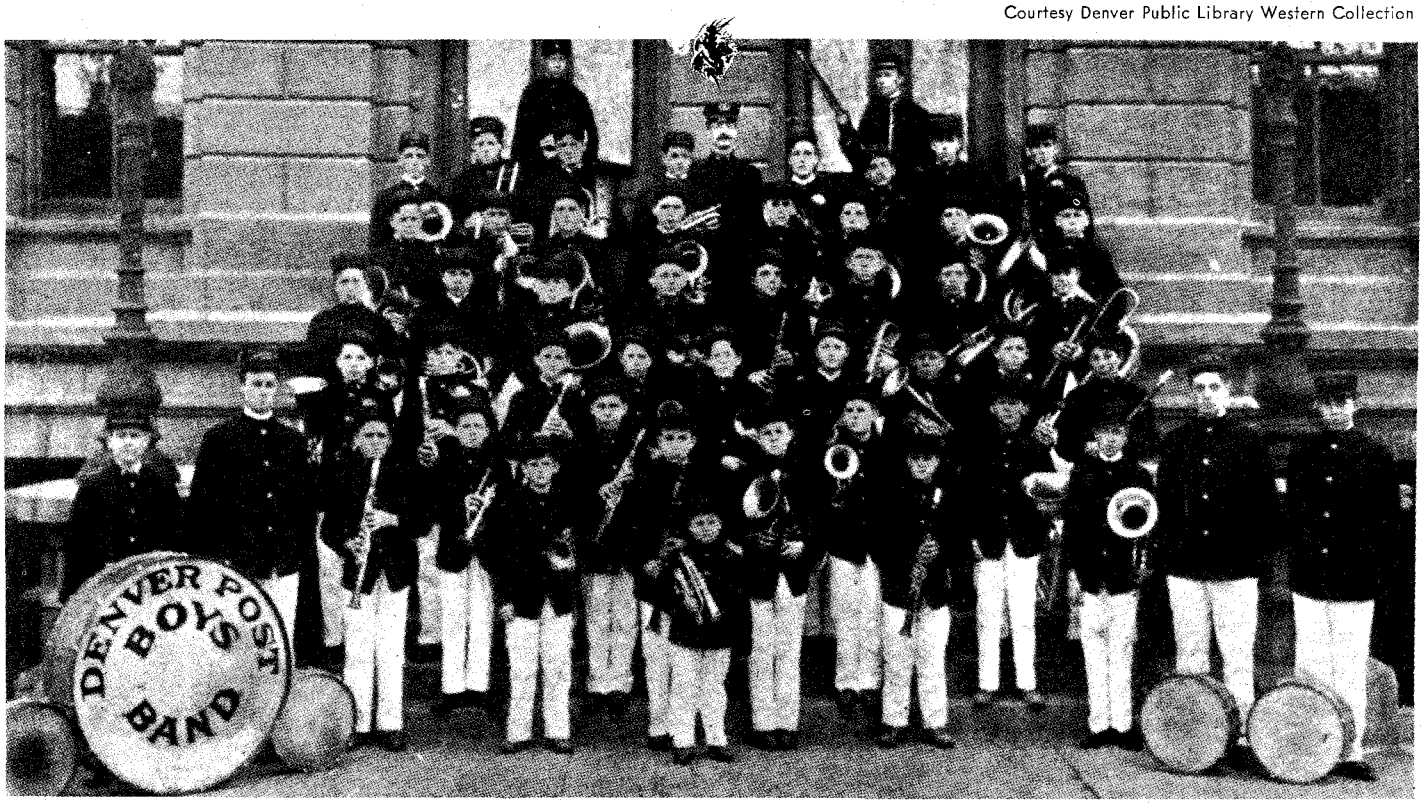
Newsboys weren't always "boys," however. In some areas—notably gold camps—where papers sold for $2 or more apiece, the transactions were seldom assigned to urchins. Many of the early delivery routes were too rugged for tiny feet. In Nevada, for instance, forty-five-year-old Thomas Starr won a small measure of local fame for the diligence and physical stamina with which he served *The Territorial Enterprise.* For two and a half years—seven days a week—he trudged up and down C Street and Gold Canyon on his daily mission. He started when the *Enterprise* came off the press at 3:00 a. m. Eighteen hours and thirty-five miles later he returned to his bed to rest up for the next trek. This was obviously not child's play!

Ill paid as they were, newsboys of the frontier era always looked forward to New Year's Day. That's when the editor provided them with their annual Carrier's Address, usually an elaborately printed verse which the youngsters gave to their subscribers. Not only did these addresses wish the reader a prosperous year ahead, but they hinted—often quite broadly—that it would be a good time to remember the newsboy with a token, preferably cash!

In the print shops, carriers and devils (often the same ink-stained boys) were constant victims of the traditional practical jokes of the trade. They were sent after slug-stretchers, left-handed quoin keys, checkered ink and italic shooting sticks. They all learned the menace of type lice. Yet, in the small communities, especially, it was a mark of distinction for a small boy to be accepted at the newspaper office. No trial, taunting or tribulation could take away from that!—(For more information on Bob Karolevitz and his *Newspapering in the Old West* see page 56 of the June, 1966 *True West.*)

The *Denver Post* in Colorado created a boy's band as a promotion gimmick. Other newspapers had similar activities for their carriers.

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



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Wild Old Days!

SAN GABRIEL—FORBIDDEN MINE

By A. McCall Smith

MANY a *Californio* must have chuckled in his sleeve when James W. Marshall was credited with the discovery of gold in California in January, 1848. The secret of its existence had been so carefully guarded that we may never know the facts of the truly first discovery. However, records show discoveries as early as 1831, many years before Marshall found the precious metal on the American River.

The Forbidden Mine of San Gabriel stands out as a good example of carefully guarded early discoveries by the Mexican-Californians. The mine in the upper San Gabriel Canyon of eastern Los Angeles County was rich, supposedly, but prospectors who went in the canyon in search of it were stricken dead.

Tooch Martin told me the story of the San Gabriel. Tooch had come to California over the treacherous Gila route when he was a lad in his teens. The Martin family settled in the Pomona Valley south of Claremont. Tooch became prominent in civic affairs and was a member of the first board of supervisors of Los Angeles County.

Near the site of present-day Claremont was an Indian *rancheria*. During late summer, the *rancheria* had no water except what the Indians carried from outside sources, and a wrinkled old buck named Pedro was the water carrier. Pedro, shriveled and toothless, was said to be one hundred years old, and his memory went back to the early days of the missions.

Tooch became very friendly with the old man and it was from him that Tooch learned of the Forbidden Mine of San Gabriel. The Indians had been told that anyone who went up the canyon in search of the lost mine would be immediately stricken dead. Cases had been known, he said, of men who dared to go and never returned. In the lower canyon were great painted rocks where the Indians had inscribed the warning.

Old Pedro would forget he had told the story and repeated it so often it finally stirred the curiosity of Tooch and his father. They equipped themselves for a prospecting trip up the canyon.

THE MARTINS found over 200 prospectors in the canyon and a considerable number of them had panned a little gold. Tooch had no difficulty finding the painted rocks, for many of the prospectors had seen them. The Martins spent two weeks in the upper canyon, saw several prospects but nothing that could be accepted for the lost mine.

In 1925, Tooch invited me to see the rocks in the canyon; he was confident he could still find them. We took along a picnic lunch and prepared to spend the whole day. Many things had changed the canyon, including a road, and the old man was thoroughly confused.

We were on the way home, driving down the west side of the river, when we saw the portal of a mine across the canyon. We parked and worked our way over boulders and through heavy growth of bottom brush to the mine. We were greeted by a man in overalls, who emerged from a modest cabin near the portal and introduced himself.

"I am Heaven Help Walton," he said as he extended his hand. Walton explained that he had run the tunnel over 100 feet into the mountainside, and he showed samples of quartz which excited old Tooch. Walton had not found any pay dirt yet, which he said was his customary luck. The miners had given him his name as a light jest indicative of his continual misfortune. We asked Heaven Help if he knew about the painted rocks.

"Oh, yes," he said. "That trail there has been beaten by people going to see the rocks."

So we followed the trail through the brush about 200 yards. A large white granite boulder in the stream bed held the warning message. Heaven Help said he had never heard the signs interpreted until two Indians came from distant San Joaquin Valley. They had known of the rocks from their fathers and they knew how to read the signs. Crude drawings of ladders meant "going up." Characters in caps and robes with wands in their hands meant priests giving the warning. Flashes of lightning over all meant sudden death.

HOW MANY gold-bearing sites must have been reported by Indians to the mission priests? The Franciscan padres had seen the results of the gold fever in Sonora, and they feared the knowledge of gold would wreck their program to salvage the Indians for Christ. The Martins supposed that when the missions were secularized and the priests scattered, they took with them the secret of the San Gabriel mine and probably many others.

William Heath Davis, pioneer San Francisco merchant, said the existence of gold in Sacramento Valley was known long before the discovery at Sutter's mill. He said gold dust and nuggets were often brought to the missions by the Indians, but the fathers urged them to guard the secret. Gold is the root of all evil, they cautioned, and knowledge of it would bring hordes of ruthless men to overrun their lands. No doubt the Indians saw the point. Davis said that two priests had shown him gold nuggets.

Jose de Jesus Pico told in his later years how Father Luis Martinez, in 1829, gave little gold balls to him and three of his friends as evidence of the affection the priest held for his pupils.

It is said that a Frenchman named Baptiste Ruelle had discovered gold near Los Angeles in 1841.

Abel Stearns, merchant and extensive

Tooch Martin studies the warning message on the painted rock in San Gabriel Canyon.

Courtesy A. McCall Smith

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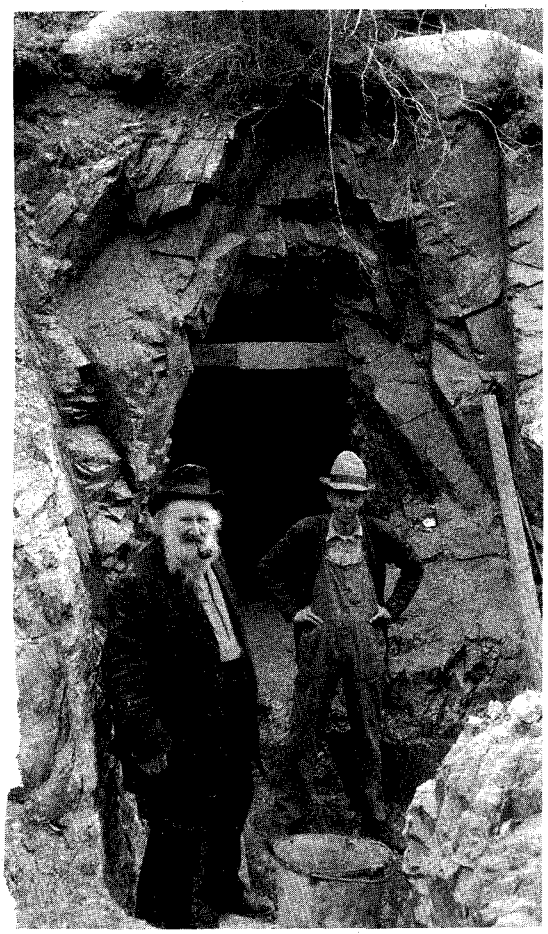

Courtesy A. McCall Smith

Tooch Martin, left, and Heaven Help Walton at the entrance of Walton's mine in San Gabriel Canyon.

land owner of Los Angeles County in the Mexican days, said Francisco Lopez, with another Mexican, once went in search of stray horses. They took time out at noon to rest their horses and they reclined in the shade of a tree. Lopez was digging some wild onions with his knife and found several nuggets. Stearns said that he later sent some of Lopez' gold to be assayed in Washington. Lopez made the discovery in March, 1842, and a placer mine was operated there until 1846 by miners from Sonora.

Don Manuel Castañares, representative from California to the Mexican Congress, in reports to Mexico City stated that 2,000 ounces of gold had been exported previous to December, 1843.

The painted rocks of warning in San Gabriel Canyon are now covered by the lake back of the San Gabriel dam but they served their purpose. The secret of the Forbidden Mine of San Gabriel has become a legend of our past along with many other famous lost mines.

GREAT EXPRESS ROBBERY OF 1886

Courtesy Pinkerton's, Inc.

ON October 25, 1886 as the westbound train of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad was pulling out of the St. Louis Union Depot, a man carrying a valise climbed into the express car. This lone rider proceeded to set the stage for the "Great Express Robbery of 1886" by using an ingenious approach.

The intruder handed the Adams Express messenger—David S. Frothingham (referred to in newspaper accounts as Fotherington)—an introductory letter signed by J. B. Barrett, R. A., and also produced a card supposedly signed by W. H. Damsell, superintendent of the express company, authorizing "Mr. Fartheringham" to pass bearer to "Peirce City."

The practice of "dead head" riding was customary among Adams Express Co. employees, so Frothingham accepted these credentials without hesitation, despite the misspelling. He was disillusioned shortly when he felt his .38 calibre revolver snatched from his hip pocket.

Frothingham was then thrown to the floor by the stranger, bound and gagged. The man boasted that he was Jim Cummings, a notorious outlaw and a member of the Jesse James Gang.

Using the messenger's key, he opened the car safe and took $57,000 in cash and $20,000 in negotiable securities. The bandit put the loot in the valise, which had held various articles of clothing, and threw the clothing from the car window. He then placed some of the silver in Frothingham's pockets and left the train at Marshall's Crossing.

The conductor, releasing Frothingham at St. Clair, noticed the silver coins falling from his pockets. The messenger gave his account of the robbery but his possession of the silver coins made his innocence questionable. He described the bandit as six feet tall, smooth-shaven, of muscular build and affable disposition. Because this description differed widely from the real Jim Cummings, the messenger was suspected of aiding the thief and was jailed on charges of having participated in the crime.

His story was partly corroborated through the testimony of an engineer who said he saw a man board the express car in the described manner. Also, the bandit's clothing was found near the tracks.

THE ADAMS Express Co. retained Pinkerton's, Inc. to handle the case. Robert A. Pinkerton, son of the founder, personally conducted the investigation. Shortly after the robbery, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* received a letter which carried the signature of "Jim Cummings" and gave a detailed account of the holdup. The letter exonerated Frothingham completely but was suspected to be a "whitewash." The writer, who enclosed two wrappers from the stolen money, said he had checked a gun and a "billy" at the baggage room of the St. Louis Union Depot.

Robert Pinkerton was convinced of Frothingham's innocence and expressed the view that the criminal was gloating over the perfect crime. Pinkerton operatives recovered the articles and also found pieces of two popular ballads, *The Rock Island Railroad* and *A Man You Don't Meet Every Day.* On the back of one was a pencilled address which was only partially erased. By clever detective work and unobtrusive "shadowing," suspicion was centered on a Chicago coal dealer named Fred Wittrock.

The suspect was traced through W. W. Haight, an ex-employee of Adams Express, who had been discharged for dishonesty. Pinkerton's arranged for the transportation to Chicago of the son and daughter of a St. Louis landlady. They quickly identified Haight as one of the men who had rented a room in their mother's home in St. Louis.

The coal yard was placed under surveillance. The patience of the Pinkerton operatives was rewarded on Christmas Eve, 1886, when Fred Wittrock was arrested in a saloon at Lincoln & Madison Streets, Chicago, by Robert A. Pinkerton and two operatives. Wittrock had two loaded revolvers in his possession but was disarmed without incident.

W. W. Haight and another accomplice, Tom Weaver, were arrested by police and Pinkerton operatives, and all three were brought to trial and convicted. Wittrock made a complete confession and all the stolen property was recovered except for $2,500. In his confession, he cleared the messenger of any complicity in the crime.

Wittrock and Haight were sentenced to a seven-year term in Missouri State Prison, and Weaver received a five-year sentence. Despite Wittrock's confession, Frothingham, the messenger, was also brought to trial. He received an acquittal on May 4, 1887, seven months after his arrest.

Wittrock spent six years in prison, after which he lived an exemplary life and died an honest but poor man on December 1, 1904 at Leavenworth, Kansas.

THE HEMLEY'S RUNAWAY

By Ruth L. Reid

ONE SUMMER morning in the late 1890s when Alvin Hemley was a boy less than two years old, he and his parents were riding along at a good clip in their buggy drawn by two young colts. They were traveling over the grassy, rutted road leading across the North Dakota prairie toward the town of Egeland nine miles away.

Mr. Hemley knew that he was taking a chance in using only partly broken horses for the trip, but the colts, hitched for the first time to a buggy just the day before, had gone along nicely. The family could make the trip for supplies so much more quickly with this fast team than with their plodding work horses. The buggy would be more comfortable for Mrs. Hemley and the small boy, too, than the jerky, rumbling farm wagon with its high, uncushioned wooden seat.

Once in a while Mrs. Hemley felt she must get away, even if briefly, from the endless monotony of the long days in her lonely, unadorned house. The prairie stretched as far as the eye could see, with the nearest neighbors a mile or more away. That was bad for any woman's morale, courageous though Mrs. Hemley had been in coming to the frontier claim after a first try in Minnesota.

IF ANDREW had wished for some mild diversion for his wife, though, she was to get it sooner than he'd planned, and far beyond his expectations. He suddenly realized with unspoken alarm that the bolt securing the buggy to the long pole between the horses was coming loose near the buggy. Any unusual movement might quickly free the strong hardwood stick, with disastrous results if the colts should become excited. That they would surely do: for when the pole dropped, as it certainly would soon, it would begin hitting their inexperienced legs.

At the good speed the colts were going, Mr. Hemley did not dare to slow them down or stop them as anyone certainly would have done with older, well trained horses. If they sidled even the least bit now, the strong sidewise pressure from their leather harness tugs would loosen the bolt, drop the pole and start it swinging.

Having trained a number of young horses successfully, Mr. Hemley knew what they were likely to do. Knowing also his wife's courage and agility, as

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Capt. Sam Grant

(Continued from page 15)

Wallen remembered the disaster with more seriousness, saying that "We finally had to pay some of the farmers to haul the potatoes away" from an ammunition magazine in which we had stored them with Bonneville's permission. Among Grant's officer friends the story was that Bonneville held the principal debt "onerously . . . over him (Grant)" and that, to repay him, Grant had to borrow the amount from a sergeant.

But at the time the failure of the crops had a more dismal aspect:

"I have been quite unfortunate lately. The Columbia is now far over its banks, and has destroyed all the grain, onions, corn and about half the potatoes upon which I had expended so much money and labor. The wood which I had on the bank of the river had all to be removed, at an expense, and will all have to be put back again at an expense."

On March 19, 1853, he had written to Julia in a hopeful and optimistic vein about his farming and woodcutting ventures which he hoped would produce the needed money to bring his family West perhaps:

"I have in the ground a field of barley every grain of which I sowed with my own hands. The ground is already broken for twenty acres of potatoes, and five acres for onions and other vegetables. I shall do all the ploughing myself all summer. You know besides my farming operation I have a large quantity of steamboat wood cut for which I get $2.50 per cord more than it cost me to get it cut. It has to be hauled but a short distance and that is done with my own private horses and wagon. Besides these speculations Capts. Wallen, McConnell and myself are starting two drays which we think will bring in from $10 to $15 dollars per day each. If I am at all fortunate, next fall will bring me in a good return which will make me easy for the future, for then I will never permit myself to get the least in debt."

Mrs. Sheffield saw Grant grow more restless after the potato failure and, with Wallen, arrange for her husband to "act as agent for them, and buy up all the chickens within twenty miles of Vancouver." They shipped them on a chartered vessel to Frisco, but "nearly all the chickens died on the voyage and they lost the money . . . put into the enterprise."

On top of these two disasters, came the strain and stress of outfitting the all-important party of exploring Engineers. When McClellan arrived on June 27, Grant housed him at the Ranch and toiled with him night and day—a task indeed, for Little Mac was a perfectionist and consumed almost thirty days with preparations.

On July 25, the day after McClellan's departure into the wilds, Grant wrote the division quartermaster at San Francisco that he had been prevented from making out and forwarding his annual report because of the "constant and unremiting (sic) calls upon the time of both myself and Clerk, consequent upon the fiting (sic) out of the expidition (sic) connected with the Northern Pacific R.R. survey."

His report which followed was clear, and its description of the geography and resources of the region vivid, yet he wrote with a carelessness in spelling that was unusual even for him. "Yield" was yieald; "occasional" was occational; and at one point "fiscal" would be correctly spelled and at another appear as fical.

Another possible evidence of the strain upon him was visible to Lieutenant Hodges, who was departing with McClellan as quartermaster. Years later Hodges wrote: "When the expedition was being fitted out, Grant got on one of his little sprees, which annoyed and offended McClellan exceedingly, and in my opinion he never quite forgave Grant for it, notwithstanding the necessary transportation was soon in readiness."

The "expidition" gone, life at the post droned on until September 20, when Grant opened a letter from the Secretary of War, dated August 9, 1853, announcing that he had been promoted to a captaincy, filling the place of William W. S. Bliss, who had died August 5. He must leave as soon as possible to take command of the company at Fort Humboldt, which Captain Buchanan and two companies had built in January on Humboldt Bay, the center of the new redwood lumber industry of northern California.

Grant had learned of his promotion sometime before June 15 of that year, for one of his letters to Julia of that date which acknowledged a lock of young Ulys' hair spoke of having written about the promotion. . . .

"I shall go to California. It is not probable however that I shall leave here before October. . . . I am very busy now being both Depot Q. Master and Depot Commissary and having two expeditions to fit out for the great Pacific Railroad Surveying party under Governor Stevens. They require a large number of pack animals, and many articles besides, that have to be purchased, all of which has to be done by me.

"I am very well dear Julia but to write more about myself, as you so often request me to do, I do not know how.

"Give my love to all at your house and kiss our dear little boys for me. Does Ulys walk yet? From the progress he appears to be making I suppose he must. Continue dear Julia to write me as you do about the boys. I like to hear of Fred's sayings. If he talks as he used to try to do he must be very interesting.

"People are waiting for me with a drove of horses so I must close. A thousand kisses for you dear dear Julia.

"Adieu from your affectionate husband.— Ulys."

HIRING an accountant from outside the Army to help him close his accounts and be off on time, he gave the man $200 for copying 268 2/3 folios of public papers, and hoped the War Department would approve.

For Grant's sake, Mrs. Sheffield welcomed his promotion and thought Fort Humboldt, a mere 250 miles from San Francisco, "a more desirable station." But she discovered that he wanted to resign as badly as ever. He was talking of going into the lumber business.

The small increase in pay which the promotion brought him would not allow him to support Julia and the babies in this land of wild prices. If only he could find a business, he might resign and have them with him. Was luck against him? Had he been wrong all his life to believe that everything would turn out all right so long as a man did his duty?

He had never been shiftless like Grandfather Grant, and had worked with the energy of his own father's generation. Yet where all of Old Captain Noah's children had grown wealthy in the toilsome midlands, Captain Noah's grandson could only lose money in the greatest field of lush, easy profits that the world had ever seen. Even farming, which Ulysses had done so well as a boy, had failed him here. Maybe he should quit the uniform and try farming—the sixty acres which Julia's father had given her when they were married?

His very promotion, coming as it did ten years to the month after he had been made a first lieutenant, was a reminder of the dismal slowness of advancement in the Army. With nine captains in the regiment now ranking him in seniority, it might be ten, twenty years—perhaps forever—before he could become a major. The nine appeared healthy and showed a peculiar reluctance to resign as so many in other regiments were doing. With the Army so small, transfers were few.

It was not battle but seniority rule that made Death the only real friend of a young officer. A man might win brevets galore for bravery and skill in the red smoke of battle and still find himself at his old grade when the smoke blew away—a dismal man rotting in the dull round of the years, waiting like a ghoul for some other officer up ahead of him on the register to die in bed.

Take Tom Jackson! His brevets had dazzled the Army in Mexico, yet six years later he was still a first lieutenant with ten other first lieutenants ahead of him in his regiment. So, in February 1852, he had resigned and gone to teaching philosophy and artillery at Virginia Military Institute.

Sherman had resigned from the Third Artillery on September 6 of this year, 1853, to become a banker in San Francisco. Burnside was resigning from the same regiment in October, to manufacture firearms. Three of Grant's classmates, Hamilton, Ripley and Peck had resigned earlier in the year. Ripley and Peck had been, for six years, majors by brevet, but still first lieutenants in the line. The brilliant Rosey Rosecrans, entrusted with important harbor improvements, had remained a second lieutenant for nine years before his promotion to first lieutenant last March. He was preparing to resign in the spring of 1854, and practice civil engineering in Cincinnati.

The case of Captain Bliss, the man whose death had elevated Sam Grant, redramatized for Grant the situation which had discouraged him back in 1844, the absence of so many regimental officers on staff duty that injustice was done officers of the line. For nineteen years, Bliss had been carried on the rolls of the regiment without coming near it. He had, in fact, never served with the Fourth beyond a few months after graduation from the Academy in 1834. Teaching for years at West Point and serving on the staff of various generals, he had not even surrendered his position in the regiment when he had gone into the White House in 1849, as private secretary to President Taylor.

With rivalry so singularly absent from Grant's nature, it meant little to him that he now stood in the first five of his class —all captains, Ingalls, French, Augur, Van Bokkelen and himself. Of the eighteen others still in the Army, all were first lieutenants. Eight were dead, one had been cashiered and seven had resigned. Among the last were two of Grant's best friends—Quinby who had quit in 1852 and Deshon in 1851. The Dragoon who had, like Rosecrans, become

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Courtesy National Archives

Winter scene at the 1st Cavalry Camp, Fort Keogh, Montana.

Excerpts from the book on loan from Ben Carlton Mead

TWENTY YEARS among our HOSTILE INDIANS

From a book by J. Lee Humfreville, describing the characteristics, customs, habits, religion, marriage, dances and battles of the wild Indians in their natural state. Hunter & Company, Publishers, New York, 1899

INDIAN FIGHTER—PERILOUS SERVICE

OF ALL the services required of the trooper in the military service of the United States, there was none that could compare with, or even approach, that which was required of him in fighting hostile Indians. It was a service so unlike any other that history fails to furnish a comparison.

It was necessary that the soldiers should fight these wily savages after their own peculiar mode of warfare, on their own ground, and at their own time. Preparations could not be made in advance for these fights, and the troops had to be in readiness to act on the aggressive or defensive at a moment's notice. They had to be ready to accept defeat, and to protect themselves instantly under all circumstances; otherwise massacre and annihilation, which so often occurred, were sure to follow.

In Indian fighting, the cavalry alone was nearly always used, for infantry could not reach the scene in time to give the savages battle. Artillery was rarely used and when it was, small field pieces or mountain howitzers only were called into requisition. These howitzers were light and could be drawn by two horses or mules, and when in the mountains could be carried on the back of pack animals. But even these were usually of little effectiveness, for in an Indian fight the conflict was constantly changing from one point to another with great rapidity, and by the time the pieces were unlimbered and placed in position the scene of the battle might be removed some distance.

When the Indians discovered that the troops had field pieces and were using shell or case shot, they quickly retreated behind a hill or the most convenient shelter, remaining there until the guns became silent. They were greatly surprised that the troops could fire a shot which would drop among them and, after remaining quiet for a short time, suddenly explode with such disastrous results.

To be good Indian fighters the troops had not only to act independently and fight after Indian fashion, as well as secure every advantage possible, but had also to preserve their military cohesion, and obey the commands of their officers according to military tactics. Each trooper was expected to act at once as an individual as well as a part of the whole command. When fighting Indians he should be a mixture of white man and Indian together; he must have the courage of the Indian, and the coolness and judgment of the white man. It was absolutely necessary that he never be outgeneraled by the wily red man, and under no circumstances must be permit his ammunition and strength to be wasted without effect.

Should it be necessary at any time for him to engage in a hand-to-hand conflict with one or more of the savages, he must do so without hesitation or command. It was also of vital importance that he be a good shot, for his entire supply of ammunition was generally on his person, and he was supposed to make every shot tell. He should also possess great endurance and ability to go for a long time without food, water, or sleep. It was essential that he be an experienced horseman, and know just when to use the bit and spur, as every move made in battle against the warriors was the result of some maneuver on their part, and had to be met instantly by the trooper.

In fighting Indians it was often necessary for the troops to pursue and overtake them in order to give them battle; and when the Indians allowed themselves to be overtaken they were generally ready for the fight and in such strong position that the troops were at a great disadvantage.

After traveling a long distance, and undergoing great hardships, the troops generally arrived at the battleground in an exhausted condition, both men and animals being much reduced in strength from lack of sufficient rest and food. Hence they were necessarily handicapped from the start. Again, the red man had two or three fresh horses with which to fight, whereas the trooper had but one, which was often jaded or worn out when the time and place to fight were at hand. Should this horse become disabled or be killed, the trooper must keep with the remainder of the command, fighting on foot, and under no circumstances permit himself to become separated from it. If he did, there was but one thing left for him, namely, to blow out his brains, for it was tacitly understood by all troopers that they must never allow themselves to be captured alive by Indians.

In no other military service in the world were soldiers called upon to undergo the hardships that the American troopers did in Indian campaigns, but thanks to the advance of civilization these campaigns are now things of the past.

OUR CIVIL WAR demonstrated the fact, beyond all question, that the American can be taken from almost any walk in civilized life and made into the best soldier, in the shortest time, of any man in the world. The average American is so intelligent, and has such a high sense of duty, that he has been known in many instances during our Civil War to be equal as a soldier to the most hardened campaigner in less than sixty days. Recruits who had been in service not more than two weeks have been known to conduct themselves in battle with the greatest self-possession, obeying every command as promptly as though having seen years in service.

The most important requirement to make an efficient soldier of an American is to teach him to cook properly. No matter how good his rations may be, if not properly cooked, disease is sure to follow. The sick must be cared for by the able-bodied, which reduces the fighting force. Every soldier must take his turn

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Capt. Sam Grant

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a convert to Roman Catholicism, had changed the uniform for the cassock in 1851 and was studying to become a priest. Rumor said that Deshon had turned to religion because of the death of a lady three days before she was to have married him.

Grant's talk of resigning had brought him to no decision when the hour came on September 24 for him to say goodbye to his friends at Vancouver. "He gave me his famous cook-book, his feather pillows and a number of other small articles," Mrs. Sheffield said. "He gained the friendship and good-will of his men by a constant and watchful care of their interests," she added, and "had not made an enemy . . . and was kind and considerate to all."

Sam Grant was leaving without being able to collect the money he had lent the sutler—an amount rumored to be $1,600—or to pay the sergeant what was still due on the potato debt. Wallen saw him go down the Columbia on a timber schooner toward San Francisco, and thought he had never known "a stronger, better or truer man."

SAN FRANCISCO, where Grant must change ships for Humboldt Bay, amazed him as he came to it. Where steamers, a year ago, had tied up at the Long Wharf, there now stood houses and streets standing on piles. Coming ashore, Grant saw holes yawning in these board streets, which were lined by wild faro dens and saloons. It occurred to him that many of the gold hunters who had disappeared without a trace had been murdered and dropped into the water that lapped at the piles below.

Besides the gambling in cards there was gambling on a larger scale in city lots, he later recalled. Speculators put up margins with brokers at 2 or 3 per cent interest a month, as they bought and sold lots on sand hills, some of which were "almost inaccessible to foot-passengers."

All through the streets, saloons and eating places, white men were denouncing the Chinese laborers who poured off Oriental steamers. Grant said later that he too objected to the immigration—"not to the Chinaman coming to the United States, but to his coming in a condition of slavery." Under the contract terms upon which the timid, patient coolies arrived, Grant thought them "in practical bondage, the slaves of companies which owned them." First the swarthy Mexican peons, then the redskins along the Columbia, and now the yellow man touched his heart as he saw them mistreated by the conquering whites.

Fort Humboldt, when he came to it, was a group of log barracks and officers' cabins surrounded by a low earthwork on a bluff high above the harbor. A few log houses of the redwoods lumbermen and their sawmills straggled along the water front. Behind rose the dark, gigantic forest. Two companies which had totaled 126 men when they had arrived on the Coast, but which were now shrunk from desertions, made up the garrison. Of the six officers on hand none was an old-time friend of Grant—and the commanding officer, Old Buch, was, as Lieutenant Hodges said, "a very good soldier but a martinet." Also, there was the possibility that neither Grant nor Buchanan had forgotten the incident of the wine bottle at Jefferson Barracks ten years before.

Lonelier now than ever, Grant took long rides when off duty and increased his drinking, but with his peculiar organization (constitution) a little did the fatal work of a great deal. A contractor who supplied the garrison with beef saw what was happening to Grant and, in after years, sent a friend a passage that was, he declared, a true statement of the lonely officer's predicament:

"The line captain's duties were fewer and less onerous than the quartermaster's had been and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome. No greater misfortune could have happened to him (Grant) than this enforced idleness. He had little work, no family with him, took no pleasure in the amusements of his brother officers—dancing, billiards, hunting, fishing, and the like—and riding alone, however inspiring, may grow monotonous after several months of it! The result was a common one—he took to liquor. Not by any means in enormous quantities, for he drank far less than other officers, whose reputation for temperance was unsullied. Like Cassio, he had a poor brain for drinking. The weakness did not legitimately belong to his character, for in all other respects he was a man of unusual self control, and thoroughly master of his appetites."

No friend like Hodges, Wallen, Ingalls and Augur were here to speak to him now when he drank too much and remind him to go slow. Grant drank more and more. Captain Haller, though not at Fort Humboldt, learned from brother officers who were there that "the habit had become confirmed with Grant." Haller was with Grant enough, however, to know that he was a "four-finger drinker."

"He was in the habit of drinking in a peculiar way. He held the little finger just even with the heavy glass bottom of a tumbler, then laying his three fingers above the little one, filled in whisky to the top of his first finger and drank it off without mixing water with it. This he would do more or less frequently each day, according to his mingling more or less with boon companions."

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1854, Grant wrote in desperation to Julia: "A mail came in this evening but brought me no news from you nor nothing in reply to my application for orders to go home. I cannot conceive what is the cause of the delay. The state of suspense that I am in is scarcely bearable. I think I have been from my family quite long enough and sometimes I feel as though I could almost go home 'nolens volens.' I presume, under ordinary circumstances, Humboldt would be a good enough place but the suspense I am in would make paradise form a bad picture. There is but one thing to console; misery loves company and there are a number in just the same fix with myself, and, with other Regiments, some who have been separated much longer from their families than I have been."

The method of consolation for the misery of the company of officers away from wives and family was of course not mentioned.

When Grant rode to the nearest town, Eureka, the lumber port three miles south of the Bay, he stopped at the home of the beef contractor's brother-in-law, the sawmill magnate, James T. Ryan, who owned Eclipse—the finest horse of the region—and kept a barrel of whiskey always on tap for the officers. Although Eureka hummed with Ryan's sawmills, and the redwood lumber trade was mounting day by day, Grant apparently gave up his thoughts of entering it. Instead he once proposed to the beef contractor that he join him in the beef-contracting business. The man thought Grant "a striking example of rigid honesty and steadfastness of purpose" but the partnership was never formed.

A partnership that Grant did form during a visit to Frisco was as disastrous as the projects in ice, potatoes, pigs and chickens. With three other officers he leased, at five hundred dollars a month, the Union Hotel on Kearny Street, and left it with an agent to operate as "a sort of club billiard-room." According to the legend in the town, the agent proved "derelict or dishonest, and the rents did not come in." After a heavy loss the four officers threw up the lease. Mrs. Tripler, in later years, thought she had heard that Grant "had a coal yard in San Francisco," too, and that Wallen, at Vancouver, "had a milk route."

Living at Fort Humboldt was somewhat cheaper than at Vancouver, and Grant was able to increase the amount of money he sent home, but it was little enough. His sight-seeing trips to points within horseback range of Vancouver and San Francisco were not expensive, for he could usually manage to stop at Army posts, or with ex-soldier friends. One trip took him one hundred miles west of Frisco to Knight's Ferry, where Julia's brother, Lewis Dent, was running a ferryboat on the Stanislaus River. Residents of the village would later describe the day when the Captain "in a peculiarly joval mood" appeared in a buggy, driving three horses single file ahead of him, pulling two more empty buggies behind him—a long procession that came spanking down the street "to the amazement of the villagers."

To Grant at Knight's Ferry came an invitation from Captain P. E. Connor, a veteran of the Mexican War, to come to Stockton and be the guest of honor at a dress parade and "target excursion" that was to be held by the Stockton Blues. Grant attended, showing up as the editor of the Virginia, Nevada *Enterprise* later said, in plain clothes and joining in the gusty consumption of "collations."

At the completion of the marksmanship contest on the range, Grant was called upon to present a leather medal to the man who had made the worst shots. "Grant's eyes were brimful of mischief," as he said, "Your companions in arms have delegated me to present you with this neat and expressive token of their esteem. Take it and wear it with honor, sir, and may your future be as brilliant as your past."

Once, in his tours, Grant spent some days with a lawyer from Ohio whom he had known in the war, and who, for two years, had been working on a sluice mine with a pair of partners. The freedom and independence of the three men "living pure lives, in the midst of the purity, grandeur and sublimity of nature" was a thing Grant would talk about later on. He said that when he rode through the great mountains, he would quote to himself, "Only man is vile."

It disgusted him to see the low dens in every "diggings" where miners were robbed by "sharpers and cut-throats." Once he attended a miners' court and heard a stealer of gold dust sentenced to be hanged. After the trial he asked the judge why the penalty was so drastic,

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This group gathered at the saloon to settle their nerves after the killing of Red Lopez. Those identified are the author's father, extreme left, Marshall West Cates, white shirt and mustache and Sheriff John Bright, with white shirt and suspenders.

The DAY RED LOPEZ DIED

He traded his life for $500!

By DAN WOODS

Photo Courtesy Author

I SAW my first dead man when I was eight years old. It was in the fall of 1915.

My brothers and I were playing in a big sand wash about one-half mile from our house. We made our own toys in those days. Bottles were horses and we would fashion harness from string and hitch up the bottles to little home-made wagons. Tin cans became cows, and spools became dogs. We pulled our little wagons through the desert and were quite happy, for we knew no better. My brother, a couple of years my senior, was the head man on our play ranch. He made a small windmill out of a long stick and put a propeller on the end of it. We called it the "thing-a-bob" and it would run real fast in the wind.

We were playing as usual that day when we noticed a man coming toward us. Having lived all our lives away from many people, we were rather shy and as we spottted him, we both started drifting toward home, looking for a place to hide. He soon overtook us and we saw he was a Mexican although his hair and mustache were red and his complexion fair, what the Spanish-speaking people call *un güero.*

As he caught up with us, we noticed he had an overcoat on his arm and carried a .30-30 rifle. He spoke to us in broken English, asking if there was a chance of getting something to eat at our house. My brother answered him, *Yo penso*—"I think so." My brother and I had learned to speak a form of Spanish almost as quickly as we had learned English. In our little town of Casa Grande, in southern Arizona, many Mexican children were in our school.

As he started to our house, we stood and watched as two small boys will do. He was almost there when he suddenly turned and started walking rapidly away.

We didn't know why he changed his mind so quickly, but my father and several neighbors had been having target practice in the yard, and had gone in for coffee and left their rifles standing against the fence. There was so little entertainment back then, men used to gather and have target practice just for fun, but this stranger didn't like the looks of so many guns.

He hadn't gone more than a half-mile from our house when we saw men from town coming on horseback. They passed us and dismounted and began firing at the Mexican. He in turn got down in a little shallow wash in a mesquite thicket and started shooting back at them. The posse included the town marshal, Mr. West Cates. He and the others were standing right out in the open firing away and my brother and I went up and started gathering the shiny new cartridges as they threw them out of the rifles.

We looked down toward our house, and saw Mother frantically making signs for us to come home, but our excitement was too great. We had no thought of getting hurt. My brother said the men were shooting at one another; they wouldn't bother us.

THEN Papa and all the neighbors came up and Papa told us to stand back. About this time the Mexican quit shooting and the men thought that probably he was dead. They decided to send a volunteer to look him over for sure, but no one wanted to go, in case he might be just wounded.

Papa finally said he'd go around in back of him. The Mexican had been last seen in the mesquite thicket. Papa tried to send our bloodhound to flush him out, but old Lou, having been a prison dog, had been shot at from a thicket before, and all she'd do was circle around and bay. Papa said he felt like taking a shot at her.

There was nothing to do but for Papa to go in by himself—and sure enough, the fair-skinned Mexican was dead. There were just too many shooting at him, they couldn't help but kill him.

Papa soon came loping back and we all went to the thicket. He was my first dead man—and I can see him yet. As we were looking him over, the marshal told us his name was Red Lopez. An outlaw from Old Mexico, he had killed a lady and robbed her of $500.00 in cash. William A. "Dad" Tenney, hearing her screams, had rushed across the street to investigate—which cost him his life as the Mexican killed him also. Mr. Tenney, a Federal officer, also owned and operated the livery stable. He little suspected as he answered the cry for help that within an hour his body, the lady's body and the red Mexican would be lying together in death. Red Lopez was trying to get out of the country when a rancher spotted him and reported him to the marshal's office, Mr. Cates added.

At this point, the men became involved in an argument over who had killed the outlaw. To settle the argument they sent to town for Dr. Gungle to cut out the ball and prove who fired the shot.

Dr. Gungle and Carr McNatt arrived in a Model T Ford, the only one in our town. The doctor rolled Lopez over and started performing a crude sort of autopsy. He looked into his "paunch," as he called Lopez' stomach. Suddenly, the docter looked up and said, "He's full of leather!"

Mr. McNatt told him it wasn't leather but jerky. He must have passed a Mexican ranch where thin beef strips were drying in the sun, and eaten some on the run.

When they cut out the ball it belonged to Mr. Cates, the marshal. Papa said, when so many men were shooting, it always saved a lot of trouble by just saying "the marshal killed him."

Red Lopez was wrapped up in a canvas tarp, and two men with a flat wagon took him to the graveyard. The next night I was staying with one of my little friends in town. His father and a neighbor told us to come with them for a little ride. We drove up to the graveyard after dark in a buggy and tied the horse up. We asked what they were going to do.

My friend's father said, "Never mind, just you boys stay here in the buggy, and if anyone comes, just whistle real loud. We'll be back soon; just wait for us."

After they left us, it was awful quiet. We got so lonesome we followed them. When we got near, we saw by their lantern they had got a grave open. They had reached down with ice tongs and pulled up someone and were going through his clothes.

Then we heard one say, "They beat us to it, he ain't got a dime on him!" The men dropped him back, smoothed up the mound, and drove a little board back into the soft dirt. Printed on it politely was "Red Lopez."

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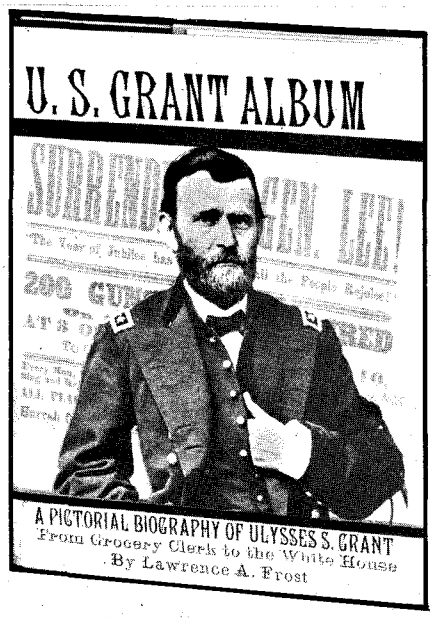

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Capt. Sam Grant

(Continued from page 44)

and was answered, "Here our property is acquired at great sacrifice. It had been purloined; we have no jails or prisons . . . no constitutional court within a hundred miles." If the guilty man were let off with whipping, he probably would kill the judge and witnesses in revenge.

The incident that impressed him most during those solitary trips into the mountains concerned a miner who, after sharing his hard, scanty fare with the visitor, grew confidential and took out a packet of letters that had been accumulating since 1849. The miner felt sad and wanted to talk to someone about them. They were from his sweetheart back in New York, pleading with him to return and marry her. The miner said he had been answering that he would come back as soon as he found gold, but whenever he got it, he would somehow lose it. Now he had several thousand dollars worth of dust in his poke, but he was afraid to face her. He knew he had, in four years, lost refinement, forgotten how to dress and talk, while she had grown more genteel. He shrank from having her and her family see him.

Breaking into tears he asked Grant what to do. The two men, each without his woman, talked by the campfire that threw shadows on the mountain. Grant advised him to turn his dust into cash, wash up, buy new clothes and go back. "All the rough corners in speech and manners would soon disappear; and in fact they would not in the least prejudice the true woman." The miner promised he would take the next steamer, but a few days later Grant met him on the streets of San Francisco "in utter despair" because he had lost the money in a gambling parlor. Two days later, Grant heard that the poor fellow's body had been fished from the bay, the coroner guessing suicide.

FOND as he was of card games, Grant could not bring himself to take the long chances which gold mining itself demanded. That his trips, from the fort to San Francisco, might have been "sprees" was later hinted by Mrs. Tripler, who said that "Grant was in my husband's care and Dr. Tripler was entirely frank and open in dealing with his case." She was more guarded in speaking of Grant than of Hooker, whom her husband knew at the same time, and who "was a gambler and drunkard."

Another woman, Mrs. Emma Davis, whose husband was superintendent of a sawmill at Humboldt, recalled in after years seeing Captain Grant tumble tipsily off a boardwalk that ran along the waterfront above the tidelands. Arriving from Canada, she was more afraid of the soldiers than of the Indians.

With the springtime of 1854, all the forces were crowding Grant out of the Army—crowding toward crisis. His money, beyond that which he had sent home, was spent, lost or badly loaned. He could never support his family in California on his pay, and his experiments had convinced him that he could make nothing extra in sideline endeavors here where everything was at the mercy of chance or speculation. It would soon be two years since he had seen Julia and Freddy. He hungered to see Ulyssess Grant, Junior. Hopelessness and loneliness combined were too much. Eighteen of the men he had known at West Point had quit the uniform in the past year and a half, and twelve more were preparing to follow within the next seventeen months.

Sam Grant's letters to Julia were now increasingly gloomy and filled with foreboding and with concern and poignant yearnings for his wife and children, one of whom he had never seen. "Write me a great deal about our little boys. Tell me all their pranks. I suppose Ulys. speaks a great many words distinctly. Kiss both of them for me."

In February he gave unusual vent to his loneliness. "You do not know how forsaken I feel here," he wrote to Julia. "The place is good enough but I have interests at others which I cannot help thinking about day and night; then too it is a long time since I made application for orders to go to Washington to settle my accounts but not a word in reply do I get. Then I feel again as if I had been separated from you and Fred long enough and as to Ulys I have never seen him. He must by this time be talking about as Fred did when I saw him last. How very much I want to see all of you. I have made up my mind what Ulys looks like and I am anxious to see if my presentiment is correct. Does he advance rapidly? Tell me a great deal about him and Fred and Fred's pranks with his Grandpa."

On April 11, he acted. Why it should have been that particular day, he never, in later years, revealed. Perhaps it was the arrival in the mail from San Francisco of his commission as Captain. The paper had no bearing upon his rank, which had been established by the War Department seven months before. It frequently took that long for commissions to be sent by the President to the Senate and for the Senate to pass them in routine form and return them to the War Department. Perhaps the sight of his commission, symbol of the profession he had never liked and now wished to escape, made up his mind for him. No one outside his family ever learned what was in his mind that day. All that was known was that on April 11 he wrote two letters to Colonel S. Cooper, Adjutant General, U.S.A., Washington,—one reading:

"Col., I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my commission as Captain in the 4th Infantry and my acceptance of the same. I am, Col. Very Respectfully, Yr. Obt. Svt. U. S. Grant, Captain 4th Inf."

And the other:

"Col., I very respectfully tender my resignation of my commission as an officer of the Army, and request that it may take effect from the 31st of July next. I am, Col. Very Respectfully Yr. Obt. Svt. U. S. Grant, Capt., 4th Inf."

HIS FRIENDS, hurrying when they heard the news to discover why he had resigned, failed to see any significance in the arrival of the commission on the day of decision. They gathered a wholly different explanation of Grant's move—he had been forced out by his commanding officer, Buchanan—forced out because of his drinking! Henry Hodges, collecting stories from the other officers at Fort Humboldt, summed them up in a letter:

"It seems that one day while his company was being paid off, Captain Grant was at the pay table, slightly under the influence of liquor. This came to the knowledge of Colonel Buchanan; he gave Grant his option of resigning or having charges preferred against him. Grant

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resigned at once. In my opinion the regiment always thought Col. Buchanan was unnecessarily harsh and severe. . . . He knew that Grant was liked and highly respected in the regiment and it seemed as though he might have overlooked this first small offense at his (Buchanan's) post."

A contractor selling beer to Fort Humboldt—a brother-in-law of Ryan, the sawmill proprietor—said in later years that as he got the story, Old Buch had been angered at seeing Grant tipsy at the paymaster's table and had told his Adjutant, Lewis C. Hunt, "Mr. Hunt, I see that Captain Grant has been drinking again; place him in arrest."

Grant had been lying down when Hunt came in, and had asked, "Well, is Old Buch going to let up on me?"

When Hunt told him that Buch was "going to push it," Grant said that "he had decided to resign and go to farming."

Lieutenant Haller, who was with the regiment on the Coast, said that Buchanan, after arresting the Captain, showed leniency because of "Grant's very creditable services in Mexico" and, in the hope of reforming him, offered to withdraw the charge on certain conditions. Grant was to promise not "to offend again." He was to write out his resignation, "omitting the date," and Buchanan would hold it "and if Grant forgot his pledge . . . it was an explicit understanding" that the resignation would be dated and forwarded to the War Department and thus "save Grant the odium of being cashiered by a general court martial." Haller's understanding was that Grant did offend again and that Buchanan had, therefore, sent in the resignation.

When Hodges heard for the first time, years later, the statement that Grant had given Buchanan the teetotaler's vow, he doubted it. "I never heard that Grant gave a pledge to Old Buch at all—indeed I always understood one of the chief grievances again Old Buch was that he, Buch, would not give him another chance, and that he demanded his resignation or stand on charges already prepared."

Rufe Ingalls, who was not only closer to Grant than any of the other officers, but far more distinguished by capacity, summed it up in later years:

"Grant, finding himself in dreary surroundings, without his family and with but little to occupy his attention, fell into dissipated habits, and was found one day too much under the influence of liquor to properly perform his duties. For this offense Colonel Buchanan demanded that he should resign, or stand trial. Grant's friends at the time urged him to stand trial, and were confident of his acquittal; but, actuated by a noble spirit, he said he would not for all the world have his wife know that he had been tried on such a charge. He therefore resigned his commission and returned to civil life."

With both Buchanan and Grant remaining silent on what had passed between them, it was wondered if Old Buch could have seized upon the arrival of Grant's commission for a lesson in discipline, or as a dramatic reason for forcing his resignation.

A few things in the case were certain: Buchanan had accepted the resignation. No reason for it was recorded. No mention of any arrest was on the books. Grant was leaving soon for the East. Buchanan gave him a leave of sixty days, to date from May 9, and Grant followed it with a formal request to Division Headquarters, not only for this leave, but for permission to apply for a four months' extension when he should be at New York.

If for any reason his resignation was not accepted by the War Department, or should be delayed, he would thus have time to see his family.

Captain U. S. Grant was relieved of his command on May 1. The next day he wrote what was probably his last letter from Fort Humboldt. It contained nine sentences. Its brevity was perhaps accounted for by the rush of last-minute preparations to leave. The reference to the "leave of absence" was perhaps an irony which only Sam Grant fully understood.

"Dear Wife: I do not propose writing you but a few lines. I have not yet received a letter from you and as I have a 'leave of absence' and will be away from here in a few days do not expect to. After receiving this you may discontinue writing because before I could get a reply I shall be on my way home. You might write directing to the City of New York.

"It will require my presence in California for some four to six weeks to make all my arrangements, public & private, before starting. I may have to go to Oregon before leaving: I will not go however unless I get an order to cover my transportation. On my way I shall spend a week or ten days with John Dent.

"My love to all at home. Kiss our little boys for their Pa. Love to you dear Julia. Your affectionate husbd.—Ulys."

He put in shape all the vouchers for his years as a regimental quartermaster—vouchers running back through the Mexican War—accounting for the stores and for $2,906.47 that had been in the subsistence fund when he had left Fort Vancouver. Dispatching these papers in a trunk by steamer to the proper authorities, he wound up his personal affairs, told his friends at the Fort and at Eureka goodbye and, on May 6, took a ship for San Francisco, saying, according to a legend, "Whoever hears of me in ten years, will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer."

Ahead of him his "Respectfully tendered" resignation was passing from office to office, acquiring signatures. Already it bore upon its back:

Respectfully forwarded with the recommendation that it be accepted.
Bvt. Col. Robert C. Buchanan
April 11, 1854
Approved and respectfully forwarded,
Major General John E. Wool,
Hd. Qrs. Dept. of the Pacific,
April 22, 1854

It was speeding East.

"Respectfully forwarded by the command of General Scott, May 26, 1854" would be inscribed upon it by Assistant Adjutant General Irwin McDowell at the Army Headquarters in New York.

"Respectfully recommended that Captain Grant's resignation be accepted" would be written upon it May 30, by Adjutant General Samuel Cooper in Washington, followed by notice from the ordnance, pay and auditing officers to the effect that they had no charges against Captain Grant. Only his subsistence accounts were missing, and by custom they would arrive later.

And with that the "respectfullys" would stop, for the paper had come to the end of its travels, and on June 2 it would receive the last endorsement—

"Accepted as tendered.
Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War"

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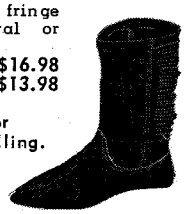

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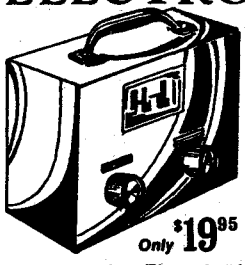

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SOCIAL HISTORY PLUS

Brass Checks and Red Lights (Fred M. Mazzulla, 950 Western Federal Savings Building, Denver, Colorado 80202, $3.00 in wraps, $5.00 in cloth) is just what the authors-publishers, Fred and Jo Mazzulla, claim for it—a pictorial potpourri of prostitutes, parlor houses, professors, procuresses and pimps. There are well over a hundred illustrations. South Pass Pete (Malcolm Deeker, author, but better known in the West as Peter Deeker, Americana dealer of N.Y. City) contributes a gem of an essay on *Brass Checks* but for the most part the pictures tell the story—the text is brief and entertaining. Most of the houses and the girls pictured operated in Denver—Jennie Rogers, Mattie Silk, Anna "Gouldie" Gould, Belle Birnard and Laura Evans, but other Colorado towns had "places." In addition to the photos, the series of four Charles M. Russell water colors beginning with "Just a Little Sunshine" are reproduced in color. And for the dedicated Brass Checks, Red Light or Russell buffs there is a deluxe edition, limited to 150 copies, bound in cowhide with a brass check embedded in the cover at $20.00.

HISTORY AS YOU LIKE IT

Montana in Miniature (Van Kirke Nelson, M. D., Buffalo Block, Kalispell, Montana, $18.50) by Philip G. Cole, and illustrated by Olaf C. Seltzer was edited by Dr. Nelson and Cato K. Butler. The series of miniature watercolors which are the primary basis for this book were painted on order for Dr. Philip Cole, a former Montanan who became a wealthy New Yorker. Dr. Cole wrote the descriptive text that accompanies the illustrations and was one of the first serious collectors of western art. After his death, his collection passed to the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art of Tulsa, Oklahoma, through whose courtesy the text and most of the illustrations were made available to the publisher. The result is a handsome book and 106 full-page illustrations, 16 of them in color, give an excellent cross-section of the work of this artist. We feel that many critics may not subscribe to the claim of our old friend, Mike Kennedy, in the section "O. C. Seltzer, Meticulous Master of Western Art" that Seltzer was in the same class with Borein, Alfred Jacob Miller, Remington, Russell, or Schreyvogel, but there is little question that his popularity is increasing and those who collect his work will welcome this book. So will the Custer buffs for the seven illustrations (one in color) of the Big Horn affair though we doubt that they will agree with some of Dr. Cole's text on that battle. The range livestock industry, mining, freighting and just about every phase of life in Montana are covered by both illustrations and text. The reproductions of the three Seltzers from the collection of Dr. and Mrs. Nelson enhance the book.

CALIFORNIA PIONEER

California Caravan (Harlan-Young Press, $5.00) by Margaret M. Hecox with an introduction by Richard H. Dillon is the account of the Hecox family crossing the plains in 1846. This intimate story tells of overtaking a large poverty-stricken Mormon train, Indian scares, and hardships along the tortuous route. Later, the gold fever, battle at Santa Cruz, deaths at Mission Santa Clara, and the author's home in Santa Cruz are described. Margaret M. Hecox related her story nearly half a century after the western trek, but the manuscript has not been previously published. Richard H. Dillon gives interesting background and comment in his introduction. He also states that Hecox was a California pioneer of some significance. Dillon is head of the Sutro Library in San Francisco and has won awards for his *Embarcadero* in 1960 and *Meriwether Lewis* in 1966.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Ancient Hunters of the Far West (The Union Tribune Publishing Co., $9.50) by Malcolm J. Rogers and with contributions by H. M. Worthington, E. L. Davis, and Clark W. Brott is a scholarly and most interesting summary of what is known about the ancient Dan Dieguito People. Present evidence indicates that the aboriginal culture of the San Dieguito began in the Southwest at least 10,000 years ago. The book is a striking presentation of the results of Rogers' intensive studies including artifacts, maps, charts, photographs of sites, and an extensive bibliography. The color photographs of ancient trails, gravel pictographs, fire circles or sleeping circle are striking. The author's analysis includes comparisons of the studies of Ventana Cave, Gypsum Cave, Pinto Basin, Lake Mojave, Borax Lake, Newberry Cave, the Harris Site, Topanga. Oak Grove, Danger Cave, and others. Dr. Emma Lou Davis of the University of California compiled the latest information and techniques for dating Ancient Man and compares the historical hunting-and-gathering-cultures of the Far West. Dr. H. M. Worthington of the Denver Museum of Natural History relates the findings on early men in the Far West to the rest of the country. Richard F. Pourade describes the Indians of the Southwest as the first white men saw them. This book is sponsored by James S. Copley, Chairman of the Corporation of the Copley Press Inc., and produced in cooperation with the San Diego Museum of Arts. This is a magnificent book.

Sister M. Inez Hilger, research associate in the Smithsonian Institution and special lecturer in the College of St. Benedict, St. Joseph, Minnesota lived for months among the Araucanian Indians in the Andes Mountains of Chile. Here she came across an old man, reared and trained by the unconquered aboriginal Araucanians. But

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Heunun Namku, though proud of his background, realized the value of preserving the history of his rapidly disappearing people. *Huenun Namku* (The University of Oklahoma Press, $3.95) by M. Inez Hilger with Margaret A. Mondloch presents the story of the Araucanian Indians as told to the author by the old man. The book contains much material of a biographical nature yet the details of Araucanian life and customs will be of the most value to students. This book is Volume 84 in The Civilization of the American Indian Series.

CLASSIC REPRINTS

Up and Down California, The Journal of William H. Brewer (University of California Press, $10.00) edited by Francis P. Farquhar, is now available in a third edition. Brewer's journal has been considered a classic source of authentic early natural resource information. The first printing was in 1930 by the Yale University Press. In 1949 popular demand encouraged the University of California to adopt and reprint the book. The third edition, like the first and second, is identical in text, and only a few footnotes have been added. Brewer's accuracy of observation and his honesty and clarity in recording what he saw has been verified in later and more sophisticated studies than the original California Geological Survey in which he participated. Mountain climbers, nature students and lovers, as well as professional conservationists will continue to rely on this book. Brewer's record of how much of the State looked in 1860-1864 will become even more valuable as the inevitable pressure of land and resources grows.

Two Thousand Miles on Horseback, Santa Fe and Back (Horn & Wallace, $6.00) is a very nice reprint of James F. Meline's account of his round trip from Leavenworth, Kansas to New Mexico in 1866. Colonel Meline does not reveal the purpose of his trip or the names of his companions (a detachment of soldiers?) except he does say that his guide was "Wild Bill" (Hickok?). The Colonel took a far north route to Santa Fe—via Fort Kearney, Nebraska, Julesberg, Denver, Colorado Springs and Raton but took the Cimarron cut-off from the Santa Fe Trail on his return trip. He spent three weeks in the Santa Fe-Albuquerque country, attended a *baile* at Mora, visited Kit Carson and wrote about everything he saw and most of the people he met. The Colonel was a keen observer and he comments on the terrain, the plants, the animals, the food and manners, customs and legends of the areas he visited. President Thomas C. Donnelly of New Mexico Highlands University wrote the foreword for this attractive reprint.

SUPERSTITION!

Mirrors, Mice, & Mustaches (Southern Methodist University Press, $3.00) by George D. Hendricks is a sampling of superstitious and popular beliefs in Texas. It is Paisano Book Number One of the Texas Folklore Society. This intriguing book is a catalog of over 500 examples of superstitious beliefs. The items are arranged in alphabetical order by major subjects and run from Adder: "If you hang an adder's skin in the rafters, your house will never catch fire." to Yam: "To grow a yam in your house is bad luck." The name and address of each person who submitted the superstition is included in addition to an index.

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A $40,000 Dinner

(Continued from page 17)

Grande, side of the Divide, and the Pine, Flint Fork, and other tributaries of the San Juan are on the south side. The trail from the Pine follows up El Rincon La Osa, a beautiful alpine basin, crosses the ridge to Flint Fork, and then turns north across the Continental Divide and down past Ute Lake, a famous "fishing hole," right at timberline on a little tributary of Middle Ute Creek.

From Ute Lake the trail winds down about a half mile through a band of fine spruce timber to the head of a long, open little mountain valley. About fifty yards west from the point where the trail came out into this park was an excellent camping place at the base of a big, dead spruce tree. That tree was a big one. It must have been three and a half to four feet in diameter and over a hundred feet tall. It had been there a long time.

The tree stood on a bit of high ground right by the riverlet, and there was not an artificial mark on it; at its north base was a big, almost flat, rock that resembled the upper half of a giant hot-dog bun, laid out there, partially buried in the ground, to serve as a natural dining table. How such an odd-looking rock, one so unusual in that locality, ever got in such position I never stopped to figure. There was not another rock like it anywhere near about.

On this particular August day I was on my way through the Ute Creek area to meet the supply truck at the upper end of the Farmers' Union Reservoir on the Rio Grande. I had instructed one of our campmen on El Rincon La Osa to bring his pack burros and meet me the following morning at the reservoir to pick up his supplies. He would follow the same trail I traveled.

Following my usual custom, I camped for my noon meal at the base of this big spruce tree in the head of that little valley. I cooked my hellfired stew on a small campfire near that flat rock, and used the stone for a table to eat my dinner on. I thought nothing of the incident. I had done the same thing many times before.

THAT SUMMER a party of three men was hunting treasure in the Ute Creek area. These fellows were in the "serious" classification. They were really different from any other group we had seen that year. All the sheepherders were interested in their movements and kept a pretty close collective tab on them. These same men had spent a part of the previous summer exploring around in the same area. Their return engagement in 1937 was, to say the least, very intriguing and aroused intense curiosity. They had been in the district since mid-July.

Ostensibly they were fishermen. They always set their camp in the edge of the timber along the open valleys of West Ute Creek or of the Middle Ute, and they always carried their fishing gear very plainly in sight whenever they left camp, but no one ever saw them cast a line into any of the streams. Instead, they would hide their tackle behind a tree or in a convenient clump of brush in the edge of the timber some distance away from their camp and would then begin to hunt for signs and markings on trees or rocks all along the little gullies on the mountainsides.

They would retrieve their tackle on their return trip to their camp, so they were always carrying fishing gear when they were out in the open and likely to be seen. In their searching they would go as high as timberline but never scouted that point. Whatever they were hunting was evidently in the timber.

These fellows were not men of mystery. They were human, even as you and I. They were Americans, men of middle age and not uncivil in their conduct. They passed the time of day pleasantly with any of us fellows they met; they were merely unsociable, and skillfully avoided meeting other fellows most of the time. They tended to their own business and didn't intend to let anyone else attend to it for them. They enforced that provision with a Winchester on one of my campmen one morning.

I saw these men along the trail at the edge of the timber pretty well down on Middle Ute Creek about mid-afternoon after I had eaten my dinner at the base of the dead spruce tree. They passed the time of day pleasantly enough with me but gave no indication that they wanted any further conversation. They went their way and I went mine.

Early the next morning my campman, Pedro Abeyta, from our camp on Rincon La Oso, came down the same trail with his burros from Ute Lake that I had followed the day before, but at the head of the little, open valley he encountered a different greeting than I had. As he emerged with his burros from the timber into the opening, he was greeted by a man with a Winchester who gruffly told Abeyta to "stay on the trail and keep riding."

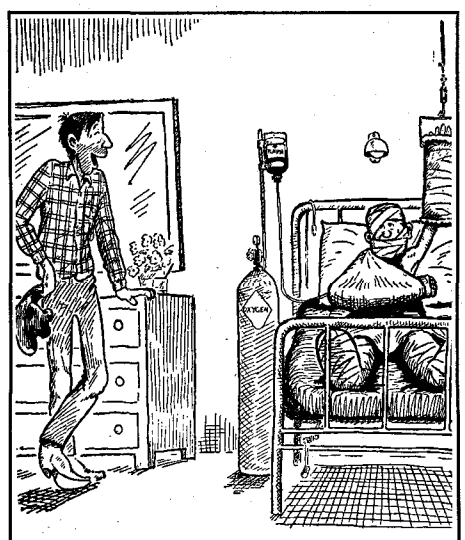
To say that Abeyta was startled by such a sudden and unusual encounter in those peaceful mountains would be a gross understatement. He was downright scared. Of course he kept riding but he also had a good look while he was going by.

What he saw made news—at least it made news in sheepherder circles. Over at the base of the big, dead spruce tree the men had lifted up that flat rock and had turned it completely over and were busily engaged in taking material—fragments of rawhide pack bags and gold ore—*out of a cavity under that rock!* The very same rock I had eaten my dinner on the previous day, and on which I had nonchalantly sat and smoked a cigarette after finishing my meal.

Abeyta, of course, hurried down to the reservoir to report to me what had happened. And I hurried as much as I could to get my tasks attended to there and get back up on Ute Creek to see for myself. Abeyta was the last man in to the supply truck, so we loaded his burros as fast as we could and took out back up the trail. It was all uphill, and loaded burros travel slow, but it seemed to me the burros traveled extra slow that day.

It was late in the afternoon by the time we got up there. By that time the treasure hunters had gathered their plunder and had departed, but the treasure "vault" remained, as well as the dried fragments of some old rawhide pack bags such as were used by the Spaniards a century and more ago. I found one tiny specimen of the ore in the pit—a small piece which the treasure hunters had dropped as they were getting the ore out of the hole and resacking it. I still have that bit of ore. It is almost half gold—a tangible memento of my $40,000 dinner. And all the time I had been watching for a favorable place for a cache!

Epilogue: Later on I found out from an old miner friend of mine who was in a position to know, that the treasure hunters recovered six sacks of gold ore from that little cache under my dining table, and got $40,000 in cash for it.



"Reckon I oughta told you that ole hoss might pitch."

High-Climbers and Bull Cooks

(Continued from page 31)

to forget it for the time being and top a new tree. The wind was blowing some, and it was fortunate there was a good strong tree nearby. Well, Pete cleaned it, put in new blocks and we were on our way. Pete grabbed the small line and for some reason this straw line grabbed him. There you were. It was the first time I ever saw anything like this. The pull-up rope plus the cable really tangled him. Pete got confused, as he had had no trouble before and couldn't imagine it. Gus came by, cussing as usual. He wanted a volunteer to go up and help Pete out of his mess.

Someone said, "You're the superintendent, why don't you go up and do it?" Gus didn't answer. It seemed that everyone had run out of guts. The wind was coming up pretty hard now and the tree was really weaving.

All at once Charlie walked up and Gus said, "What the hell are you fiddling around here for? Now get out."

Soberly Charlie replied, "I'm going up and get Pete."

"You wanna get killed? You don't know anything about high climbin'," The superintendent's scorn was evident.

Charlie up and hit Gus a good one, put on a safety belt and some cutting shears, and started up the tree. Everybody gasped and stood there—mouths open and wide-eyed—and scared to death, but thinking they had really picked the right show this time—someone was sure to fall. As Charlie slowly ascended the tree, they all stood watching and waiting.

But Charlie fooled all of us; he brought Pete down all right, and then he told Gus, "You didn't know it, but I used to be head climber at Port Nanaimo up in British Columbia. I got scared once and quit on a high wind—decided to take a safer job—but I had to go again for a fine fellow. Somebody had to get that man down."

Charlie quit camp right after that and I never knew what happened to him. The last time I heard of Gus he was running the card games in a pool hall. I asked him why he didn't go back into the logging business. "I have fewer headaches here," he said "and make more money than I ever did."

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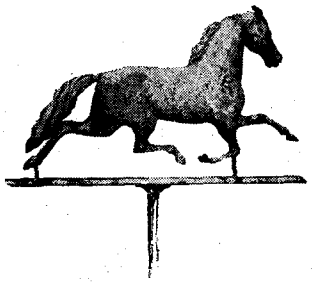

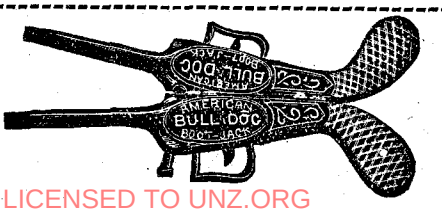

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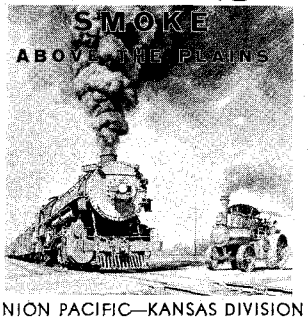

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Who Were the Last Men Hennessey Saw?

(Continued from page 35)

Springs, a stopping place along the trail, he heard talk that Indians were on the warpath. He had one of the station men ride with him as a bodyguard. They heard the sound of gunfire and topping a hill, witnessed the short fight but were too far away to identify the attackers.

Another person to supposedly see the fight was Hamp Meredith, a stage line employee. He could tell no more about the attackers, however, than Matterson.

Some years later, a Mr. Williamson of the Contonment line was at Fort Reno one day when one of his drivers became ill. Williamson continued the run himself. At Relay Creek he picked up an Indian, one of Powder Face's band. The Indian was crippled in one hip. When Williamson asked how he got his wound the Indian said he had been shot in an attack on a wagontrain a few years back.

Mrs. Annette Blackburn Ehler, who was responsible for the memorial erected to Patrick Hennessey, interviewed Mr. William E. Malaley before his death on January 14, 1919, and from him obtained the following information:

Hennessey was lying on the east side of the Chisholm Trail, covered by smoldering grain. Ashes of the wagon were about him; its iron tires alone were left. Attached to these tires were chain traces. The position of the burning body gave evidence that the man, while still alive, had been tied to the two back wheels of the wagon with his head to the southwest and his feet to the northeast, by the chain traces of his own wagon. He had then been covered with sacks of grain and the whole outfit set on fire.

Mrs. Ehler said, "Mr. Malaley was most emphatic in his final statement when he said, 'No Indian ever killed Pat Hennessey'."

It was a known fact that at the time of the attack a large group of outlaws were hiding in the general area. At any rate Hennessey's death seems to have brought to an end further Indian trouble in the Territory. Hennessey, Oklahoma, was named for the well-liked Irishman.

The following is taken from *The Indians' Last Fight or The Dull Knife Raid* by Dennis Collins, Press of The Appeal to Reason, Girard, Kansas, 1915. We have included it for interest, not for clarification of facts.

EVERYTHING moved along smoothly with but little trouble from the Indians until the year 1874, when the spirit of unrest seized them again and extended to all the Indians over the western plains. Some had one grievance and some had another. They began making medicine, which to a man acquainted with the Indians meant trouble sooner or later.

At that time, supplies to Anadarko, Ft. Reno, and the Darlington Agency were freighted from Wichita, Kansas, and distributed to the different bands at these places. As there were no railroads in this country, it gave employment to hundreds of men and teams on the trails to enable them to keep up the supplies. The freighting business was a great boon to the early settlers of Kansas as the grasshoppers had destroyed everything in the form of vegetation and the settlers who had teams went to Wichita and engaged in freighting for the government.

Even the white folks at this time were reduced to a great state of privation and had to depend on the bounty of the outside world. The more fortunate in the older states responded to their appeal and tided them over their distress until prosperity placed them beyond the reach of want.

About this time small bands of discontented Cheyennes began prowling around over the country and occasionally went beyond the limit allowed them by the Agent, and they returned to draw their rations with the other Indians at the Agency. They continued to do this for some time and finally began to make depredations on stock or anything else that came within their reach. The Agent, prone to avoid trouble with them, treated them leniently, but the more leniency he showed, the bolder they became until a small band under the leadership of Tall Meat, a petty chief, went north as far as Buffalo Springs on the south line of the Cherokee Strip.

There they could see the freight wagons in the distance laden with government supplies heading for Anadarko, and came to the immediate decision of raiding the train. They withdrew into a canyon on the side of the trail so as to be out of sight when the train arrived. They intended to murder the teamsters and plunder their goods of whatever they wanted and then make their escape.

A man named Patrick Hennessey was driving the lead wagon of one of the trains. He was trudging along on foot beside his team without the slightest suspicion of any danger. As soon as he had passed where they were hiding they shot him in the back. When the shooting took place the team stampeded and dragged Hennessey in his dying condition along the ground. The wagon upset and a bag of grain fell across Hennessey's lower limbs and there he lay dead.

In the meantime the drivers of the other wagons, together with a passenger who was working his way down the country, abandoned their teams and wagons and fled. Next day the Indian Agent with an escort happened to pass that way and discovered the work of destruction of the day previous. They found the remnants of the wagon which had been set on fire. Some of the oats which comprised part of the load were still burning, and the sack that had fallen across poor Hennessey's limbs had charred his legs to a crisp. The agent, John D. Miles, and his escort, Billy Mulally (sic) dug a kind of temporary grave to protect the remains from the coyotes and the buzzards and marked the place with a few rocks.

Every freighter that passed that way felt it his duty to see that the grave was kept in as good condition as circumstances would permit. The resting place of Pat Hennessey became a landmark for all travelers in that section until the Rock Island Railroad was built, when the remains were removed to their present place of rest. The city of Hennessey, one of the most prosperous little cities in the state is named in his honor. I have since been told that the women of Hennessey have erected a monument with suitable inscription at his grave. The other teamsters who fled when the first shot was fired were overtaken and killed at some distance from where Hennessey fell.

THIS LITTLE BAND of highwaymen could not expect to be allowed to pursue their murderous way with impunity. They had no following, as such acts would be condemned by the best Indians of their tribe, and they were surrounded by forts—Supply on the north, Elliot on the west, Sill on the south, and Reno at home. A small band of white men might

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escape under such conditions, as it would be possible for them to avoid detection, but not for Indians of the kind, as their approach would be a signal to begin shooting.

It was a very short time until they were captured and brought into the Agency. Several others were rounded up at the same time. Then an official investigation was made and after a great deal of red tape ceremonies and other preliminaries, it was thought best for the interests of the Indians, as well as for the safety of the white settlers, to transport them to the Dry Tortugas.

I have never visited that locality, but from what I have learned from persons who did, it was not a very desirable place to locate a people who might expect any great degree of personal comfort. I had been told by a man who spent some time there, that if the government sent those folks there to confine and punish them, it had struck the exact spot where everything had a tendency to add to human misery, and he believed it was located so close to the region of the lost that he could hear old Cerberus barking across the dead line.

When the Indians were removed, in a short time everything dropped back into peaceful channels and ran along in a comparatively smooth fashion until Chief Dull Knife became uneasy and wanted to return to the Black Hill country.

Since writing the above I have had occasion to visit one of the public schools of El Reno, where I found a history of Oklahoma written by Joseph B. Thoburn, former secretary of agriculture, and Isaac M. Holcomb, former superintendent of Oklahoma City schools. On page 133 I found a brief history of the tragic death of Pat Hennessey on July 3rd, 1874, and what a brave defense he made against such odds and when captured was bound to a wagon wheel and burned alive.

Also, there was a footnote stating that it was reported and generally believed that it was the deed of white men disguised as Indians, in order to have it charged up to the Indians. Such was not the case and the above statement is misleading and incorrect, and for the benefit of the school children of the State of Oklahoma, as well as in justice to the Indian, I shall set down the correct statement of the case.

My authority for my version of the affair are the following gentlemen: John Murphy of El Reno and H. A. Todd of Calumet, brother-in-law of Billy Mulally who assisted John D. Miles, Indian agent at Darlington, to bury Pat Hennessey, while on their way to Wichita, Kansas. Billy Mullaly is still living at Calumet and can be consulted in regard to the matter. Their version of the affair is as follows:

Patrick Hennessey in the lead of a wagontrain was going from Wichita, Kansas, to Anadarko, I. T., loaded with grain and other supplies for the government. He had been warned at Buffalo Springs ranch, kept by a man named Mosher, that the Cheyenne Indians were on the warpath, and was advised to go no farther. He persisted in going and in like manner did the two other teams of the train. With them was a passenger who was working his way with them.

When not far from where Hennessey, Oklahoma, is now located, a band of Cheyenne Indians, under the leadership of Bear Shield and Tall Meat, came out of a draw and shot Hennessey in the back. The commotion caused by them stampeded the mules Hennessey was driving.

He, in his dying condition, hung on to the lines and was dragged along the

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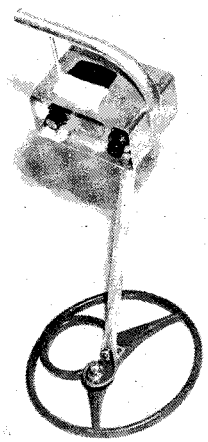

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ground, as he had been walking alongside the wagon. Presently the wagon upset and a sack of oats fell across Hennessey's prostrate form and pinned him to the ground. He was dead.

The other drivers with their passenger leaped from their wagons and ran northeast in the direction of Skeleton Creek where they were followed by the Cheyennes and killed, and were afterwards buried by the cowboys and Mosher. This accounts for their not being buried with Hennessey.

The burning of Hennessey cannot be attributed to the Cheyennes as the Osages happened along about this time and the Cheyennes fled. The Osages, after plundering the wagons of all they wanted, set fire to what they could not carry away. The following afternoon, John D. Miles, Indian Agent at Darlington, accompanied by Billy Mulally, a cowman on his way to Kansas, came across the wreckage. The grain was still burning and Pat Hennessey's body lay partly under a sack of grain which was still smouldering, and not tied to the wagon wheel as the history has it. From there they removed him and buried him in a temporary grave.

From this resting place he was afterwards removed to what is now called Hennessey, Oklahoma, where there stands a splendid monument erected to his memory by the women of Oklahoma.

This correction is only one of many that might be made in our present-day history which pretends to set forth a correct idea of the early days of our state. For any further reference to such matters, living witnesses are at hand to give a correct version of many erroneous statements that have crept into our textbooks and other writings.

The Story Maude Adams Never Told

(Continued from page 34)

tute. At school Maude's nickname was "Kiss."

When she was fourteen, Maude informed her mother that she had learned all she could from books and her education would never be complete until she returned to the stage. Annie returned to San Francisco with Maude, more determined than ever to foster and promote her daughter's ambition.

Together they toured the Pacific Northwest under the management of John Maguire, a cousin of Thomas Maguire who had made western theatrical history as proprietor of theaters in San Francisco and Virginia City, Nevada. The company included B. J. Murphy and his wife, Belle Douglas, who like Annie Adams, was a graduate of the Salt Lake Stock Company. Maude called Mrs. Murphy "Auntie Belle."

Murphy became one of the most prosperous actors on the American stage and years later, when Maude Adams was famous and wealthy in her own right, she purchased a Long Island estate from the Murphys.

On their return to San Francisco, both Annie Adams and her daughter obtained engagements at the Baldwin. Belasco remembered the Maude Adams of those days as "a spindle-legged little girl, with a funny little pigtail and one of the quaintest faces you ever saw."

Even in childhood, Belasco said, the Adams girl had magnetism to spare.

Years later Belasco wrote that he never saw Maude Adams on the stage without a picture rising before him of her patient, hard-working, self-sacrificing mother.

MAUDE was only fifteen when her first big break came. Duncan B. Harrison had taken a play called "The Paymaster" to the West Coast with Agnes Robertson (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) as the star. During the San Francisco run, Miss Robertson was summoned back East. Harrison engaged Annie Adams to fill the suddenly vacated role. There also was a part for Maude.

When the company reached New York, Charles Frohman, just getting a foothold as a New York producer, saw the play and offered Maude a leading part in a play he was then casting. Thus began the professional association that lasted until Frohman's untimely death in 1915.

Maude was not quite twenty when Frohman engaged her as John Drew's leading lady in "The Masked Ball." She turned in such a dazzling performance that she remained Drew's leading lady for five years. Drew, uncle of Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore and an outstanding member of the Drew-Barrymore clan, was at that period one of America's top boxoffice attractions. Triumph followed triumph for Maude Adams—"The Butterflies," "The Bauble Shop," "That Imprudent Young Couple" (which not only advanced Miss Adams' career but served to introduce to New York audiences Drew's young niece, Ethel Barrymore).

Louis N. Parker's "Rosemary" was the play which brought together Miss Adams and the man who, next to Frohman, did most to keep her fame alive and glowing for more than a generation.

In "Rosemary" Miss Adams played the part of Dorothy Cruikshank, a character of appealing sweetness. About that time, James M. Barrie visited the United States for the first time. He met Frohman and Frohman's rising young star.

This was the first meeting of the trio which was to give the world "Peter Pan," one of the strangest theatrical phenomena of all time.

Barrie's book, *The Little Minister*, had been a huge success on both sides of the Atlantic. He had not expected this, so had not copyrighted the book in the United States. Play pirates seized upon it. Frohman, after seeing a performance of Barrie's play, "The Professor's Love Story," asked the genial Scot to make a play of *The Little Minister*. Barrie at first demurred. Finally he consented to adapt the novel if he could find someone to play Lady Babbie. After meeting Maude Adams, he said to Frohman, "There's our Lady Babbie."

"The Little Minister" ran at New York's Empire Theater for 300 consecutive performances, 289 of them to sellout houses. Total gross receipts were $370,000—a record for that time.

After a road tour, Miss Adams appeared in "Romeo and Juliet" with William Faversham and James K. Hackett—two big names in the theatrical annals of the period. When Barrie heard of her appearance as Juliet, he wrote to her:

"Are ye goin' to take Willie Shakespeare by the hand and l'ave me?"

Miss Adams had no such intention and her reward was the role of Phoebe Throssel in "Quality Street," and a few years later, the history-making role of "Peter Pan." This came about in 1905 and the Barrie fantasy kept the appealing young "star from the West" occupied for three years.

It is not this writer's intention to review the remainder of Maude Adams' phenomenal career. The record is available in O'dell's *Annals of the New York Stage* and elsewhere. But it is appropri-

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ate to point out a few items:

Whether it was Frohman's idea or her own, Miss Adams ceased to give interviews to the press almost simultaneously with the Adams-Barrie-Frohman coalition. At about the same time, Annie Adams returned to Salt Lake City. Maude purchased a bungalow for her at 908 South Ninth Street.

Maude provided bountifully for her mother, sending her expensive articles of clothing and jewelry from Fifth Avenue shops. But the one reward Annie Adams most wished—the companionship of her daughter, her only child, and the opportunity to share in the success for which Annie had sacrificed so much, she could not have. Maude preferred that her mother remain in the West.

In May, 1910, when Maude visited Salt Lake City heading the road company of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," Richard Bennett, father of Constance, Joan and Barbara, was her leading man. Grandmother Adams, at whose home Maude was born, celebrated her eighty-fourth birthday while Maude was in the city, and Annie arranged a family reunion.

Maude was playing in Kansas City in May, 1915, when the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine reached her. Charles Frohman was a passenger, known to be among the lost.

Maude cancelled the remainder of the tour, but returned to the stage the following season in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." In 1917 she took the Barrie play on tour and while playing in Los Angeles, was offered $500,000 to appear in a film version of "Peter Pan." She turned down the offer and never appeared in motion pictures, although she spent a sizeable sum, following her retirement, on color photography experiments.

AFTER thirteen years in retirement, Maude Adams attempted a comeback as Portia in Otis Skinner's "Shylock." The tryout was held in Cleveland.

"Some of the old enchantment was there," wrote William F. McDermott of the *Plain Dealer*, "the quick, broken smile, the caressing voice, the aura of tremulous sweetness and that quality which old admirers of Maude Adams can describe only as radiance."

Ward Morehouse of the New York *Sun* went to Cleveland for the opening—that's how important the comeback attempt was regarded in the nation's theatrical capital—and he gave his readers a picture of Maude Adams as seen at a "technical" rehearsal:

"She was firm, sharp, nervous, quick, impatient and tense. Also coquettish. Now and then she tried her coquetry upon the greasiest of the electricians, and it always worked. She was sharp and cross when the stupidity of her crew made her so. Frail and fifty-eight, yet alert and amazingly self-sufficient, she looked all of her years. Was this creature of the nervous white hands, the chestnut brown hair and the wrinkled throat the Lady Babbie of another and more fragrant age? It didn't seem possible."

The "comeback" production of "The Merchant of Venice" never reached New York. A new generation of playgoers had come to maturity. It had no memories of the magic which Miss Adams had once been able to create.

Maude's next public appearance came in 1935, in a Manhattan courtroom, where the actress defended herself against a $200,000 suit brought by the promoter who had engineered the ill-fated comeback attempt. He won a judgment for $25,000.

(Continued on next page)

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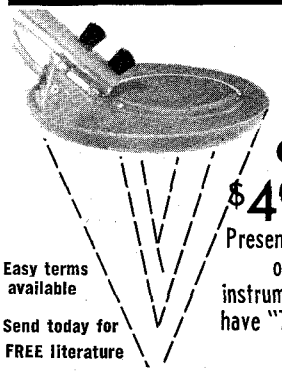

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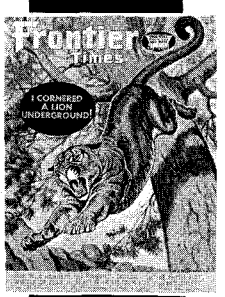

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A few years later Miss Adams was invited by Dr. James Woods, president of Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, to come out of retirement and join the faculty at Stephens. There she coached a verse choir, directed college plays and gave individual consultation to students.

As during most of her professional years, Miss Adams still refused to give interviews, to answer letters or the telephone. Her personal life was kept completely private. In this she out-Garboed Garbo and her desire for privacy was respected by both students and faculty at Stephens.

When death came for Maude Adams at Tannersville, New York, in 1953, she reportedly was "working on her memoirs." To date the memoirs have not been published. If and when they are, they may give us more information about James H. Kiskadden than is obtainable elsewhere—but we doubt it.

Miss Adams' elusiveness, her reticence, may have arisen from a natural shyness —more than one stage personality has had this quality; but it also may have been decreed by the shrewd managerial ability of Charles Frohman. After all, the parts in which Miss Adams scored her greatest successes were "other worldly" roles—Peter Pan, Lady Babbie, Phoebe Throssel, Chanticleer. Too direct contact with the public, outside the theater, would have destroyed the illusions created by these characters on the stage.

For certainly the Utah-born daughter of Rocky Mountain pioneer parents was a "gossamer lady" only behind the footlights.

Measure of Marble

(Continued from page 23)

same spring storm Jack had battled on his way from Fort Fetterman. It covered the trail and the assassins were never caught nor were the horses recovered.

Jack's love for Lallee and his friendship with Little Bat gave him better than average insight to the plight of the Indian and he shunned any idea of revenge. Having seen whole families of a tribe starve and freeze due to the callous disregard of their agents, Hunton had little heart to persecute them farther.

His broad sympathies had allowed him to overlook Jimmie's open antagonism toward Lallee and other Indians at the ranch, but now Jack realized the possibility that in some unaccountable way, Jimmie might have triggered his own death.

There came a time, however, when Jack experienced a sudden urge to avenge his brother that surprised even himself. (In his diary he kept a meticulous record of twenty-five years of his life, and the fact that this particular information was not recorded is unexplainable. Perhaps he wished to forget the ordeal, but even though the date and place are unknown, he did refer to the incident now and then in passing conversation.)

The actual event occurred some time after the murder—perhaps a month, perhaps a year. Indian tribesmen of that era could travel for days without any food and apparently suffer no ill effects. During certain celebrations, however, they went to the other extreme and gorged themselves on such immense quantities of meat they would fall unconscious to the ground and sleep as if drunk.

Jack Hunton's temptation occurred at just such a feast. It was a matter of protocol for the warriors to take turns entertaining their guests with stories of personal victories over the enemy, and on this particular night a young brave stoically described the gory details of his part in the murder of Jimmie Hunton. Jack tensed as if struck by a physical blow and his mind blanked of every thought but one: Kill that Indian!

A young cavalry officer squatting beside him in the firelight, noticed Hunton's hand move toward his gun. Knowing that every white man present would be dead within seconds if he fired, the officer grasped Jack's wrist before he could draw. Fortunately, their silent struggle went unnoticed by others and Hunton soon regained his senses. He was always grateful to the young officer for his quick thinking.

Several years after parting with Lallee, Hunton returned to Madison for a Christmas visit. While walking down the street one day he chanced to meet lovely Blanche Taylor, whom he later described as his "destiny." Although only half his age, Blanche was fascinated with the wealthy "millionaire from the West" and in time they were married. Both loved children but their union was never blessed with an heir.

In 1928, fifty-two years after his brother's murder, Jack Hunton died in Torrington, Wyoming. He was eighty-nine years old and the fortune he made during his prime kept him and Blanche comfortably during their declining years. A self-taught civil engineer, Jack Hunton was responsible for the first road through Antelope Gap. He served as county commissioner for Laramie County from 1911 to 1913, and was the founder and first president of the Pioneers Association. Hunton Creek, Hunton Canyon and a railway siding near Torrington are named for him.

Considering the foresight that motivated this man, we might logically assume that, along with his will, he made his own funeral arrangements, including the choice of a headstone. On the other hand, perhaps his widow, distraught, suffering with ill health and facing a move back to Virginia, left the matter of a grave marker in the hands of some friend. Since she never returned to the West, it's possible that Blanche Hunton was unaware of the type stone which was placed at her husband's grave in Cheyenne.

Indifferent to the thoughts of those who pass the spot today, Jack Hunton lies beside his brother in the windswept open country he lovingly adopted as his own. His accomplishments as a gentleman in the early West are a living symbol of his work, and he rests unperturbed by his measure of marble.

Lyin' Frank

(Continued from page 11)

Dutch John's saloon. When they bellied up to the bar Lyin' Frank took the check from his tally book. It called for drinks on the house. Lyin' Frank and the sheriff had ridden fifty miles to get that drink on the house.

WHEN the Wild Bunch held up the Great Northern train near Wagner, the sheriff's posse pulled into the Circle C ranch late that night. Mostly they were poolroom cowboys, scared of their own shadow. Lyin' Frank got himself deputized. He talked himself into leading that big bunch of possemen. And what I mean, he led them. On a wild-goose chase to end all wild-goose chases. He split them into pairs and dropped them off on forty-mile circles. They got lost in the badlands, came into camp

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next day on foot, leading played-out horses. They shot at each other, and at everything that moved.

Lyin' Frank sat around till late every night, throwing the big scare into them until a sheepherder could have run the bunch off with a wooden gun he'd whittled. And all the time Lyin' Frank was dragging down five bucks a day and having the time of his life.

The train robbers owed Lyin' Frank a vote of thanks. If he ever got it, he never let on. There were some things Lyin' Frank kept to himself. That might have been one of them. I wouldn't be surprised if he met them after the posse went home with their tails between their legs. Because Lyin' Frank and I drifted down the line later to pick up some Circle C horses the Wild Bunch had "borrowed."

Lyin' Frank was fired and hired back on the average of once every two-three months, depending on how often he'd been caught in one of his damn lies. But whichever one of the outfits fired him, another one hired him back.

Whenever things got dull and monotonous around the ranch, Lyin' Frank would think up something. They should have known better, but somehow they never did. More horses were run down, more forty-a-month cowpuncher time wasted, more nights' sleep lost than you could tally, during the years that Lyin' Frank worked for the outfit. The cusswords strung end on end, if they were barbed wire, would have fenced in all the cow country, all the millions of acres that ever held cattle. But the chuckles and laughs were the fence posts that marked them through the years. And the lies Lyin' Frank told would fill volumes, and those volumes, if ever they had gotten printed, would have sold like hot cakes. The victims of his practical jokes would have outbid each other to pay the biggest price.

Lyin' Frank fell heir to a saloon once in the Montana cow country. He told so many tales about how he'd got hold of the saloon, it's still a mystery. With the unique popularity that was Lyin' Frank's, it should have been a gold mine. Men would ride fifty miles to get to Lyin' Frank's place. They were all free spenders. Cattlemen and cowhands. He tended bar twenty hours on an average out of twenty-four.

In a year he was broke. He had bought too many drinks on the house. Any friends of Lyin' Frank's that showed up, their money was wooden. If he made any money he spent it on the honkytonk gals like Big Casino and the Chicken, whose fancy soogans and sofa pillows made his roundup bed. If a man went broke Lyin' Frank was a soft touch. He'd give a stranger the shirt off his back, but nary a soogan or sofa pillow.

He left the doors of his saloon wide open when he walked out for the last time. There wasn't enough booze left in the saloon to fill a pint bottle. He dropped off the stage at the ranch with his saddle and bedroll. Lyin' Frank had come back.

WE HAD BOUGHT some sheep to buck the sheep outfits that had hemmed us in. Lyin' Frank couldn't stand the blattin' sheep. Neither could Bill or Bob or Wallace Coburn. They bought a cow outfit in Arizona. Frank went south with them.

When we sold the Circle C outfit to the Matadors, I headed for Arizona. I rode out from Globe to the Cross Up roundup camped in Rough Canyon. I was leading the mule that packed my bed. Lyin' Frank looked down his splayed nose at my hen-skin bed, but he never said a word. That evening when I spread my bed, Lyin' Frank fetched over a patchwork silk soogan and a perfumed sofa pillow that had begun to show the wear and tear and fading of many years.

"To sweeten your dreams, Walt," he said.

The last time I saw him he showed up at my place in Del Mar, California. His hair was white and his big frame was a little stooped around the shoulders. But the grin was still there on his weathered face, and his puckered eyes had lost nothing of their blue twinkle. We sat around talking till daybreak, lowering the jug and smoking. Our talk was mostly the talk of old-timers, going back across the dim trails that had been plowed under. The Coburn Cattle Company was no more and a lot of the men we talked about were gone with it. We held a wake for them all that night.

I'd gotten back in the chips by putting the memory of it all on paper. But Frank looked kind of seedy. I didn't ask him about his famous bed and he never said. Whenever I hinted around about how he might need a grubstake, he forgot to listen.

We got to yawning along towards daylight and I asked him to stay over awhile. He got up, brushing from his shirt the tobacco he'd spilled rolling cigarettes.

"I got to get back to the valley," he said. He meant Imperial Valley, California. "I got about a hundred mule-teams and that many Fresno scrapers and skinners there, and you know how them skinners hunt the shade if nobody's there to keep 'em sweatin'. It's an Uncle Sam job on the Big Ditch. Next time you pass that way, look me up. We'll go acrost the line to Mexicali and paint 'er red. You ain't seen nothin' till you git a look at Mexicali Rose. Them little señoritas make them we knew up north look like ol' hags."

Lyin' Frank turned his old Ford pickup like a cuttin' horse and waved his hat as he drove off in a cloud of dust. I stood on my high hill, there in the dawn, and looked out over the Pacific Ocean, which stretched out as far as I could see, watching the dark gray sea turn into cobalt blue in the sunrise. There was one view that wasn't cut across by barbed wire, and I reckon that's why I liked to look out across it.

I didn't want to go back into the house, into the room where we'd been talking over the good old days, with its stale tobacco smoke and empty glasses. We'd dug up too many ghosts, and I had a feeling I was watching one more fade into the dawn.

To Lyin' Frank I was still a kid. A forty-a-month cowhand and he'd always been my boss. Now I had my own outfit and it had done something to his pride. I had a feeling that I'd let him down somehow. It occurred to me now that while we'd augured about everything, not once had Lyin' Frank let himself go to spill one of his windies. He hadn't sung any songs. Neither of us had recaptured that easy feeling of former years. Marriage had sawed my horns off and we were both house broke.

Only there at the last, when he pulled on his hat, did he show any symptoms of talkin' big like he used to. Mexicali Rose was the name of a song. The sort of nostalgic song Lyin' Frank would pick up and remember. I hoped with all that was in me that Lyin' Frank wasn't just talkin' big about the government job on the Big Ditch.

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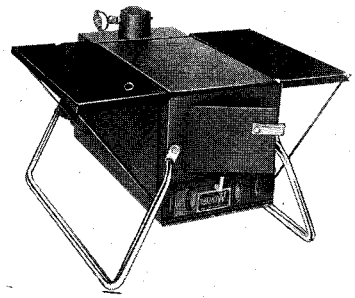

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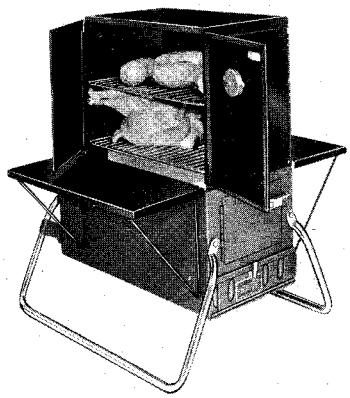

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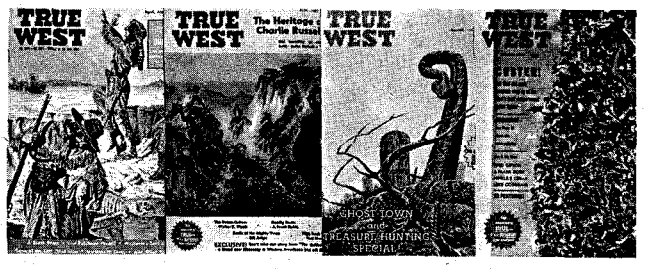

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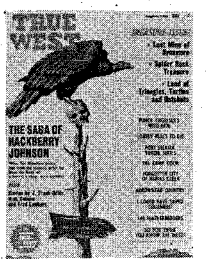

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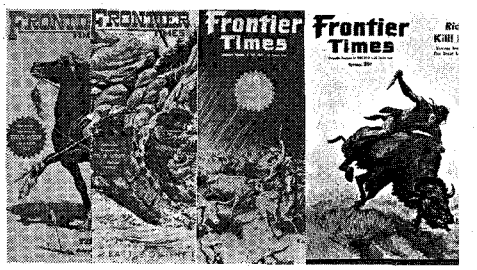

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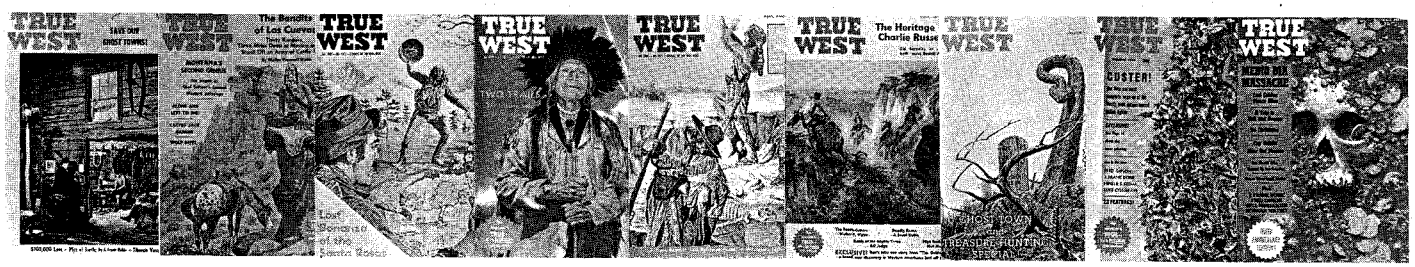

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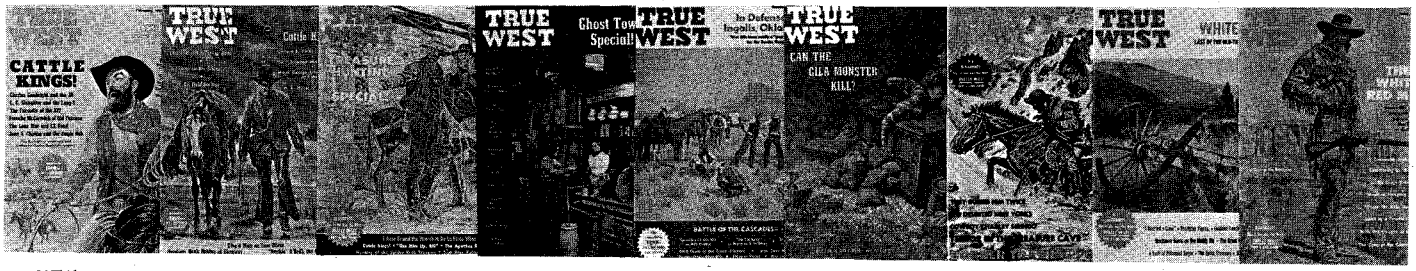

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Submarine of the Rockies

(Continued from page 29)

Missouri Lake, it promptly sank without a trace and never resurfaced.

The town now knew what old Owens had been up to all that time. He had built a submarine—the first ever to make its appearance in the Rocky Mountains.

ABOUT a year later, Owens shook the dust of Central City from his boots and never came back. He left no story of his invention and experiment and, as far as anyone knows, made no attempt to raise his ill-fated craft. It wasn't until nearly forty-six years later that Fred DeMandel and a crew of workmen dredged up the submarine after weeks of surveys and soundings.

DeMandel had been a youth working in the Central City diggings when the submarine was built, but he didn't attend its launching that July day. Through the years, the story of the ship and its maiden voyage had reached the proportions of a legend. DeMandel decided the time had come to settle once and for all whether or not there really had been an underwater craft launched in Missouri Lake. (The fact was that it had actually been sighted once in 1932 when the level of the lake dropped, but the whole thing had been dismissed as probably being some piece of machinery that had been dumped.)

In the fall of 1943, Fred DeMandel began mapping charts to work from. By the following January, he and his workmen were probing into holes chopped through ice fourteen inches thick. The work was tedious. Every night the holes froze over, and new ones had to be chopped next day. Through each exploratory hole, the group took soundings with line and lead.

The exhaustive search covered the entire lake surface. It narrowed, in its final week, to a section approximately 400 feet square. The ultimate discovery came on a day when the lead thudded against something solid. The men withdrew the line and started probing. The poles hit something big—too big to be a submerged tree such as they had often struck.

DeMandel had a glass-bottomed bucket affair ready to use as an observation bell. He submerged it in the crystal-clear water and made out the contours of the long-lost submarine. It was lying at an angle in about fourteen feet of water, with the prow slightly raised. Hurriedly, DeMandel and his crew enlarged the hole. They set up a heavy steel tripod on the ice and fastened to it a winch and seven-ton chain. By dint of much maneuvering, the crew got the chain around the nose of the craft and drew the bow to the surface.

A crowd of 300 persons was on hand to cheer their efforts. The sunken Mountain Nautilus was raised to the strains of *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* played by a twenty-piece Central City high school band.

The sub proved to be made of native lumber, fastened with square, hand-made nails. It was sheathed with metal believed to be either lead or zinc.

"I scraped the sludge and slime from the metal plating." DeMandel said later in an interview. "Underneath it was as shiny as a new dollar."

When the hatch was lifted, the men found almost four tons of rocks inside. They discovered no mechanical device, however, unless the eight long bolts which protruded through the ship's top and bottom had once held some propelling mechanism, probably hand-operated.

This point has led to much conjecture. If the submarine were hand-operated, what prompted Owens to acquiesce to the suggestion of using rocks as ballast instead of entering the sub himself, as he evidently had planned? He must have known what the consequences would be. Did he, after all, have doubts about the seaworthiness of his craft?

Rumor has it that, after Owens left Central City in disgrace, he joined forces with Simon Lake who was one of the first Americans to take submarines seriously and manufacture them along much the same lines as Owens' ship. The two supposedly offered a craft which they built—the *Argonaut, Jr.*—to the U. S. Navy, and on being turned down, proceeded to Germany where they sold their idea to the Kaiser. Submarines became one of the deadliest weapons of World War I.

R. T. Owens' submarine is now on display in a Central City museum. When one looks at it, there is no desire to laugh. Missouri Lake may have been just a practice field for death on the high seas some fifteen years later.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 41)

well as her usually instant obedience to his wishes, he did not pause to explain the situation. Instead he kept the lines on the horses loose and in an even, controlled tone said to his wife, "Jump!"

Not understanding what threatened them, Mrs. Hemley was surprised at such an abrupt and senseless command. Thinking only of the danger to the helpless boy in her arms, if she jumped, and not realizing what was going on, she turned irately to her husband and replied crisply, "Stop the horses! I can't get out with this boy in my arms while they are moving!"

Again Mr. Hemley urged in the same controlled but anxious tone, "Jump!"

At that, Mrs. Hemley became excited. Promptly transferring the boy to one arm, she reached out quickly with her other hand and pulled hard on the lines to stop the team.

The surprised horses sidled just a trifle, but it was enough to free the loose bolt. The next instant, the end of the pole hit the ground with a resounding whack and began swinging.

The frightened animals began tossing their heads and plunging wildly from side to side trying to avoid that flailing stick. Again and again the buggy was almost upset.

Then Mrs. Hemley did jump, after tossing the small boy as gently as she could into the tall, thick grass beside the trail. She was followed the next instant by Mr. Hemley. Balancing themselves briefly on each side of the buggy seat, they vaulted over the whirring wheels before them and lit running.

By some miracle, both parents landed safely, but the little boy's arm was injured so badly it was painful even after he'd become an adult.

THE TERRIFIED colts lowered their heads and began to kick, even as they ran. They kicked and kicked again. The buggy was soon in smithereens. Parts and spokes flew high into the air. When free, the horses ran to the nearest neighbor's and were caught.

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The Hemleys walked the mile or so to that neighbor's carrying the injured boy as carefully as they could. Afterwards, without any delay, Mr. Hemley began hitching the team to a borrowed rig preparing to go home. He knew that if the colts were ever to be of any future use to him, they must be driven again at once.

Mrs. Hemley came from the house, where she had taken the boy, and saw the preparations. Being skeptical of their safety, but also aware that her recent stubborn disobedience had brought on their present predicament, Mrs. Hemley brought out the boy and got into the rig when told to do so.

The colts danced a bit at starting, but Mr. Hemley handled them with gentle firmness. To Mrs. Hemley's intense relief, they went safely on their way.

Alvin never forgot the accident. The pain in his arm kept reminding him of the oft-told story through the years.

Courage and resourcefulness were a daily part of his pioneer parents' lives. Constantly, as in the case of the runaway, they had met each day's eventualities with determination.

When Alvin recounted the story as a middle-aged man, he was not feeling sorry for himself, in spite of his long suffering. That part of it was not emphasized at all. While telling me the story, ever so modestly, without meaning to—Alvin was bragging.

LAWMAN PATTERSON

By Jerry Lackey

"I WAS killed on Christmas Day in 1918," grinned retired lawman Frank Patterson of Junction, Texas. "At least, that's the way the records read for a long time, and they're supposed to be official, aren't they?"

Frank Patterson is now a spry eighty-eight years old and those years represent a lifetime of adventure which includes service with the Texas Rangers, the Arizona Rangers, the New Mexico State Police and as a regular peace officer.

The day "Mr. Frank" was supposed to have been killed, he had gone across the international border southwest of Marfa with a company of Texas Rangers in pursuit of Mexican bandits. Somehow, he got left behind in the chase, and was presumed dead.

He wasn't really left behind, however. He had just impulsively decided to backtrack the bandits over an old army trail. As he got closer to them, he was forced to keep up a running gunfight.

Mr. Frank remembers that he fired exactly eighteen shots, because each time he fired, he had to force another sharp-nosed bullet from his gunbelt. It was hard to get them out, and he drew blood on his fingertip each time.

"There was a nice young fellow who kept shooting at me from down in a draw. He kept up the fire so I finally had to shoot him, after he barely missed me several times," Patterson continued.

His captain, a short, heavy-set (208 pounds) man, came searching for him later and found him the next day. Patterson said Capt. Fox was walking and leading his worn-out horse when they finally ran into each other.

"He was mad as hell," Patterson smiled, "and threw his heavy pistol to the ground, saying that was as far as he was going to pack that thing."

Patterson picked it up and threw belt and gun across his saddle horn. Today he still has it among his collection of weapons.

Mr. Frank's first contact with law enforcement came during the early 1900's in Arizona while he was working in a mine. He was offered a job as city marshal in a small town about eighteen miles from Tombstone, Arizona. Though he didn't know it when he took the job, he had just begun a long and varied career.

Four years later, he had joined forces with the Arizona Rangers. While with that organization, he was shot in the right leg and had to be hospitalized. The leg still gave him trouble after he was discharged by the doctors so he took a "water cure."

He was told that if he kept the leg in water constantly, it would get much better. He took the advice to heart, and got a job with a chain gang where he worked daily in water up to his knees.

"All those little slivers of bone came out, and the leg healed up all right," he said.

Apparently he thought he had had enough of law enforcement, but law enforcement hadn't had enough of him.

IN 1917 he was serving as U. S. Army Packmaster in San Antonio when he was asked to join the Texas Rangers, and he was soon back in his real profession. During most of his Ranger years, he carried a Winchester Model Five and wore a mustache as a disguise.

He got married in 1924, when he was "between offices," as he put it. Elected sheriff of Kimble County, Texas, in 1928, he served in that office until 1933, and he still aids the department as an extra deputy in time of staff shortage.

His collection of more than 200 guns began with a .36 Caliber Navy Colt revolver he received from John Wesley Hardin when he was fourteen.

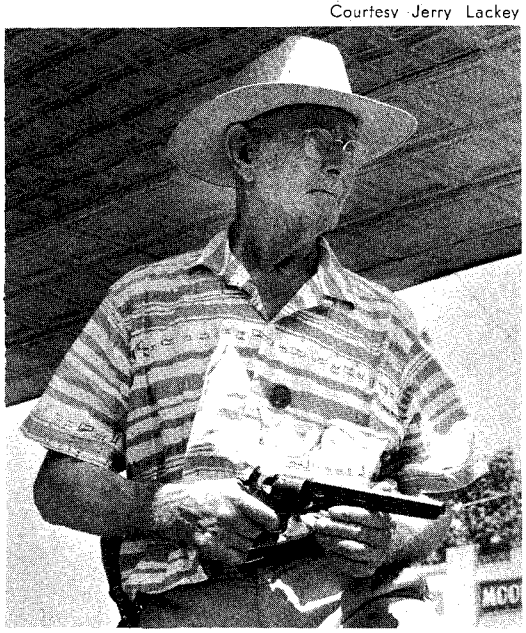
He said he was standing on the bank of Cedar Branch Creek near Junction shooting frogs with an old "cannon" when a buggy with two men approached from the opposite bank. He stopped shooting to let them get out of range. Instead, they came across the creek and pulled up beside him.

"Hey, kid, come here," Hardin yelled. Patterson said he slowly walked to the buggy, unsure of what to expect.

"Is that the best gun you got?" asked

Eighty-eight-year-old ex-lawman Frank Patterson of Junction, Texas

Courtesy Jerry Lackey



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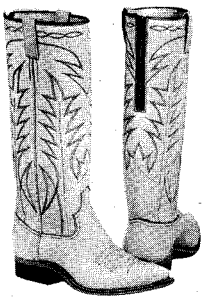

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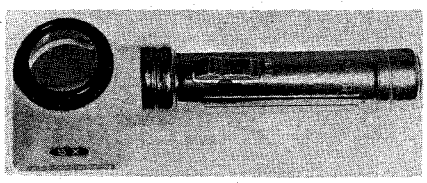

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Hardin, who had just been released from the penitentiary.

"Yes, sir," replied young Patterson.

Hardin told the boy to get in the buggy and ride with him to a house about a mile away. There, he gave Patterson the gun he would cherish the rest of his life.

Today, Patterson spends most of his time doing gunsmithing for the public. He hasn't forgotten how to shoot, however, and goes deer hunting every season. In addition, he always goes rattlesnake hunting when visiting his daughter's ranch near Laredo. He also serves as a deputy game warden when the job requires more than the normal complement.

For a man whose bones have been "officially" bleaching south of the border for nearly fifty years, Frank Patterson is amazingly spry.

Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians

(Continued from page 43)

in cooking for his mess, first commencing as a scullion for a week. The following week he is second cook, the next raises him to the dignity of chief cook. Should he not properly fulfill this important position, the members of his mess and officers are liable to make it uncomfortable for him.

In well-conducted armies it is the duty of the company officers to attend each meal of the troops, and see that the food has been properly prepared. Every boy, no matter what his station in life may be, should be taught the art of cooking, for by this not only his health, but his finances, are kept in good condition.

The American soldier enters the army voluntarily, and at once applies himself to become proficient in his new profession. He is subordinate, yet independent; he is docile, yet courageous; he is as mild as a child, but as full of fight as a tiger. There are no requirements asked of him that he is not always ready to comply with; exposure and privations have no terrors for him. His officers are not compelled to drive him continually, but he is himself anxious to become a leader.

There is no army in the world in which the officers and soldiers are in such close touch as in ours. The military discipline is perfect; but there is no starched stiffness on the part of the officers toward their men, and no lack of confidence in their officers on the part of the soldiers. Both are voluntarily doing their duty, and each instinctively understands the other. Again, in our army the superiority of the officers to the men of their command is purely military. The soldier knows and feels this. He knows that officers hold their places by virtue of authority obtained by capacity for their position; not as in the armies of the Old World, by virtue of so-called noble lineage, social caste, or wealth. Hence in our army there is not, as a rule, arrogance or superciliousness on the part of an officer toward a soldier, or enmity or jealousy on the part of a soldier toward an officer.

TO SEE the American trooper on the plains in an hostile Indian country, after interminable marches, wearied and reduced by exposure, protracted work, and insufficient food, with his worn-out rusty uniform, one would at first glance write him down as a slouchy kind of soldier. And this judgment would be correct if one compared him to the gayly bedizened and dashing French hussar, the prim and strait-laced British cavalryman, or the precise and machine-like German Ulhan, when on a field review. But wait and you will see in the American trooper something that can never be seen in any other.

The bugle sounds and these apparently ungraceful troopers, after long marches and a few hours of sleep, perhaps on the wet prairie or on the snow-covered ground, will swing into their saddles with a motion that dazzles the eye by its mechanical precision. There they sit motionless; and scanning their faces one will observe that unmistakable look of intelligence which is not the result of discipline, but of education, and which is so noticeably absent in the automatic soldier of the Old World.

When the bugle sounds again, mark the soldierly ease and elegant grace with which these troopers dash off, though they have been weeks on the march, are half-starved, fighting Indians day by day, passing sleepless nights, enduring every kind of weather and privations, undaunted by pitiless frosts and snows, the dust of the great plains, or the terrible thirst of the desolate alkali deserts, and one must say, in view of great endurance, their ever cheerful readiness and easy but perfect discipline, that American soldiers are the best in the world. It is owing to these qualifications that we had in them such excellent Indian fighters. And I venture to say that nowhere in the armies of the Old World could a body of troops be selected, of equal numbers, who would compare at all favorably with them in Indian campaigns.

In the Indian country, when a detachment of cavalry went on a scouting expedition, the men were always reduced to light marching order. Neither the officers, troops, nor guides were provided with shelter of any kind. Sometimes, if the scout was to be a long one, they might have an extra shirt, a towel, a piece of common soap and a toothbrush, but these were the limit of extra baggage. Their beds consisted of the saddle blanket and a rubber poncho spread on the ground. Sometimes two or three troopers bunked together at night, and if the weather was clear two ponchos were placed on the ground, thus having two or three blankets with which to cover themselves. In this way they secured the best shelter possible under the circumstances. When camp was made for the night, everything was left as comfortable and secure as possible, and the most favorable position was selected to prevent annoyance from unwelcome visitors of all kinds.

Among the many hardships borne by the American soldier at that time, was the neglect of the Government to furnish suitable clothing for those stationed in different latitudes. For those serving in Texas in an almost tropical region the clothing was the same, both in quality and quantity, as that issued to the troops stationed in the cold regions on the borders of the British possessions. There were no warm gloves, wraps, or coverings for the neck or ears furnished to the troops during the long winter campaigns; neither were there extra supplies of blankets nor an extra quantity of rations. The clothing and rations were the same the year round. During winter campaigns against the Indians both men and animals often suffered from an insufficient supply of both food and clothing. At night, when near the enemy, no fires could be built, and when the cold was severe, the suffering of the troops and animals was intense. On these cam-

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paigns the men's fingers and hands were frequently frozen, and it was not uncommon for the animals to freeze to death where they were fastened. The poor beasts were compelled to live on grass, which they could only obtain by pawing away the snow that covered it.

In Texas, during the extreme heat of summer, with the same regulation clothing, both troops and animals suffered greatly from the heat. Even the medical supplies furnished by the Government for campaigns were limited, consisting only of a few articles such as each officer could administer to his men. The hardships endured by the troops engaged in fighting the Indians were thus greatly multiplied. When transportation was furnished for a campaign it was always limited in amount. The consequence was, that in a short time the pack animals broke down, or their backs became a mass of sores, thus compelling the command to abandon a portion of its limited supplies.

The one thing that was never neglected for an instant by the troops in this wild country, was their arms. No matter how severe the weather, these were always protected and kept in good firing condition. When sleeping on the ground in water or snow the arms always received first attention, and were stowed away in the best possible manner to protect them. The first thing a trooper did, on awakening, was to buckle his belt with his pistols on it around his waist, and then sling his carbine (attaching it to a strap over his shoulder). This done, he immediately examined his arms, and put them in the best firing condition, for on these his life depended. Arms were not only used as a protection against the enemy, but also in procuring food.

On an Indian campaign, when pack mules were used, the supply of commissary stores was limited. The command lived largely on the wild meats of the country, and these were secured by the troops themselves. This was done by selecting the best hunter each day to secure game when any was discovered in the vicinity of the camp.

ON RARE occasions misunderstandings and quarrels occurred among the troops, but they were almost always settled amicably. I recall an instance, though—a sad one—that deserves notice as illustrating the quickness and expertness of the American soldier in the use of his arms. Some troopers were playing cards on a poncho spread on the ground. Two of them quarreled over the game. One drew his revolver and shot his comrade through the top of the shoulder. The other immediately drew his pistol, remarking, "Ah, you wanted to wing me, did you?" whereupon he fired at his comrade's right elbow, shattering it to pieces. Down went his right arm, the six-shooter falling to the ground. Quick as thought the wounded man drew the other revolver from the holster with the left hand and fired with intent to kill. The bullet made a severe scalp wound. Again his antagonist fired at the other elbow of his friend, breaking the joint, which put an end to the firing. The man with his two elbows shattered remarked, "You have made a fine soldier of me." To which his comrade replied, "That was the only way I had to stop you, for if you had killed me you would have been sorry for it all your life."

The army surgeon in dressing the wounded man's arms, set the right arm at right angles across his body, and the left almost straight; in this position they remained during the rest of his life. The trouble began and ended in shorter time than it takes to tell. Both men were devoted friends before and after the occurrence.

Another trouble that men and animals had to contend with in the elevated portions of the country was the rarity of the atmosphere. It required some time to become accustomed to the thin air of those high altitudes. Those who were not accustomed to it constantly complained of being unable to get their breath. They could not undergo severe physical exertion without becoming greatly distressed, and it usually required from eighteen months to two years before this was overcome.

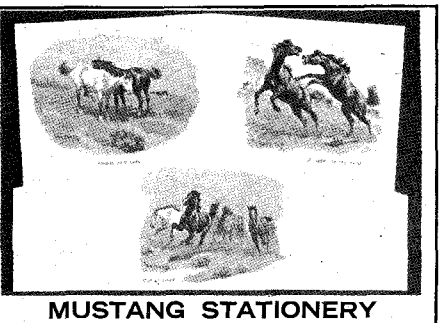
Another foe was the Rocky Mountain fever. This was a peculiar form of low fever that attacked those not accustomed to the mountain air, and prostrated them for a long time. After partly recovering from it, it often assailed the patient again and again, sometimes attacking him in the feet. When this occurred the patient could not bear even the weight of a sheet on any portion of his feet, as he was in constant pain. Since the feet often swelled to almost double their natural size, and as recovery was slow, a trooper once taken with this disease was unfit for service for a long time.

It frequently happened that the camp was disturbed by other than human enemies. When fresh meat had been cooked, visits were to be expected from all sorts of carnivorous animals. Sometimes a grizzly bear made his appearance, seizing and carrying off the carcass of an antelope, deer, or piece of buffalo. If he could be driven from camp without firing a shot it was always done, for should a shot be fired in the death-like stillness which prevailed at all times in that country, it could be heard for a long distance and might disclose to the hostiles the whereabouts of the troops.

The regular visitors in every camp were wolves, both gray and coyote. The latter were skulking beasts and sitting at a safe distance from the camp, would utter such unearthly howls that one not accustomed to hearing them imagined from the noise of three or four that there were hundreds present. Should there be from fifteen to twenty gathered about the camp, their howls prevented the troops from sleeping at night. They were cunning thieves and arrant cowards, and were justly despised by every person in that country. With the setting in of cold weather these famished animals became very bold, and coming into camp would eat a pair of boots, the leather of a saddle, or anything they could find to appease their voracious appetites.

The large gray wolf was another and more dangerous animal. He was a cunning, skulking thief, and approached the camp by stealth, carrying away whatever he could get hold of. In winter, when these animals were great sufferers from hunger, they became very vicious, and a pack of them often attacked cattle and horses, killing and devouring them. At times old hunters and trappers shot one of the pack, whereupon the rest, crazed by the smell of blood, proceeded to eat their companion alive.

The skins of both kinds of wolves were sent East and made into clothing, robes, mats, or ornaments. Could some of my readers who delight in having wolf skins around them know the habits of these miserable animals, I fancy they would discard them at once; for the dirty beasts crawled into the carcass of an animal which had been dead for a long time, and



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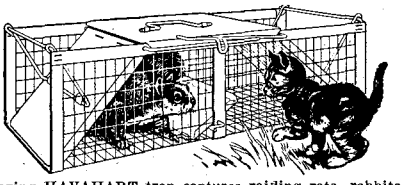

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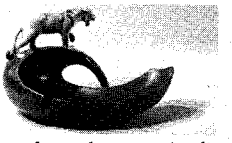

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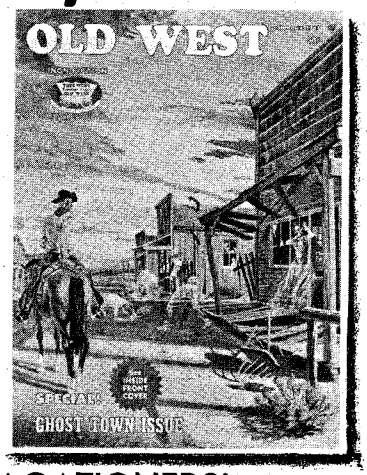

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once inside of it, rolled over and over in the putrid mass, saturating their hair as much as possible with the filthy and rotten inside of the dead animal. It was not uncommon, for one accustomed to it, to locate the presence of these animals by their disgusting odor.

THE MOST important trouble for troops to guard against was a stampede of the animals, as the Indians always tried to effect this by surprising and frightening them when tied or picketed.

The stampede of a large number of animals was a frightful thing. When once a herd of horses and mules became thoroughly frightened they seemed to lose their senses, and became entirely unmanageable. In their flight they ran over anything that lay in their path. They did not seem for an instant to recognize any obstacle in their way. They often ran over an embankment, or up against it, nearly dashing themselves to pieces; or rushed wildly into a stream and drowned; or into the mud and mire and became hopelessly swamped. The farther they ran the more frightened they became. The only way to stop a stampede was to cause the animals to run in a circle; in this way they ran until exhausted or cooled down.

I once saw a stampede of a herd of horses and mules which had been picketed after the usual army fashion by lariat ropes fifteen to twenty feet in length attached to the halter of each animal. The end of the lariat rope was attached to a picket pin made of round iron, about eighteen inches in length, sharp at the point, and having a pear-shaped belly about three-quarters of an inch in diameter at the thickest part. At the top it had a ball-like head with an iron swivel attached to it, shaped like the figure 8. To this was attached the lariat, which enabled the animal to graze the full length of the rope in a circle around the pin. The picket pins were driven into the ground the full length, when it was difficult to withdraw them from the solid earth.

The animals became greatly frightened from some cause, ran the length of the rope, threw themselves against the picket pins with all their strength, and, jerking them from the ground, ran at the top of their speed. It was but a minute before the earth trembled under the hoofs of the frightened beasts. The air was filled with dust, and the roar of the stampede could be heard a long distance. The picket pins which were attached to the ropes flew all about the flying herd, and striking the ground with great force rebounded, the sharp points of some of them wounding many of the animals severely. This stampede continued for a distance of fully ten miles before they were rounded up. The troops followed on such horses as they could secure, but were careful not to get hit by the flying picket pins.

After securing the herd, many of the animals were found to be so badly wounded as to be unfit for further service. On going back over the ground many dead and wounded animals were found strewn along the entire distance. Many of those that were brought back were more or less injured. This stampede left the temper of the herd in such a state that they never could be picketed again without being hobbled or side-lined.—

This article will conclude the series of chapters we have been running from *Twenty Years Among Our Hostile Indians.* We regret that we were unable to reprint the book in full, but its length is such that even alternating between *True West* and *Frontier Times,* the series would have gone on for many months. Reader response has been downright gratifying, however, and we'll continue printing such items from time to time—material which might not otherwise be easily available to you.

My Winter with Death Valley Scotty

(Continued from page 9)

attention to him. No one was ever able to tell Woolcott anything that he did not want to hear. As they turned up Grapevine Canyon, they met Scotty and me, and we explained that we had not used Wright's plans, but he continued merrily on his way.

"When he got to the Castle, Woolcott took one long, sad look and said, 'My God, they were telling me the truth. Can one get a drink in that monstrosity?'

"When the park official answered no, Woolcott said, 'Barbarians! Well, let's get away from here,' and left the Castle without even getting out of his car."

I'D SEEN deer sign on my rides, so later that winter when we had had snow in the Funeral and Panamint Mountins, I broke out some bales of hay around the springs to bait the deer. I happened to mention this to Scotty one day, and he replied, with what was remarkable enthusiasm for him, "Why hell, Kid, I'd sure like to have a good deer meat steak. Why don't you ease up to the springs tomorrow morning an' git us a good fat yearlin'?"

I told him I would if he'd lend me a rifle. Now there are many who have called Scotty stingy; said that he never gave anything to anyone except when he was showing off on a spending spree for publicity's sake. Scotty, however, was always generous with me. He went over to his panel truck and rummaged around for a couple of minutes, and came back with a brand new Winchester Model 1892, lever action carbine, that was still wrapped in the original box in which it had been packed. He handed it to me along with several boxes of .44-40 caliber ammunition.

I thanked him and assured him I would take good care of it for him.

"Hell, Kid," Scotty said, "keep it. It's yours. There's plenty more where thet come from."

The next morning before dawn I was at the springs, and sure enough the deer came down for hay. Now I'd shot several deer before this. My dad had liked to hunt, and he had taken me with him on hunting trips ever since I was big enough to use a rifle, but something rather strange came over me that morning. I got a fat young buck in my sights, but I couldn't pull the trigger. It wasn't buck fever or anything like it—it was simply that I knew that I couldn't make myself shoot the deer. I had lost my desire to kill animals. That was almost thirty years ago, and I have never killed a game animal since then.

Anyway, Scotty came into our quarters about noon, waving a coffee pot of his jackass brew, and all set for a venison meal. I was sitting by the stove cleaning the carbine with which I'd been plinking at tin cans most of the morning. It certainly was a fine rifle and I hated to part with it, but I told Scotty what had happened and handed it back to him.

Scotty gave me a black look and slammed his pot of brew down on the

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table so hard that the pot tipped over and canned milk and whiskey mixture spilled over the oilcloth. "Well, I'll be damned," he said, "if you ain't one hell of a cowboy. You ain't nothin' but a St. Louis guns'l."

He tossed the carbine back at me so that I had to catch it in the air. "Keep it," he said with the pique of a small boy who has been accused of being an Indian giver. Scotty never smiled with an all-out beaming expression but now as he looked at the mess spilled over the table, something resembling a grin cracked his usual bearish expression. He went over to the wood cookstove, raised one of the lids expertly with a fork, and spat into the fire. He watched the flames for a moment and spat again for good measure.

Wiping his mouth with the back of one hand and replacing the stove lid with the other, he spoke in the manner of one who, after due deliberation, has made up his mind. "Well, I guess I better go out to the truck and see kin I find us a jug." (Liquor never had a visible effect upon Scotty. I could never tell whether he had or hadn't been drinking, but the better bet was with the "had" side.) "The least you kin do," he continued, "is fix me a home-cooked meal."

HERE IS Scotty's recipe for a home-cooked meal: Open a jug and take a drink. Take two fair-sized potatoes, and cut both ends off each of them; then finish peeling them by cutting off the skin in lengthwise strokes. Do this sitting down so that you won't be in a hurry, because you must slice them very carefully, so thin that you can see the color of your knife through the potato. Put a medium-sized iron skillet on a fairly hot fire, and put a handful-size lump of hog fat in the skillet. When it begins to smoke, dump the sliced potatoes in the skillet, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and put a lid on the skillet. Take your biggest meat platter and set it at the back of the stove to warm. Set out your victualin' tools on the table, along with bread and butter, ketchup and anything else you can find, and a couple of bottles of cold beer. Now the potatoes should be turned over, so do this carefully so that they will all be brown on both sides.

Pour yourself another shot and drink it. Put the coffee on to boil. Take a thick T-bone or porterhouse steak and trim off some of the fat and gristle; put a big skillet on a very hot fire and throw in the fat and gristle. When it smokes, salt and pepper the steak on the down side and put it in the skillet. Take off the potatoes and dump them on the warmed platter. Then open a can of peas and heat them in the same skillet you used for the potatoes. Turn the steak over. Have another shot from your jug. Take off the peas—they hot up quick—and dump them on the platter with the potatoes, but first pour off the juice as you don't want the platter swimmin' in pea juice. Take off the steak and put it on the platter with the rest of the chow. It should be crusty dark brown on the outside and blood red on the inside. Pour a little Worchestershire sauce and water in the skillet and let it boil up, then pour it over the steak for bread sop. Sit down and eat.

I guess while I'm at it, I might as well list some other miscellaneous information that I picked up from Scotty.

How to grow hair on a bald head: Go fishing on a hot sunny day from morning until noon without a hat. While you are fishing, catch a fish—any kind of fish—and the sooner the better. Let the fish lie in the sun until you are ready to come in; by this time it should be good and stiff and a bit gamey, and your head should be hot and blistered. Now beat yourself on top of your blistered bald head with the dead fish until the tears come into your eyes—or better still have a friend do this for you, as he will be able to swing the fish more vigorously and accurately. Then put hot quail dung on your head, and crawl into the kip. In the morning you will have a full head of hair.

How to sling a duffle bag or deer (perish the thought) on a stock saddle: Throw your rope over the seat of the saddle so that the middle of the rope is even with the cantle. Double the rope at the cinch ring on the near side and push it through the ring, and pull out a loop big enough to go around the end of the duffle bag; then do the same thing with the rope on the near side. Lay the bag across the seat of the saddle, and push the ends through the loops you made. Put a running bowline loop in the lash end of the rope from the off side so that it hits the middle of the bag; then tighten the load by passing the running end of the lash rope from the near side through this loop, and pulling in the slack. Put the lash end back through the near cinch ring and secure with half hitches.

How to avoid constipation on a camping trip: Chew tobacco.

How to stop a dog fight: Grab the strange dog by the hind legs and twist him around clockwise. Either he will let go or get his neck broken. When he lets loose, start swinging him around as if

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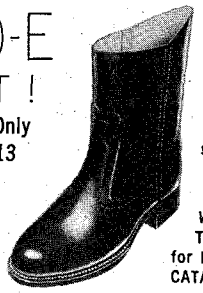

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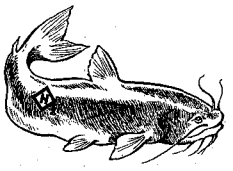

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you were pitching hay and throw him as far as you can. Then grab your own dog and get the hell out of wherever you are. The other dog's owner might be bigger than you.

How to hire a good hand: Always ask a man you are about to hire if you can borrow his knife. If he doesn't carry a pocket knife he won't be worth a damn. If he carries a dull knife—beware; but if his knife is razor sharp, he'll make a good hand.

SCOTTY'S one exception to the pocket knife rule for employment was Jack, whom he called "the Dook." Scotty seemed to like him despite the fact that Jack would no more have carried a pocket knife than he would have toted an elephant gun while guiding the visitors through the Castle; he was one hundred percent eastern dude, and he had no use for a pocket knife.

The one thing Jack had found in the West that he considered truly indispensable, strange as it may seem, was pinto beans. He usually opened up a can of them for a snack before he went to bed; then he'd leave his plate with a few beans on it and some more beans in the pan, and crawl into his sack.

Invariably, two or three big rats would crawl down the stovepipe from the loft and make a racket going for the remains of Jack's beans. This didn't even wake Jack up because of his peculiar habit of sleeping with the covers pulled up over his head. How he stood it, I'll never know, but that's not the point. The point is, after I'd had the carbine for a couple of weeks, I'd become pretty handy with it. I could shoot off hand fairly well, and I could lever off a blast of three or four rounds rather rapidly.

One night after he'd had his snack of beans, and failed—as usual—to clean up the mess, I loaded the carbine, and laid it down beside me when I got into the sack. It was a bright moonlight night, and pretty soon I saw the shadow of the rats coming down the pipe.

I waited for them to get on the table and into the bean pan. I had the pan zeroed in on my sights, and when one old rat ducked over the edge of it I cut loose with my carbine. Well, it certainly raised one hell of a commotion—in the still of the desert night the carbine sounded as loud as a cannon. My bullets hit the pan with the rat in it, and knocked it off the table, and for good measure knocked down the stovepipe too, as it happened to be in line with the pan. There was soot and smoke all over the place, and Jack was on the floor all tangled up in his bed covers and squealing like a stuck hog.

What I hadn't figured on was waking everyone on the place, but I certainly did. The first one to stick his head in the door was Walter. He was in his longjohn underwear, but he had taken time to put on a duckbilled cap and pull on his boots. He looked very startled and very comical. Next came Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in their bathrobes.

Mrs. Johnson helped Jack get untangled from his bedclothes, and he pulled on his bathrobe. Then she led him back to the Castle to spend the night—and the rest of his time at the Castle—in one of the guest rooms.

Mr. Johnson sat down on Jack's bed. "Well, what happened, Bill?" he asked me.

I told him—thinking this is it—tomorrow I'll be on my way out of here. But when I had finished, he gave a kind of snort, and then started laughing.

He looked around at the mess the room was in, then said, "Well, you can't stay here. Get your bedroll, and go on up to one of the apartments in the guest house."

So that's how I happened to spend the rest of the winter in very comfortable living quarters with a built-in electric kitchenette, a fireplace, custom furniture, and a beamed ceiling with a balcony bedroom.

WHEN JACK moved into the guest room at the Castle, he thought that his troubles were over, but in so thinking he was a little over-optimistic. One day, after he had been in the Castle for about a week, Walter's dog managed to sneak in behind a group of tourists to whom Jack was giving the guided tour. Walter's dog was a big old airedale weighing about sixty pounds. When the sightseers reached the chapel, which is located on the right front corner and has French doors opening on the balcony overlooking the courtyard, the old airedale strolled out one of these doors onto the balcony.

He was looking out over the courtyard, thinking about whatever it is that aged airedale dogs think about, when Jack sat down at the big pipe organ to play a hymn for the visitors. Some playful youngster had pulled out all the stops which controlled the volume of sound, and when Jack's fingers hit the keys, it sounded as if a thunder cloud had exploded. The old dog was startled so badly he jumped off the balcony and lit on top of a fat gentleman tourist to whom Mrs. Johnson was telling her missionary story.

Scotty happened to be an eye-witness to this unfortunate event, and when I asked "Did it hurt him?" Scotty replied, "Hurt him? Hurt him so bad he couldn't say nawthin'."

Mrs. Johnson was so disturbed by this incident that she had one of her sleepwalking nightmares that night, and frightened poor old Jack halfway out of his wits. In these nightmares, Mrs. Johnson would prowl the interior of the Castle, periodically stopping to shriek in ecstasy.

This was too much for Jack—there didn't seem to be any place at Death Valley Ranch where he could go to sleep with a reasonable degree of assurance that he wouldn't be rudely awakened. The next day he took the first available ride with a tourist to Los Angeles.

After Jack left the Castle, I had to guide the tourists and lecture on the art treasures that it held. To say that I found this job something less than enjoyable is definitely an understatement, although I did meet some very nice people—some of whom were rather well-known in cafe society, the cinema, and the business world.

However, of all those I guided through the Castle during the six weeks or so that I stuck it out, one little old lady who—providing her statement was true—must have been eighty-nine or ninety-years old, made the most lasting impression upon me.

She had very white hair, cut rather short, and she was as spry as a kitten. Her sparkling eyes were never still as she circled the big baronial hall with its walk-in fireplace at one end and a cascading fountain at the other. Speaking more to herself than to anyone else, she pointed at a piece of tapestry hanging from the balcony running along one side of the hall, and said with the authority

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of one who knows what she is talking about, "That tapestry looks as if it might be a genuine Mizpah." Then without waiting for a reply from anyone, she scurried down the hall and up the stairway to the balcony so that she might satisfy herself concerning the tapestry.

In a moment she rejoined the group who stood casually admiring the two paintings that hang on either side of the main entrance. She took a good look at these oils, and announced: "Italian, early sixteenth century; if you examine the background of this painting on the right closely, you will see the ruins of Santa Maggiore."

Then, busying herself at the coffee table in front of the fireplace, she remarked that whoever had spoiled what had been a fine antique Italian brazier by changing it into a vulgar coffee table had been guilty of sabotage. By now, I was beginning to enjoy what was usually a tiresome task—she was giving the guide a guided tour worth having. She showed me where the live coals had originally been placed in the center of the table, and added for good measure an anecdote concerning Lucrezia Borgia's having been severely burned and her left thigh scarred, when her dress had been set on fire by just such a brazier.

In the kitchen she bounced up and down on the breakfast seat to test the feel of the leather, then she admired the workmanship. In the chapel, she seated herself at the organ and gave a lively interpretation of Ravel's *Bolero*. And so it went all through the Castle; at one moment she would be down on her hands and knees feeling the texture of the rugs and the next, scrambling upon something to get a better look at things hanging on the walls.

At parting, she inquired the way to Ubehebe crater, an extinct volcanic crater about seven miles from the Castle. I told her that the road was practically impassable at that time. Giving me a whimsical smile, she took my hand in her own and held it firmly while she said, "Well, I don't know about the rest of my group, but I can make it all right. As a very young child, I was a member of the unfortunate Arcane-Manly party who gave Death Valley its name after getting lost while attempting to find a short cut to California in 1849. I made the last part of that journey in an improvised knapsack slung over the back of an ox. Several members of our party did not make it, but died on the way, and I was fortunate to survive. So I guess that I can manage to make this seven-mile trip to Ubehebe in a Cadillac."

SOON AFTER, I left Death Valley for Reno. During my stay, I had learned quite a bit about the building and financing of the Castle, and the rather peculiar partnership of Walter Perry Scott and Albert Massey Johnson.

Scotty provided the imagination and showmanship, and Mr. Johnson provided the management and money. It was Mr. Johnson who actually financed and built the Castle, but it was Scotty who first thought of building the Castle in such an isolated spot and who created the legend about it. It amused Mr. Johnson to call it Scotty's Castle, and to let him take the credit for building it.

Mr. Johnson's philosophy embraced the doctrine that nothing equaled getting a good laugh out of the gullibility of the public, unless it was making a cash profit out of their gullibility at the same time. For instance, when Scotty made his famous trip for which he chartered an

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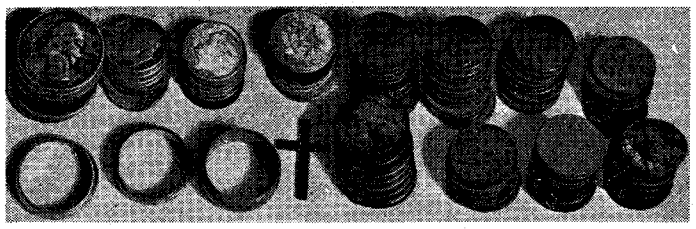

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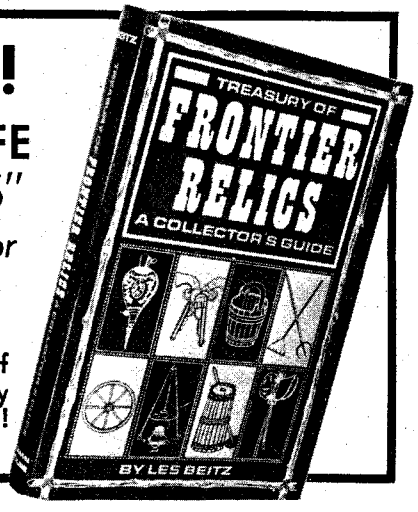

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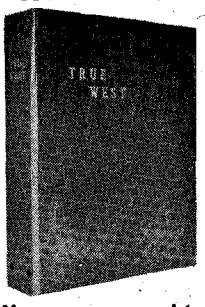

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entire train and broke the speed record from California to Chicago, he became known as a fabulous spender. It was Scotty who got all the publicity.

What the public didn't know was that it was Mr. Johnson who financed Scotty's trip—and that he made a huge profit out of it. He held a big block of stock in this railroad. When Scotty's train broke the speed record, the railroad was awarded the mail contract and Mr. Johnson's stock soared in value.

Scotty had no assets—neither mineral rights, money nor real estate—which were not covered by blanket notes held by Mr. Johnson. Scotty was provided with ample funds for his way of life, and he more than paid his way by financial benefits which Mr. Johnson gained through their partnership, for they seemed to have a mutual respect and affection for one another and they made a good team—Scotty for flash and Mr. Johnson for cash.

Concerning the so-called secret gold mine supposedly known only to these two men—did such a mine actually exist? Or was it just more of Scotty's publicity paraphernalia?

I am sure that it was a fact, and that furthermore this fabulous gold still remains hidden and unexploited. It was never mined, partly because Mr. Johnson had all the money he could spend, and it was more profitable to keep it in the ground than it was to dig it up and have to pay taxes on capital that he didn't need. Scotty was satisfied with the status quo, and even if he hadn't been satisfied it wouldn't have made any difference because Mr. Johnson was the boss.

The principal reason, however, that the gold was never mined was for the same reason Mr. Johnson was prompted to build the Castle. He believed in Judgment Day and the resurrection of the dead—not just in theory but as an actual fact. According to his particular religious convictions, when Judgment Day came, he would move from his celestial abode to resume his bodily life in a heaven on earth. Such being the case, he wanted to provide adequately for the occasion, and to have a home and plenty of gold ready and waiting when he came back to earth. Mr. Johnson built the Castle to withstand the ravages of time, and he left the mine untapped to insure the material necessities for eternity.

This seems fantastic, but think about it for a moment. Suppose that you believed as Mr. Johnson did—could you devise a more reasonable plan for such a Judgment Day?

Lawman of the Pecos

(Continued from page 21)

the officers were not. He escaped; but they knew that without a horse he could not go far. They beat the underbrush in an attempt to find him and later he told them that Dow once walked within ten feet of his hiding place. They took the body of Hayes to Separ for identification and burial.

Ballard found that Black Jack had been riding Kirk Johnson's saddle, which Musgraves took after the killing of Parker. They sent both saddles back to their owners, but Johnson, a relative of the Sutherlands, did not receive his.

Les Dow had to return to Carlsbad on the first of January to qualify for office and take charge of his obligations. Higgins and Ballard continued the search. Occasionally they heard rumors of Black Jack and his brother; Musgraves, it was said, was no longer with them.

Scott White, an Arizona sheriff, joined them at Bisbee, and at Naco he was told that the fugitives were in Mexico at a ranch belonging to Colonel Greene. They employed a guide, but when they reached the ranch their quarry had fled. After several weeks they were told that Black Jack had been seen near Clifton, and they followed.

Higgins learned that the men had a hiding place about twelve miles from the little smelter town, and he and Ben Clark (a deputy sheriff) went after them. They found their horses near a cave and lay in wait till daylight. When the outlaws emerged from the cave the officers called to them to surrender, and upon their refusing, opened fire. Black Jack was killed, but the other one escaped. They then took the corpse into Clifton for identification and burial.

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS the trail was lost. During that interval, Charles Ballard volunteered for service in the war with Spain and was appointed a second lieutenant in the First U.S. Volunteer Cavalry, known as the Rough Riders. He recruited twenty-five men in Roswell and took them to Santa Fe. They were sent to San Antonio, where they joined Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. After the war ended, Ballard was invited to the Roosevelt Home at Oyster Bay for a visit.

In 1899 he received a telegram from the Secretary of War asking if he would accept a commission in the 11th U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, then being organized for service in the Philippines. Highly recommended by Teddy Roosevelt, he felt that he could not refuse the appointment, and again served as a second-lieutenant. After the war he returned to civilian life on his ranch.

Again he was elected sheriff, and again he made attempts to locate and arrest George Musgraves. When he received a letter from Frank Parks, the man who had ridden to Roswell to summon the sheriff when Parker was killed, he took the train to Grand Junction, Colorado, where Parks had seen Musgraves.

Red Moon McBride, of the Turkey Track, had this to say of Parks: "He was a one-eyed Irishman; but with that one eye he could see a brand plumb through a critter. He told me about recognizing Musgraves. If Parks said it was Musgraves, it was. He was the derndest cow thief I ever seen, but I never knowed him to be mistook."

At Grand Junction, Musgraves had a trainload of steers headed for Omaha. His men were loading the last car as Parks came to the station. Musgraves became conscious of the fact that he was being watched, but did not recognize his observer. Finally, he walked to the man and sat down beside him.

"Got me spotted, ain't you?" asked Musgraves.

"I'd a'knowed yore hide in a tan yard," answered Parks.

"I know you now," said Musgraves. "An' I'm goin' back to Roswell to stand trial. That's what I orter done in the first place. Allays been sorry I didn't. Now I got a family and a ranch. Nothin' for me to do but give up."

When Sheriff Ballard arrived in Grand Junction he found that Musgraves had gone to Deer Lodge, Nebraska, and there he made the arrest.

There was, the Sheriff believed, sufficient evidence to convict Musgraves of murder in the first degree, and the indictment, dated for filing March 24, 1897, charged him with murder.

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With Judge William H. Pope presiding, Musgraves went to trial on May 27, 1910. L. O. Fullen, the very capable District Attorney, was assisted by J. M. Hervey. Gatewood and Groves represented the accused. Members of the jury were: B. B. Dietrich, Charles Shepherd, J. W. Talley, J. H. Kennedy, E. S. Munday, Jake Pugh Cimmins (Foreman of the Jury), L. B. Craig, J. H. Hall, W. L. Heitmann, C. W. Whitmore, Ernest Burns, and E. B. Evans.

MANY WITNESSES were subpoenaed, but so far as can be learned, nobody who participated in that trial is living today. At that time few records of court proceedings were made by shorthand writers. A clerk was delegated to take notes, but unless a verdict of guilty was returned, no exact record was attempted. If the accused was acquitted, as was the case with Musgraves, no record of the evidence given during the trial was kept. Consequently, the evidence presented has largely to be inferred from the judge's instructions to the jury. That there was great interest in the trial, and that many witnesses were called to the stand is indicated by the fact that it did not terminate until June 4, a period of eight or nine days.

During the years which had elapsed between the shooting and the trial, Hampt Collett died. His account of the shooting must have been accepted by several witnesses, for the judge deemed it necessary to impress upon the jury that Collett's statements were "hearsay," and consequently not admissible.

Judge Pope said, "The Court instructs you that what any witness in this trial who may have testified to what Hampt Collett may have told him as to the facts of the alleged killing is not evidence of such fact and may not be so regarded by you." The same source indicates that evidence as to threats made by Musgraves of his intention to kill Parker, and of a conspiracy with others to kill Parker, was presented, but that this also was to be disregarded, and for the same reason.

Frank Jones was one of several character witnesses. During interviews in 1949, he said that they were unanimous in stating that the character of Parker and the provocation given, in their eyes made the killing justifiable.

The Judge's reaction was: "The character of the deceased is a proper matter for your consideration, and you should give it such weight as you deem proper in determining defendant's knowledge of deceased and in determining whether deceased by his acts at the time of the alleged killing gave the defendant reasonable cause to apprehend danger such as to justify such killing on the ground of self-defense, according to the law upon that subject as stated in these instructions. The mere fact, however, that the deceased was a man of bad character, if you believe from the evidence he was of such character, will not of itself justify the taking of his life."

That the defense was based upon Musgraves' acting to save his life is implied by the Judge's words: ". . . The Court charges you that a person may repel force by force in the defense of his person against one who manifestly intends and endeavors by violence to take his life or do him great bodily harm, and if a conflict ensues under such circumstances and a life is taken, the killing is justifiable. To justify the killing there must be an apparent design on the part of the assailant either to take the life of the person assailed or to inflict some great personal injury upon him and in addition there must then and there be imminent danger of such design being accomplished."

Although the jury could have brought in a verdict of either first or second degree murder, manslaughter was eliminated. The verdict was for acquittal. Both Frank Jones and Will McBride expressed themselves as satisfied that Musgraves should have been acquitted. The "code of the range" was such that in certain circumstances killing was justifiable, and legal technicalities were more apt to obstruct justice than to further it.

McBride's verdict was: "If I'd a'been on that jury I'd of give George Musgraves a medal."

Jones said that any man who would get a boy into trouble with the law and then rob his mother, "orter be killed."

Sheriff Ballard made no comments on the outcome of the case.

IN 1903, Ballard made a trip to the Galapagos Islands in the interests of John Goodrich and Theodore Roosevelt, for the purpose of securing the islands for use as a cattle ranch. He crossed Panama by mule train and chartered a boat for the trip. He made arrangements with the President of Ecuador for securing a lease on the islands. While he was on his way home to make his report, a revolution in Ecuador caused the President to be deposed and it was decided not to continue with the project. Instead, investigations of the possibilities of using islands off the coast of Mexico, and of one near Santa Barbara, California, were made, but these attempts were also abandoned.

In her account, Mrs. Eunice Ballard wrote: "Charlie went broke in the cattle business several times due to abnormal droughts and over-expansion of his interests at a time when the nation went into a tailspin—but at no time did he ever welsh on a debt or claim bankruptcy. The Old American Bank and Trust Company of El Paso and the El Paso Cattle Loan Company went down with him, but because of his inherent code of honesty, Charlie made a comeback as receiver for several other large cattle companies that had also gone broke."

For awhile the family had a hotel in Artesia; then they moved to Arizona "where he developed placer mining deposits near the little town of Bumblebee, north of Phoenix. This played out and he moved to Duncan, where he and his sons started a lumber and building products business. . . ."

Mrs. Ballard recorded his attendance at the 50th Reunion of the Rough Riders in Prescott: "His friend John Goodrich flew out from New York in a large private airplane picking up members en route and flying them to Prescott." Ballard chose to make the trip in a very small one. Characteristically, Charles Ballard ". . . even when he needed money as bad as air" never applied for his pension for his service during the Spanish-American War until he was very old. He did so then only for the benefit of his wife, who was much younger than himself. After much urging he reluctantly made arrangements for the belated pension.

Ballard died in Duncan, Arizona, in 1950, at the age of eighty-four. He was buried beside his first wife, Araminta, in Evergreen Cemetery in El Paso. Charles Ballard and Les Dow are remembered as among the few officers of their time who, through their integrity, were instrumental in bringing about respect for law on the Pecos.

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INTERESTED IN BOTTLES, Barbwire, Etc. See Page 51.

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

His stint at Fort Bayard Hospital after World War I was responsible for his turning to writing.

A great many intelligent people read the "pulps" for relaxation. For the most part they were clean and moral.—Dick Boyd, 9128 Mescalero NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87911.

Dear Editor:

The article about pulp westerns in the February 1967 TRUE WEST reminded me of something that happened many years ago. I was a regular reader of *Western Story* magazine and one day I sent a letter to the editor congratulating him on the type of magazine that I believed *Western Story* to be. I ended the letter on a whimsical note—namely, that I was very fond of all things western and that I was interested in and actively engaged in weight-lifting.

Lo and behold, I received a letter from a fellow in Detroit (Michigan) with similar interests. It is quite possible that we were the only two weight-lifters reading *Western Story*. He was the same age as I was. We started as pen-pals but this ripened into friendship—a friendship that has lasted more than forty years—thanks to an old "pulp" magazine. Such is the long arm of coincidence and the magnetic power of fate.—Leo Gaudreau, 87 Russell Street, W. Peabody, Massachusetts 01960.

Remembers New Mexico

Dear Sirs:

A few weeks ago my granddaughter brought me several TRUE WEST magazines. I read the interesting articles and it stirred up the old western spirit within me so I decided to write you.

I wonder if anyone reading this magazine knows anything about the old /JL and Z/ ranches in the west central part of New Mexico? They were known as the Slash J L and Z Slash ranches. They were owned by John W. Cox and Joe Cox. Tom Cox, another brother, came later and joined them in ranching. Tom Cox was my father. His reason for moving to this country was my mother's health. She died about a year later and was buried at Magdalena. Uncle John was killed in a wagon accident in 1915. From then on the ranches began to decline.

I wonder if anyone knows the real truth about the three graves on a hillside about twenty miles west of Datil, New Mexico? There were two men and a child. I've forgotten the men's names but I do know how they took sick and died. I know who buried them. I would be glad to give anyone this information.—Mrs. Clora Cox Osborne, 1019 N. Blain, Altus, Oklahoma 73521.

Ex-Montana cowboy Herman Hack, left, is now secretary of the Chuck Wagon Trailers. "Ol' Waddy" Whitlock, right, now a Western writer, was a cowhand on the Staked Plains.

Old Cowmen

Dear Joe:

The Chuck Wagon Trailers, a social organization of old cowmen that was formed in 1931 by Harry Gant, will hold their Spring Roundup at Orcas Park, 10900 Foothill Boulevard in Pacomia, California on May 21, 1967, for a get-together and chuck wagon feed. After the roundup is thrown together about 10 a.m., the old riders of the range will gather in groups and reminisce and spin windies till the cook yells "Cum-an-git-it" at high noon.

President Joseph A. Kovatch and General Manager Herman Hack of the Trailers predict that Goldie and Tony Gray and their Westerners will furnish music for more people than ever before. Two special guests who will entertain the crowd are Iron Eyes Cody and Rufe Davis.

Readers of Western Publications who are in Los Angeles on that date should attend the event and mingle with the old cowmen, stunt men, paleface and redskin actors and their families. For further information write Headquarters, 571 N. Arden Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90004—V. Whitlock, San Fernando, California 91344.

Pat Lynch

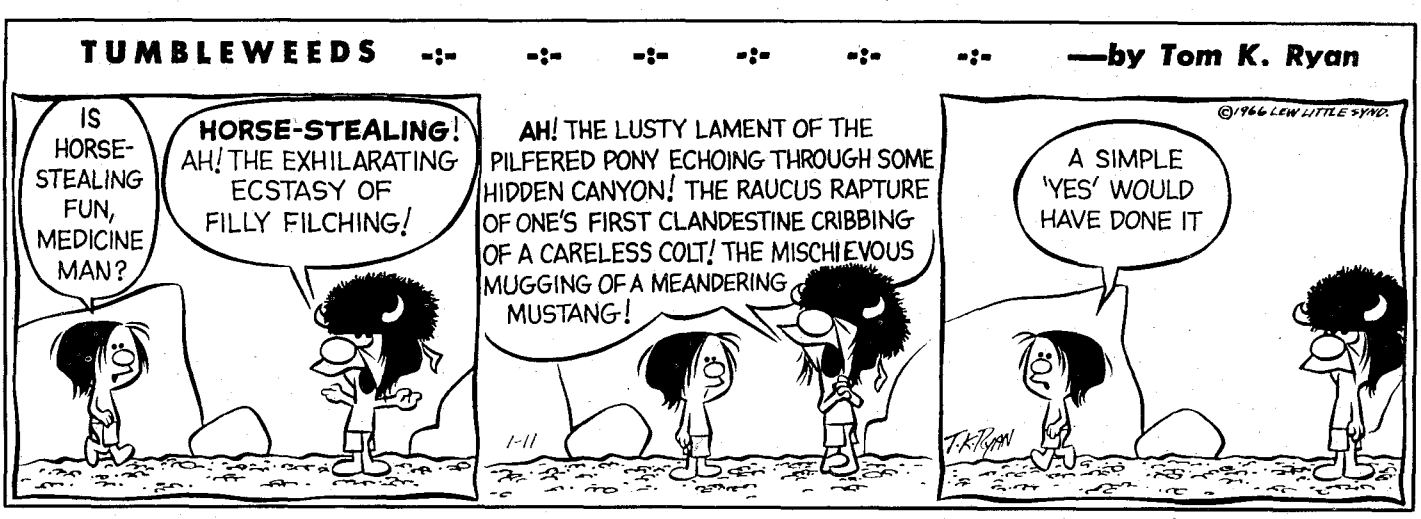
Gentlemen:

A friend, knowing that I had worked in the Pat's Hole country when I was a youngster, handed me the December issue of TRUE WEST, in which you printed the story on Pat Lynch.

Pat had been dead six or seven years when I moved into the country, but his memory was fresh in the minds of the few people who still lived in the Hole. There were only three outfits in the whole country then and the whole population less than a dozen people.

The story is authentic and I am wondering if Agnes M. Pharo, the author, was one of the Chew girls whose outfit was on Pool Creek? Could you help me with her address?

The last time I saw Pat's grave was in 1924. The coyotes had started to dig down, or maybe a badger just liked the location. I learned later that one of Pat's friends went to the grave in Lily Park and piled rocks on the grave and strung a wire fence around it.—E. L. Busby, Asst. Vice President, First National Bank, Glenwood Springs, Colorado 81601.



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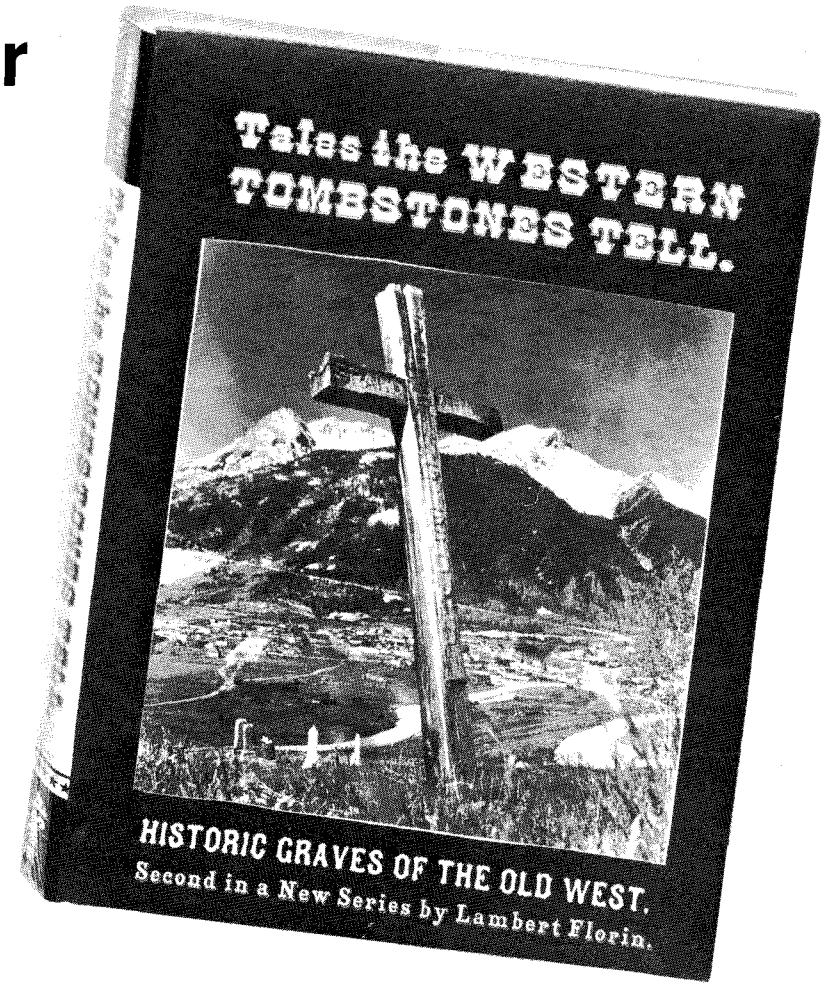
Weeds cover the fallen stones . . . crosses lie crumpled on the sandy slopes . . . a jumble of boulders is all you can see . . . but just walk along with author Florin . . . come bats or buzzards he'll guide you to hallowed haunts where you'll feel the spirits of the pioneers buried there long ago . . . Ready for a spooky prowl into the moldy past?



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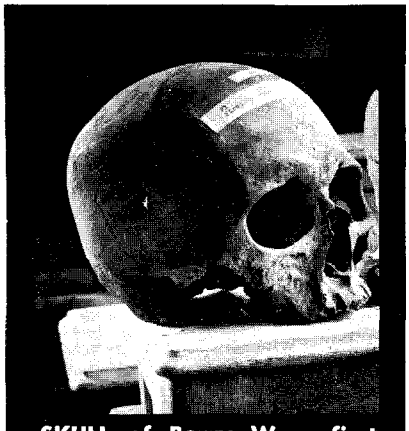
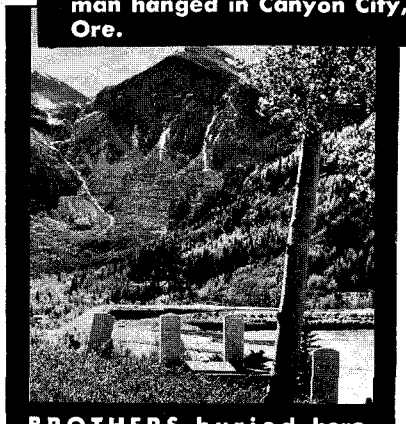


SKULL of Berry Way, first man hanged in Canyon City, Ore.



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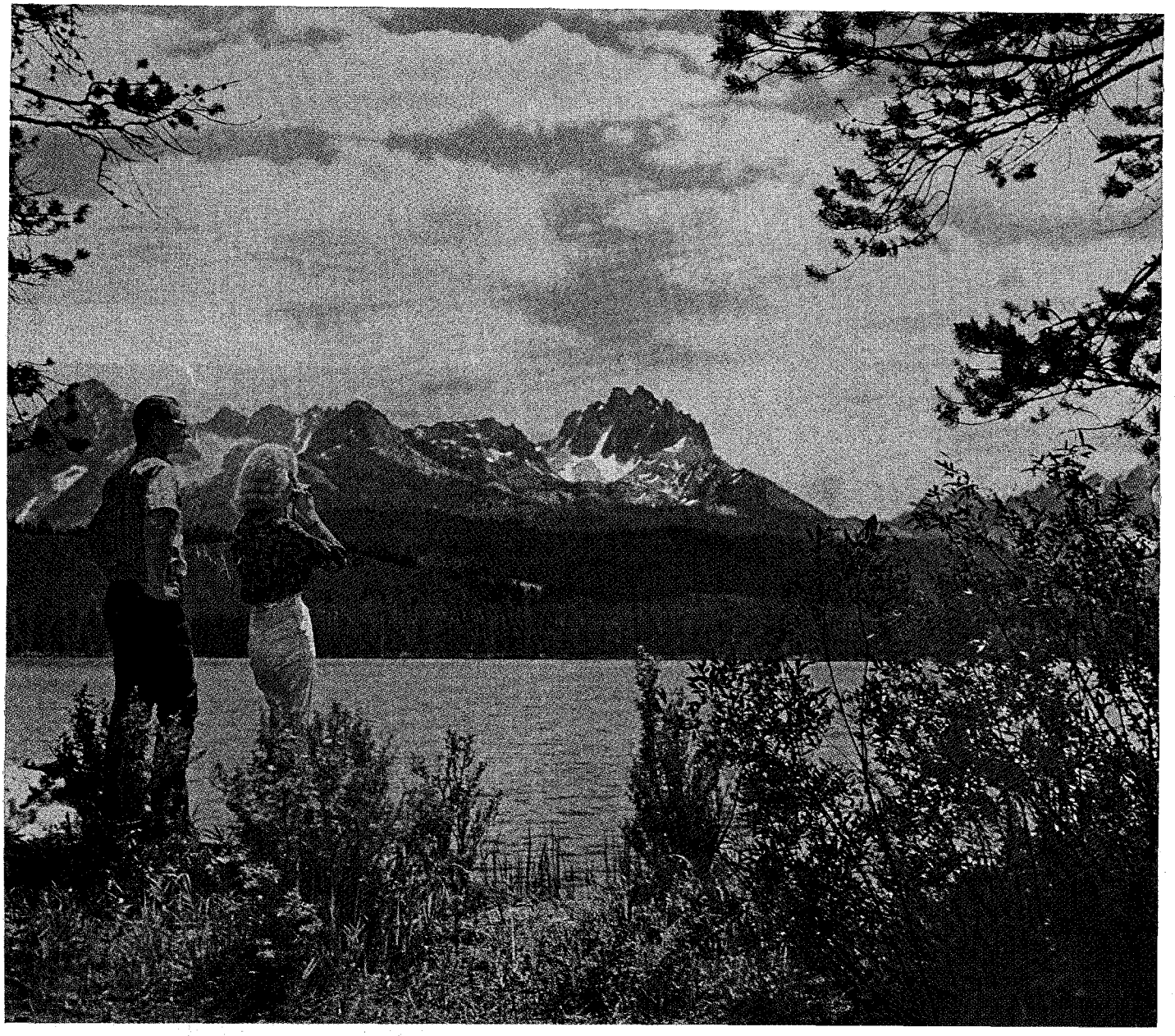

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